



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1851.

From the People's Journal.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre,
To thrill or warm the heart.—MACKENZIE.

THE bard of hope—who has hymned her pleasures so sweetly—stands high among those illustrious Scotchmen who have in recent years removed from their country the stigma of literary indolence and barrenness, if not of inaptitude and incapacity. The grounds for affixing such a stigma on such a land might be purely negative; but that the stigma was not a malicious, gratuitous invention, is allowed by her own writers, whatever they may be pleased to assign as the cause. Thus, Mr. Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, dwells on the fact, that no man can point out any Scottish author of the first rank in all the long period which intervened between Buchanan and Hume. But the charge is amply refuted by this time of day, Not to speak of the Mackenzies, Smolletts, Robertsons, Blairs, Beatties, &c., belonging to the last century, what a noble army of authors may the Scotland of our time proudly

enumerate! One thinks—how gratefully!—of a Walter Scott; and his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart; and John Wilson, the admirer and admired of both; and Jeffrey, their public antagonist and private friend; and James Hogg, mourned, as meet is, on Ettrick banks and the braes of Yarrow; and “Delta” Moir, dear to the lovers of “Magna;” and Thomas Aird, little known as he may be on this side the Tweed as excelling in energetic verse and manly prose; and Allan Cunningham, and John Galt, and Sir W. Hamilton, and W. E. Aytoun (the present editor of *Blackwood*), and Joannie Baillie, and Jane Porter, and Annie Grant, and Sir James Mackintosh, and Thomas Chalmers, and Thomas Carlyle, and William Mure, and Hugh Miller, and other no less worthy names. No one amongst them all, however, appears more secure of a permanent and shining reputation than Thomas Campbell. Lord Jef-

frey, imagining a book of *Specimens* of British poetry, to be edited and published some time next century, is more liberal in the quota he assigns to Campbell in that supposed anthology than to any of his contemporaries:—"There," he says, "shall posterity hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three *per cent.* of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded."* It may be remarked, *en passant*, that the triumphant fifty *per cent.* which the above paragraph guarantees for Campbell, is not, as to quantity, more, if so much, as the poor three *per cent.* to which Southey is stinted.

Considering the expectations one had naturally formed upon such a subject, the Life of Campbell, by Dr. Beattie, is, we confess, upon the whole, one of the dullest books we ever essayed to read. Before the first bulky volume is nearly finished, one yawns portentously, drops expressions about "awfully slow work," and is only induced to abide the two other over-grown tomes by the hope of something piquant by way of relief—pippins and cheese to come. From it we learn that Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow, A. D. 1777—at which time Scott was a sickly boy of six years old†—and Charles Lamb a prattler of two, and Southey of three, and Coleridge of five—and Burns and Schiller were ardent youths of eighteen summers. At thirteen he appeared in print—again at fifteen and eighteen—but in each case prematurely. But before he was two-and-twenty, Campbell gave the world *The Pleasures*

of *Hope*, and the world will never forget the donation or the donor. Perhaps no poem of this kind is so popular with the young. Mr. Tuckerman calls Campbell one of the kings of school literature in America, as he also is in our own country. "It would indeed be difficult to name a modern English poet whose works are more closely entwined with our early associations, or whose happier efforts linger more pleasantly in the memory." For Campbell is a clear, lively, unaffected minstrel, such as youthful hearts are at once opened to, and upon whom youthful eyes brighten and smile with glistening sympathy as they gaze. They catch his meaning and comprehend his beauties, far enough at least to ensure them a delight in perusing his graceful page—while they turn with a very different feeling, that of listlessness and ennui and quiet vexation, from the philosophy of Wadsworth, the idealism of Shelley, the sensationalism of Keats, the mysticism of Coleridge, the scholasticism of Southey, the *delicately* of Rogers, and the platitudes of Montgomery. "Nowhere," says Mr. Gilfillan, "shall we find the poetical feeling more beautifully linked to the joyous rapture of youth, than in the 'Pleasures of Hope.' It is the outburst of genuine enthusiasm; and even its glitter we love, as reminding us of the 'shining morning face' of a schoolboy."* This "glitter" is certainly more abundant in Campbell's first poem than in *Gertrude of Wyoming* and subsequent efforts—an observation which may seem a truism when it is remembered that it was his first poem, and when did the dew of youth do other-wise than glitter? Nor is this quality unconcerned in the preference given by the young to the *Pleasures*—it is bright enough to reflect, and refine while it reflects, their own radiant hopes, and they exult in the sheen to which elder folks prefer a mellower, chaster, more matured style. There is an earnest warmth about the spirit of the poem, which the spring of life cannot resist, and which has no slight power to thaw even the frigid age, the winter of discontent. It comes from the heart of the poet, is dictated by its eager beatings; colored, and deepened, and ensanguined by its ruddy drops. It is no mercenary piece-work, no *volens volens* taste-work of a laureate, bound to write an ode for the bays, no mechanical product of a cast-iron poet. It may not have the robust, indomitable energy which

* Edinburgh Review, March, 1819.

† It was in this year that Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the new version of the *Flowers of the Forest*, wrote to her minister, Dr. Douglas, as follows:—"I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' said he; 'crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' said he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. Pray what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old."—Lockhart's Scott, chap. ii.

* *Gallery of Literary Portraits*, First Series, p. 239.

revels in the master-pieces of some seer-like bards, but it is animated with reality, and sincere from first to last. It may not have the voice and echoing burden of the strong and mighty wind, nor the awful sublimity of the earthquake, nor the speeding, irresistible mission of the fire; but it has the effectual impressiveness and the subduing tenderness of the still small voice. "Now the music deepens," to adopt the language of Wilson,* "into a majestic march—now it swells into a holy hymn—and now it dies away, elegiac-like, as if mourning over a tomb. It ceases in the hush of night—and we awaken as if from a dream." How many a line canonized by lovers in their epistles, stereotyped by magazine-writers for periodical quotation, and ordained to do duty in ordinary correspondence, and to give point to ordinary conversation, is taken from this poem, the first-fruits of the young Scotchman's genius! For example—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view ;

or in the famous Polish episode,

Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;

or the appeal, in the example of William Tell, to

The might that slumbers in a peasant's arms ;

or the consolatory assurance,

Congenial spirits part to meet again ;

or the line which was little noted in its real author, till Campbell borrowed it, and made it what it is, perhaps the most hackneyed and worn-out of all lines—

Like angel visits, few and far between.

Felicitous epithets and expressive metaphors are not like angel visits, in the *Pleasures of Hope*. We pause to enjoy such fine occasional fragments as "the dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye"—"down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way"—"a lonely hermit in the vale of years"—"and press th' uneasy couch where none attend"—and the closing couplet (dear as a *bonne bouche* in the pulpit to Dr. John Cumming and popular preachers) which prophesies the sur-

vival and exultation of Hope, even when heaven's last thunders shake the world below—

Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

At the same time we are free to own that in his first poem Campbell manifests a closer adherence to the then fashionable style of verse than pleases us—that he had not yet altogether proved his ability to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, or was not quite content to let the grace step forward in *puris naturalibus*. A simplicity that would suffice for Wadsworth, he must attire in a vesture, however airy and gauze-like, of the eighteenth century mode—for the dynasty of the Queen Anne's wits was not overthrown, and Campbell was too fond of Pope, witness his part in the Bowles and Byron controversy, not to flavor his own verses with a spice of that "Augustan" age. Hazlitt truly remarked that in the *Pleasures of Hope* our author had not quite emancipated himself from the trammels of the more artificial style of poetry—from love of epigrams, and antithesis, and hyperbole.* Similarly, Mr. G. L. Craik, a discerning and unpretending critic, observes, that Campbell's writing, with all its careful finish and signs of classic taste, is, especially in his earlier poetry, seldom altogether free for any considerable number of lines from something hollow and false in expression, into which he was seduced by the conventional habits of the preceding bad school of verse-making in which he had been partly trained, and from which he emerged, or by the gratification of his ear lulling his other faculties asleep for the moment. "In the *Pleasures of Hope*, especially, swell of sound, without any proportionate quantity of sense, is of such frequent occurrence as to be almost a characteristic of the poem."† Considering, however, the date of its production, and the age of the poet, there is little reason to cavil at the exhibition of art, while there is much to applaud in the freshness and cordiality of nature.

In 1809 appeared *Gertrude of Wyoming*—less glittering than its predecessor, less studied with jets of sparkling light, but far more instinct with a deep spirit of poetry. The story may be but so-so; the characters may be indifferently portrayed; but a sweet atmosphere encompasses all, and we are fain to say, Here is true poetry, though here is no

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept. 1831, Art.: "An Hour's Talk about Poetry"—and a truly pleasant hour it is.

* W. Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*.

† *History of Literature and Learning in England*, vol. vi. p. 177.

great poem. Gertrude herself deserves, we submit, a higher estimate than that vouchsafed her by a clever countryman of the poet's—who cavalierly, but far from chivalrously, sets down the devoted maiden as a pretty, romantic Miss of Pall Mall, dropt on the banks of the Susquehanna, "where, undismayed by the sight of the dim aboriginal woods, she pulls out her illustrated copy of Shakspeare, and, hand elegantly lost in the tangles of her hair, proceeds to study the character of Imogen, or Lady Macbeth, or Mrs. Anne Page." Rather a one-sided view of a pensive girl on whose cheek the rose of England bloomed, and in whose affections were instilled names of the English great and good, and why not amongst these the name of him who drew the gentle lady, married to the Moor? why be sarcastic upon "sweet Gertrude" for haunting a deep untrodden grot, where she may "charm the lingering noon" with that volume

Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles
alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her
sweetest tears.

Such criticism seems to imply that she haunted the grot by appointment—and that young Henry Waldgrave, "a curled darling who has gone the grand tour," was not so unlooked-for an intruder upon her solitude as the poet, in his simplicity, had supposed. Even the Indian, Outalissi, that stoic of the woods, a man without a tear, is indicted by Mr. Gilfillan, as a sentimental savage, who must be qualified for intercourse with these paragons, by having his whiskers clipped, his nails pared, and a nasal twang for the elocution of his parting song, generally admired as pitched in the true key,

"And I could weep"—th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus began, &c.

Beautiful passages, finished off as only artist can, enrich *Gertrude*. For example:—

And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
While harkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and
then,
Unhunted sought his woods and wildness again.

And though amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As *Etna's* fires grow dim before the rising
day.*

All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touch'd but never shook.

But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips; but still their
bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die.
He heard some friendly words; but knew not
what they were.

The fastidious taste for which Campbell is remarkable, is seen in this highly-finished poem. Lord Jeffrey was speaking of *Gertrude* when he said to the author—"You have hammered the metal in some places, till it has lost all its ductility. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions, glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them." William Hazlitt said† that he should dread to point out, even if he could, a false concord, a mixed metaphor, or an imperfect rhyme, in any of Campbell's productions, fearing in very earnest that all his fame would hardly compensate him for the discovery. To Campbell may be applied what Boileau teaches of Malherbe—

D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir.‡

The same fact accounts for the comparative paucity of his works. "What a pity it is," exclaimed Sir Walter Scott, talking with Washington Irving about *Gertrude*, "what a pity it is that Campbell does not write more, and oftener, and give full sweep to his ge-

* This passage suggests, we presume, Mr. Gilfillan's naughty captiousness: "The characters are rather insipid. Gertrude's father is a volcano burnt out."

† *Spirit of the Age*.

‡ *L'Art Poétique*, chant premier.

nus ! He has wings that would bear him to the skies ; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. The fact is, Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his farther efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him."*

This was in 1817. Ten years later, we read as follows in Sir Walter's diary : " I wonder often how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late. The author, not only of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, &c., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and, what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation. He is a great corrector, too, which succeeds as ill in composition as in education."† Byron says of Campbell, that " with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, he is the only poet of the times, except Rogers, who can be reproached (and in him it is, indeed, a reproach) with having written too little."‡ So highly developed in our poet was the critical faculty, that it curbed the careerings of his fine imagination, and sometimes chilled the ardor of his native enthusiasm. When Campbell the minstrel sat down to give fancy a local habitation, or give sorrow words, Campbell the censor also took a seat on the opposite side of the table, knitted his brows, shook his head, and cavilled, quibbled, hesitated, hemmed and ha'd till the session was over. And in the long run, Campbell the minstrel found that Campbell

the censor was such a very particular gentleman, so precise and exacting, and punctilious and ceremonious in his ways, so addicted to take exceptions and adjust difficulties, and so desperately confirmed in an alarming habit of brow-beating the sensitive, shrinking muse, that it seemed expedient to say, Sing no more ; Campbell hath murdered song. It was a case *felo de se*.

Theoderic is flat and common-place for such a man. So, it seems generally agreed, is the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*. But far otherwise is *Lochiel's Warning*, in which, says Christopher North, was heard the last of the seers. What a deserved favorite, again is the voice of *O'Connor's Child*—a tale of more prevailing sadness—sad is the note, and wild its fall, as winds that mourn at night forlorn along the isles of Fion-Gall—fitting music for the sorrows of O'Connor's pale and lovely child. So touching are the sounds, so melodious their flowing numbers, that one is tempted to take up the words of Virgil's shepherd in the Eclogues, and say,

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona ?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri,
Nec percussa juvant flucta tam littora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.*

As for the *Battle of the Baltic*, exaggeration of praise is well-nigh impossible ; the condensed power, the essential spirit of it, is most heart-stirring ; the music of the metre is surpassingly fine : our own breath is suspended at the glorious stanza ending

As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

And how easily he melts us, amid the joy of victory and the festal city's blaze, whilst the wine-cup shines in light, with the solemn reminder,

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

How exquisitely that *piano* interval tells, after the choral *fortissimo* of triumph !

Equally spirited are those immortal lyrics, which raise Campbell to the high-enthroned seat of Burns himself, *Ye Mariners of England* and *Hohenlinden*—in the latter of which

* Virgilii Bucolica, v. 81-84.

* *Abbotsford and Newstead*.

† *Lockhart's Scott*, chap. lxxi.

‡ Notes to *Don Juan*. It may be here observed that Hazlitt assigns Campbell a position between Byron and Rogers. " With much of the glossy splendor, the pointed vigor, and romantic interest of the one, he possesses the fastidious refinement, the classic elegance of the other. Mr. Rogers, as a writer, is too effeminate, Lord Byron too extravagant : Mr. Campbell is neither."

It may be interesting to mention Southey's opinion of *Gertrude*, given in a letter to his brother, 1809 :—" Campbell's poem has disappointed his friends, Ballantyne tells me. It is, however, better than I expected, except in story, which is meagre. This gentleman, also, who is one of Wordsworth's abusers, has been nibbling at imitation, and palpably borrowed from the two poems of Ruth and The Brothers. 'Tis amusing envy ! to see how the race of borrowers upon all occasions abuse us who do not borrow. The main topic against me is, that I do not imitate Virgil in my story, Pope in my language," &c.—*Life of Southey*, vol. ii.

flows a torrent of verse, grand and gloomy as its own Iser rolling rapidly. *The Last Man* is a prophet-like vision—yet, we are disposed to think, a little over-rated. The *Lines on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire* are very beautiful, and eminently characteristic of Campbell's heart; the musical charm of their expression rings in the ear and haunts the memory for ever—dear are they to every creature of sensibility, when musing in the silence of twilight's contemplative hour. Nor would we willingly "gaze on a setting sun in company with a man who" could read unmoved the poet's allusion to the deserted home of his fathers,

All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree,
And travel'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Glenara is one of those pithy, headlong,

romantic lyrics which so very few can write, and none better than Campbell. The bard of Coila may be *primus inter pares* in this province; and next comes Scott, and Macaulay; and, by perhaps a flush of anticipation, we may venture to add Sydney Yendys. *The Rainbow* is a "triumphal arch"—a robe of beams woven in the poet's fancy. And who knows not, and prizes not, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and *The Exile of Erin*, and *Gilderoy*, and *The Rittier Ban*, and *The Wounded Hussar*, and *Field Flowers*? The last were not destined, however, to grow on Campbell's grave. In Westminster Abbey sleeps the bard who, to adopt the lines of Moore, knew so well

All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell:
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
Sleep, sleep, mute bard.*

* Moore's *National Airs*, "Here sleeps the bard."

From the North British Review.

LIFE OF CARNOT.*

It is only in seasons of danger, and during the emergencies of a Revolution, that the genius of an empire is roused from hybernation, and summoned into life and activity. When France lay prostrate under the despotism of her kings, her military and her intellectual glory were equally eclipsed. The privileges of class overbore the claims of merit, and the very power of competing for the prizes of the State was denied to those who would have carried them off in triumph. Among a people thus morally degraded, the seeds of discontent ripened where the seeds of glory had been crushed; and that which would have been the ornament and safeguard of the throne was stimulated to dishonor and to destroy it. The moral of the French Revolution, pregnant with individual and

national instruction, has been appreciated neither by the people whom it scourged, nor the nations whom it scared. The terrors of anarchy and democratic violence, indeed, are destined to have a broader field and a longer reign before the rulers of nations are taught to govern;—and education and knowledge must have a wider range, and take a deeper hold, before the people learn to obey.

There is no phase in which man can be contemplated, more painful and humiliating than that in which he appears as the pilot of the State; and in the history of European governments, whether absolute or constitutional, we have too frequently to deplore the consequences of presumptuous statemanship, and of imbecile or reckless legislation. When incapacity and ignorance are placed at the helm, and talent and wisdom in the hold, the vessel of the State may survive the summer lightning and the zephyr gale, but it will in vain seek its haven when Jove brandishes his thunderbolt, and Neptune upheaves his tri-

* *Biographie de LAZARE NICOLAS MARGUERITE CARNOT, Membre de la première classe de l'Institut de France (section Mécanique.)* Par M. ARAGO, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences. Paris 1850.

dent. The revolutionary history of France displays to us the magnitude and grandeur of achievements when genius and talent are the only passports to power, and proclaims to us how nobly the intellectual and military glory of a people may be sustained even when civil war rages in the midst of them, and external foes threaten them from without. In the chronicles of our own country, whether of peace or of war, we may study the baneful effects of an opposite system. In what age have we found a Colbert, whose appreciation of knowledge inspired him with the patronage of literature and science—whose taste fostered the arts of polished and industrious life—whose liberality endowed the educational institutions of his country, and whose piety and wisdom prompted him to suppress immorality and vice by teaching and reforming the immoral and the vicious? The records of the past have not preserved to us even the shadow of so glorious a name. The experience of passing years exhibits to us no such minister, and in the horizon of the future there looms no auroral gleam of a luminary on its way. We have, on the contrary, to mourn over establishments destroyed—churches breaking down—colleges in decay—teachers starving—and wise men consigned to poverty and degradation.

Nor are these evils counterbalanced by financial wisdom,—by commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural prosperity, or even by the vain splendor of military and naval glory. Science was not more assailed in a darker age by the persecution of Galileo, the exile of Tycho, and the poverty of Kepler, than it is at this hour, and in this land, by the miserable expediency of heaping imposts upon knowledge, and the heartless taxation of invention and discovery; and the heart of the philanthropist could not have been more lacerated by the sight of negro humanity in chains, than it might now be by the imposition of taxes on the health, the prudence, and the parental forethought of British subjects.

We wait for the advent of a minister strong in piety, knowledge, and moral energy, who shall raise to the same platform all the various interests of the State, and who shall give its honors to those who merit them, its offices to those who can best discharge their duties, and its patronage and support to everything that can advance the intellectual glory and the material interests of the nation. Such a pilot must be willing to quit the helm when his people cease to obey him, and must seek for permanent fame from the measures which he has lost, as well as from the tro-

phies which he has won. The man who can thus act must be moulded from a nobler material than vulgar clay—not from the fragile pottery which a breath can break, and a vibration shiver; but from the tough and shining porcelain which rings when it is struck, and rebounds when it falls.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of the admirable Biographical Memoir of Carnot, which we owe to the eloquent pen of M. Arago. The history of a great man by a man equally great—of a patriot of the first French Revolution by a patriot of the last, cannot fail to rivet the attention of thoughtful men, even if it did not, as it does, throw the brilliant light of truth over characters which faction has defamed, and upon deeds of glory which proscription and exile have obscured. Rich in its anecdote—brilliant in its wit—powerful in its argument—vigorous in its eloquence, and generous and lofty in its aspirations, this biographical memoir will challenge a comparison with the most elaborate productions of ancient or of modern times. It is in studying the life of such a man as Carnot, by such a writer as Arago, that we may discover those germs of discontent which so dangerously ripen into revolution; and that we are enabled to appreciate those hidden and irresistible influences which urge the civilian from his hearth, and the soldier from his barracks, to sustain the liberties of their country, and to take their place in its forum or upon its ramparts. In the feelings of one such heart we recognize the impulse upon that of thousands, and by integrating their individual throbs we may estimate the frenzy of their combined pulsation.

Such of our readers as may seek in the perusal of the original memoir a fuller account of the Life of Carnot than our limited space allows us to give, will, doubtless, be impressed as we have been with the value of a National Institution, which embalms in eloquence the memory of its members, and transmits to posterity the record of their virtues and achievements. In our own land no such obligation is felt, and no such duty discharged. The philosopher passes from the circle which he has adorned, honored doubtless by the tears of his associates, but no eulogy is pronounced over his grave, and no monument rises to the ornament of his country, and the benefactor of his race.

Lazare Nicolas Marguerite Carnot, whose life and character we are about to review, was born on the 13th May 1753, at Nolay, in the department of the Côte-d'Or in Bur-

gundy, a duchy which had been the cradle of three of the greatest celebrities of which the Academies of Paris could boast—Bossuet, Vauban, and Buffon. His father, Claude Abraham Carnot, was a distinguished advocate, who "followed this noble profession with much talent, which is not rare, and with great disinterestedness, which is said not to be so common." He was descended from a family which, since the fifteenth century, had given to the priesthood and to the army more than one remarkable man. Out of a numerous family of *eighteen* children, two lived to be lieutenant-generals of the French army, one a counsellor in the Court of Cassation, one a procureur-général of the Cour Royale, one a directress of the hospital of Nolay, and one a municipal magistrate, highly esteemed when he discharged the duties of his commune, but if possible still more esteemed when after twenty years of service he submitted, at the Restoration, to dismissal from his office rather than abandon his duty.

The education of Lazare Carnot, the subject of this article, was superintended by his father till he was qualified for the college of Autun. When he was only ten years of age, he accompanied his mother in a journey to Dijon, which she had at that time occasion to make. Between his twelfth and his fifteenth year, Carnot followed the course of study which prevailed in the college of Autun, where he was distinguished by his quickness and originality, and by a degree of intelligence far from common. At sixteen years of age he had finished his philosophy; and at this early period that decision of character became apparent which we shall have occasion to admire in the course of his most stormy career.

At this period of his life, Carnot was so impressed with the religious principle, and with those minute forms of devotion which were scrupulously followed in the seminary at Autun, that some of his friends proposed that he should take orders in the Church; but though this suggestion was strengthened by the recollection that Canons, Vicars-General of the diocese of Chalons, Doctors of the Sorbonne, and an Abbe of Cîteaux had been members of his family, the love of military glory prevailed, and young Carnot was sent to a special school in Paris to prepare for his examination. Among his companions at this seminary, his religious opinions and habits were the subject of continual sarcasm. But sarcasms were not arguments in the mind of Carnot, and he found it necessary to ripen by reflection and study those

sentiments and opinions which he had hitherto cherished. Theology thus became for some months the only occupation of the Apprentice Officer, but no person can now say what were the results of his studies, for, as M. Arago informs us, he carefully avoided, even in the midst of his family, not only discussions but even conversations on the subject of religion. "We know only," says his biographer, "that he professed principles adopted by all honest and enlightened minds." "Universal toleration is the dogma which I boldly profess. I abhor fanaticism, and I believe that the fanaticism of irreligion, made fashionable by the Marats and Père Duchènes is the most dreadful of all. We must not kill men in order to force them to believe. We must not kill them to prevent them from believing. Let us compassionate the failings of others, as each of us has his own; and allow our prejudices to be removed by time when we cannot cure them by Reason."

From the study of Theology, Carnot passed to that of Geometry and Algebra, in which he made a rapid and brilliant progress. M. Longprès, the director of the preparatory school, was acquainted with the illustrious D'Alembert, who, in one of the visits which he occasionally paid to the school, particularly noticed Carnot, and addressed to him some flattering and prophetic words, which our colleague repeated with emotion even at those epochs of his life when Fortune had made him one of the arbiters of the destinies of Europe.

Previous to the French Revolution, no individual, however distinguished, could be admitted an Officer of Artillery, unless he belonged to the class of nobles. When, under the patronage of the illustrious Legendre, Baron Fourier applied for permission to be examined for the artillery, the minister replied that as he was not noble he could not be admitted, even if he were a second Newton. At an earlier period, the united labors of a genealogist and a geometer were not required in the examination of an officer of engineers. Every Frenchman, in 1771, could be admitted into the school of engineers at Mezières, provided their father or their mother had not enriched their family or their country by commerce or by manual labor, and it was under this system, less rigorous than that which had excluded Fourier, that Carnot was admitted an officer of engineers. Bossut, his examiner, certified his great mathematical acquirements; and his father had no difficulty, as M. Arago observes, "in proving that never had one of his

ships been in a distant country exchanging the fruits of the French soil and of French industry against the productions which nature had reserved for other climates;—that his hands had never combined the movable types of Guttenberg—not even to reproduce the Bible or the Gospels;—and that he had never personally concurred in the execution of any of those admirable instruments which measure time or sound the depths of space. When these negative merits were legally proved, young Carnot was declared to be of a sufficiently good family to wear the epaulette, and he received without delay that of second lieutenant."

In the school of engineers, which he entered at the age of eighteen, he studied descriptive geometry and the physical sciences, under the celebrated Monge, and so rapid was his progress, that on the 12th January, 1773, he was sent to Calais as first lieutenant in the service of fortresses, where the influence of the tides added a new and important condition to the very complicated data of the problem of fortification. In this position he acquired, among the officers of the garrison, the character of an *original*, choosing to live in libraries rather than in cafés, and preferring Thucydides, and Polybius, and Cæsar to the licentious works of the day.

In the year 1783, the Academy of Dijon having offered a prize for an *Eloge* of Field-Marshal Vauban, a native of Burgundy, it was carried off by Carnot, whose "*Eloge de Vauban*" was published in 1784. Fontenelle had already written the life of the illustrious Marshal with his usual eloquence and power, but by omitting to view his character in one of its most interesting phases, he left room for a better portrait from the pencil of Carnot. "One would have thought," says M. Arago, "that an *Eloge* of Vauban from the pen of an officer of engineers, would have consisted chiefly in an appreciation of those systems of attack and defence which he bequeathed to the art of war. But this was not the plan which Carnot adopted. It was on account of the qualities of his heart, his virtues and his patriotism, that Vauban appeared to him worthy of admiration."—"Vauban," says Carnot, "was one of those men whom nature gave to the world fully equipped for its service; imbued like the bee with an inborn activity for the general good, who could not sever their lot from that of the Republic, and who, themselves integral members of society, live, prosper, suffer, and languish with it."

The Academy of Dijon crowned in 1784

the "*Eloge de Vauban*;" and dictated to Buffon, whom nobody will accuse of being a reformer in matters of government, the following expressions, so flattering to the author:—"Your style is noble and flowing, you have executed a work both agreeable and useful." Prince Henry of Prussia, too, who was present when the *Eloge* was read and crowned, not only expressed the pleasure which it had given him, but offered its author a place in the service of his brother, Frederick the Great. The Prince of Condé, likewise, who presided at the meeting as governor of Burgundy, added his applause to that of the Prince;—the same Condé whom Worms a few years afterwards saw at the head of the emigrant nobility, and who afterwards denounced the Revolution of 1789 as an effect without a cause—and as a meteor, the arrival of which nobody could have foreseen. M. Arago has described at great length, and with his usual power, an interesting episode in the history of Carnot, which originated in an ambiguous expression in his *Life of Vauban*, and which in its development threw him into the Bastille. In speaking of the technical part of the works of Vauban, he had occasion to say that a *certain ignorant and vulgar person* took an erroneous view of fortification, by reducing it to the art of tracing, upon paper, lines subject to conditions more or less systematic. These words were, without any reason, applied to himself by the Marquis of Montalembert, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a general officer in the French army. He had written a work entitled *Fortification Perpendiculaire*, containing a new method of defending fortified places, which had been bitterly attacked by almost the whole corps of engineers; and believing, and persisting in the belief, that the expression used by Carnot applied to himself, he sought his revenge by publishing an edition of the *Eloge* on Vauban, with notes, outrageously offensive to Carnot, and calculated to crush for ever the rising officer of engineers. In this difficult position Carnot showed himself what he has ever since been, frank, loyal, and insensible to injuries which he did not deserve. "Had there been," said he, in writing to his fiery antagonist, "any ground for your suspicions, I should have misunderstood the first duties of honor and of decency: I should have failed especially in that infinite respect which soldiers owe to a distinguished general. Believe me, there is no officer of engineers who has not learned with pleasure that the Marquis of

Montalembert has fortified places, as well as the brave D'Esse* has defended them. Your work," he added, "is full of genius. Provided your casemates are known and proved, fortification will take a new form, and become a new art. . . . Though the corps of engineers has not the advantage of possessing you, we believe we have no less the right of reckoning you among its most illustrious members. Whoever enlarges our knowledge, whoever furnishes us with new means of being useful to France, becomes our colleague, our chief, our benefactor." With so flattering a testimony to his merits, M. de Montalembert was completely overcome, and the most formal apology for his unfortunate pamphlet followed the noble reply of Carnot.

The affair, however, did not end here, and we blush when we record the history of its termination. The superior officers of engineers, men appointed chiefly from the ranks of the nobility of France, were so irritated by the *Eloge* which a captain of their own body had pronounced upon systems of fortification which they had so authoritatively condemned, that "a letter of cachet and the Bastille taught," as M. Arago observes, "our colleague, that on the eve of our great Revolution the right of judgment—that precious conquest of modern philosophy—had not penetrated into military circles." In the very letter to the Marquis which gave rise to this deed of oppression, there were sentiments so noble and flattering to the very men who now injured him, that generous hearts should have accepted them as a just compensation for the imaginary wrong which they resented. "An officer of engineers," said the inmate of the Bastille, "stands in the very heart of danger, but he stands alone and in silence; he sees death, but he must look at it with indifference—he must not court it like the hero of battles; he must see it calmly approach;—he goes where the thunderbolt bursts, not to act, but to observe; not to be distracted, but to deliberate." With such an incident before him, and it is but one of a thousand, who will say with the Prince of Condé that the French Revolution was without cause? And when M. Arago tells us that in his day he has heard the simple sub-lieutenant question and even refute the opinion of the general, and that in place of being sent to the Bastille, he

had thus earned a fresh title to promotion,—who will venture to say that the French Revolution was without a result?

In the year 1783, Carnot gave to the world his *Essai sur les Machines en général*, which, had he done nothing else, would have immortalized his name, and placed him on a level with the most distinguished philosophers of other lands. It has long been a vulgar notion that a machine creates power by increasing or multiplying the power or force which moves it. The power applied to machinery may be the force of a man or of a horse, the weight or the impulse of water, the elastic force of heat, steam, or gunpowder; and when a given quantity of any of these powers is applied to produce a great mechanical effect, by the agency of a machine consisting of a number of movable powers, such as levers, wheels and pinions, &c., all that the machine does, is to enable us to produce that effect in a longer time, *the machine causing us to lose in time, or velocity, what we gain in force*; that is, a force which would raise a ton to the height of six feet in a second, would require, by the aid of a perfect machine, two seconds to raise it twelve feet, and so on. But a piece of perfect machinery does not exist; the flexibility of beams and rods, the stiffness of belts and chains, and the friction of all the moving parts upon each other, and even the resistance of the air, destroy or absorb a certain considerable portion of the moving power. Following out these principles, Carnot has shown that in machines, and, generally speaking, in every system of moving bodies, we ought at all hazards to avoid sudden changes of velocity; and he shows that the loss of force (*vis viva*) produced by such changes, is equal to the force with which all these bodies would be actuated, if each of them were endowed with the final velocity which it had lost, at the instant when the sudden change was effected.* This principle, known by the name of the *Theorem of Carnot*, now directs the mechanical philosopher in his calculus, guides the engineer in his practice, and protects the public against the schemes of ignorant speculators. But though we have spoken of the loss of force in machinery, we must not suppose that force can ever be lost in the true sense of the term; it is lost only in so

* D'Esse was an ancestor of the Marquis, and had, in 1543, by a heroic resistance, obliged the forces of the Emperor to raise the siege of Landrecies.

* In referring to the subject of *perpetual motion*, Carnot has not only shown that every machine left to itself must stop, but he determines the instant when this will take place.

far as the useful effect of the first mover is concerned; but in being absorbed and lost, it has been spent in the dislocation and destruction of the machinery.

It was the fate of Carnot, as of other distinguished men, to be driven from the repose of study into the arena of political strife; but he was neither the quiet fluid, which took the form of its containing vessel, nor the contented passenger, that shut his eyes when his steeds were in gallop.—He strove to mould to a smooth and Tuscan outline the rude vessel which imprisoned him.—He grasped the safety rein of his headlong coursers, and if he did not stop them in their fiery onset, he slackened their speed, and saved them from destruction. *Injicit frenâ raganti.*

Although Carnot was one of the first officers of the French army who honestly and enthusiastically embraced the reforming principles of the National Assembly, yet his name does not occur in the annals of the Revolution till the beginning of 1791. In that year, when he was in garrison at St. Omer, he married Mademoiselle Dupont, the daughter of a rich merchant, by whom he had several children, and along with his brother, who was also a Captain of Engineers, he was chosen to represent the department of the *Pas de Calais* in the Legislative Assembly. "From this time Carnot devoted himself wholly to the discharge of those high and onerous duties which were imposed upon him by the choice of his fellow-citizens, and the suffrage of his colleagues. The geometer was almost wholly merged in the statesman, and in the former character he made only an occasional appearance."

In 1793, the Convention was the only organized power in the State which was capable of opposing a bulwark against the shoals of enemies which, from every part of Europe, threatened the nationality of France. The Committee of Public Safety, formed on the 6th April, was, after some partial changes, composed, on the 11th September, 1793, of *Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varrennes, Prieur de la Marne, Prieur de la Côte-d'Or, Carnot, Jean-Bon-St. André, Barère, Herault de Séchelles, and Robert Lindet.* The Committee thus constituted were entrusted with great powers. A majority of votes was required to decide every question, and a certain number of signatures to give these decisions the force of law. In defence of the general proceedings of this active and zealous body, M. Arago might have argued that

moral and intellectual force can no more than physical force be increased by machinery: what is gained in power is lost in time; and on the events of time depended the very existence of France. The mental energies of twelve men were insufficient for the business which pressed upon them. Despatches from every part of their frontier invaded or threatened with invasion,—from every city,—and even from every village, struggling against the prejudices of the privileged classes, could not receive that mature consideration which they deserved. The reconstruction of the Committee, in the face of enemies without and within, would have occasioned fresh dissensions, and deprived it of its magic power. The Committee therefore resolved upon the division of its labor. Carnot was charged with organizing the armies and superintending their operations; Prieur of the Côte-d'Or with the armaments; Robert Lindet with the army stores; and the other members were reserved for matters of politics, general police, and measures of safety. In every kind of question a single signature was serious, and involved responsibility, though the law required as a formality that the other signatures should be added. The imprudence of such a system is equalled only by its danger—a danger as great to the possessor as to the victim of power. "In permitting himself to countersign without examination the decisions of his colleagues, Carnot," as our author remarks, "made the greatest of all sacrifices to France: he placed his honor in the hands of several of his declared enemies; but, counting on the tardy justice of posterity, he illustrated that motto, almost superhuman, of one of the most powerful organizations which revolution ever raised from the popular will—that motto which every sincere patriot with an ardent temperament may well avow, '*Let my reputation perish rather than my country.*'"

Bitterly as we must denounce the cruelties of the Committee of Public safety, and associate the name of Robespierre with its most sanguinary acts, we are bound, on the strength of the evidence adduced by M. Arago, to absolve Carnot from the charges which have been brought against him as a member of that hated body: at no period, and under no circumstances, in his long political career, was he, in the bad sense of the term, a party man, who strove to carry out his principles and his plans by those tortuous ways which honor and justice forbid. As chairman of the Commission of the 9th June, 1793, charged with proposing compensation

to the families of Théobald, Dillon, and Berthois, who had been massacred before Lille, by their own troops, Carnot did not, as others would have done, make a compromise with his duty, and try to soothe the susceptibility of the army. He denounced the brutal act in these burning words:—"I will not repeat," he exclaimed, "the circumstances of this atrocity. Posterity, in reading our history, will believe that they see in it the crime of a horde of cannibals rather than that of a free people."

In 1792, when the National Guard had volunteered to form an army of reserve at Soissons, a report was circulated through Paris that their stores of flour had been poisoned, and that 200 soldiers had perished. The Parisian populace became exasperated: the Court had disapproved of the armament, and the base act of poisoning its food was ascribed to the king, and even to the queen, and their adherents. Carnot was sent to the camp as commissary to make the necessary investigations. Under his rigorous inquest the slander and its danger at once disappeared. No soldiers had perished, because no flour had been poisoned. The ball of some youths at play had detached pieces of glass from the windows of an old church, and some of them had fallen, not in powder but in pieces, into a single sack of corn!

From the bureaux of the Committee of Public Safety our author might have collected many striking proofs of the kindness and indulgence of Carnot towards those who held political opinions different from his own, but he has wisely rested his defence upon more general considerations. "The Convention," says he "was the arena where the heads of those factions which divided the country went to contend; but it was in the clubs where their adherents were formed, and also that energetic force, the action of which often annulled the effects of the most eloquent harangues." If the Convention saw the bursting of the thunderbolt, it was out of its bounds that the storm began to gather, till it grew and attained an irresistible power. There was not then a single influential politician who was not obliged to appear every day at the *Jacobins* or at the *Corde-liers*, and take a part in every debate. But, gentlemen, Carnot did not belong to any of these associations; never was a word of his heard in the clubs:—At this time of trouble, Carnot was exclusively a *Man of the Nation*."

It is no slight proof of the correctness of these views, that Robespierre and his more

violent associates viewed with jealousy, and even indignation, the moderate conduct of their military colleague. "To be led away," cried Robespierre, in one of his harangues, "by every military operation, is an act of selfishness;—to repose obstinately, or take no part in the affairs of police in the interior, is to enter into terms of accommodation with the enemies of the country." "I am distressed," said he to Cambon on another occasion, "that I do not understand that construction of lines and of colors which I see upon their charts. Ah! had I but studied the art of war in my youth, I should not have been obliged, whenever we discuss the subject of our armies, to tolerate the supremacy of the odious Carnot." This animosity had its origin in Carnot's disapproval of the Coup d'Etat, which led to the fall of the Girondists; and such was the feeling entertained against him for his moderation, that Saint-Just demanded that he should be put upon his trial for having refused, when with the army of the north, to sign an order for the arrest of General O'Moran: but he escaped from the vengeance which would have thus fallen upon him, because it was impossible in the estimation of his enemies, as well as his friends, to replace him in his military position by a member of the Convention.

We have already referred to the greatness of the sacrifices which Carnot was obliged to make in sanctioning by his name the acts of his associates; and we cannot better illustrate the principle upon which such a sacrifice was made, than to mention the fact, that he was thus led to sign, in ignorance, the arrest of his own secretary, and of the very restaurateur whom he employed! But though the signature of Carnot may have often given its sanction to an act of cruelty, yet we know that that act would have been performed without it; and in estimating the amount of crime to which he may have been indirectly a party, we learn with the deepest satisfaction from the works of the Royalists themselves, and from the published writings of the Republicans, that "in the Committee of Public Safety Carnot had saved more lives than his colleagues had sacrificed." From the meetings of the Committee he was never absent, excepting when his military duties absorbed all his attention, and whenever he was present innocence could always reckon upon him as its bold and affectionate advocate. "Chance," says Mr. Arago, "led me a few days ago to discover, that the part of a kind defender was not the only one which he had performed. There is among

you, gentlemen, a venerable academician, equally versed in mathematical theories and in their application: who has gloriously associated his name with useful works and vast undertakings, which the future may yet realize. He has run through a long career without making, and certainly without deserving, an enemy; yet his life was one day menaced, and the miscreants wished to effect his fall when he was rearing one of those scientific monuments which have thrown the brightest lustre on the revolutionary era. An anonymous letter intimated to our colleague the danger to which he was exposed. The storm was dispersed, but it might again from time to time recur. The friendly hand pointed out a plan of conduct, suggested prudent cautions, and indicated the necessity of finding a place of retreat. It promised not to leave its work unfinished, and to resume the pen if danger reappeared. The anonymous writer, gentlemen, was Carnot—the geometer whom he thus preserved to science and our affections, was M. de Prony!

At this time, as M. Arago informs us, M. de Prony and Carnot had never even seen one another. At a later period, in 1814, we had the privilege of seeing them together on the floor of the Institute—the one rejoicing in the peaceful pursuit of his studies, and in the friendship of the illustrious Watt, by whom we had just been introduced to him; and the other mourning over the subjugation of France, dejected, though lofty in his mien—as if he already saw that duty to his country might yet summon him into the field, or drive him into exile.

In order rightly to understand the position of Carnot when, in August, 1793, he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, we must look more narrowly into the state of France. “The wreck of the army under Dumouriez had been driven from one position to another:—Valenciennes and Condé had opened their gates to the enemy; Mayence had capitulated under the pressure of famine; two Spanish armies had invaded France; forty thousand Vendéans, under Cathelineau, had taken Bressuire, Thouars, Saumur, and Angers—threatened Tours and Le Mans, and attacked Nantes by the right bank of the Loire, while Charette operated upon the left. Toulon had received into its harbor an English squadron, and our principal towns, Marseilles, Caen, and Lyons, had separated themselves violently from the Central Government.” Under such circumstances, all Europe looked for the overthrow of the Convention, and the submission of France. But they had formed an erroneous

estimate both of the patriotism and the resources of the nation. Carnot was charged with the organization and direction of its armies, and he nobly fulfilled the mission which was entrusted to him. With almost sovereign power, he introduced order and system into the army. He united all the various elements of the service, reading every despatch, and availing himself of the suggestions and talents of the humblest of his officers. It was at this time that the young Hoche, a serjeant of infantry, composed his Memoir on the means of penetrating into Belgium; a work which drew from Carnot the prophetic exclamation, “Behold a serjeant of infantry who will make his way!” The general’s eye followed him in every battle, and in the course of a few months Hoche became captain, colonel, general of brigade, general of division, and general-in-chief!

In another branch of his military administration, Carnot, as our author shows, was no less great and successful. Copper was required for his cannon, and saltpetre for his gunpowder, and leather for the shoes and accoutrements of the soldier, and muskets for the destruction of his enemies. The bells of the church and of the convent, which had peaceably summoned the worshiper to prayer, became the cartilage of those brazen throats that were to utter the thunders of desolation and death. The soil of France, never before appealed to for the elements of destruction, surrendered to the analyst the last atom of its nitre; and while new discoveries in chemistry gave rapidly to the process of the tanner, new inventions and new methods added fresh skill and unexampled rapidity to the hand and labors of the armorer. The balloon, hitherto used to gratify the multitude, became, in 1799, an instrument of war. From the region of clouds General Morlot studied the manoeuvres of the enemy at the battle of Fleurus, and was thus enabled to obtain for his country a brilliant triumph. The telegraph, too, which had been profitless for centuries, was perfected for the service of the Committee of Public Safety—transmitted their orders in a few minutes, and enabled them to follow the movements of their armies, as if they had deliberated in the midst of them. Thus did science and patriotism combine their irresistible powers to smite an enemy and to save an empire. The annals of nations, struggling for their existence, present us with but few examples in which science has been summoned to their defence, and acquitted itself of the task. When the scientific arts were

in their infancy, they had but little to offer for the service of the state, and even that little the state did not deserve. But in the present age, when the firmament of civilization shines with its constellations of genius, and when new elements of matter and new combinations of mind have given an almost superhuman character to the works of man, we may look forward to the time when a small but intellectual state may defy the most powerful empire, and when a handful of instructed warriors may drive from their shores the hordes of barbarism and ignorance that may assail them. Writing under the second dynasty of the Bourbons, M. Arago has said that the art of thus exciting genius and forcing it from its accustomed repose, has been lost. True as this remark is, it is not applicable to England. The art of exciting genius has never penetrated the chain of shops and custom-houses which girdle our commercial island, and there has never been a statesman who was willing to import it. Times, however, of national danger are not impossible. Continental hosts may surround us with their navies of steam, and stop the corn and the wine on which we live, and the flax and the cotton with which we work, while an internal foe, the enemy of religious truth and religious liberty, is ready to rebel and to betray. Science may then be required when it is scarcely in existence, or may be summoned when it refuses to appear. Like the invisible domestic which quits the house when its services are undervalued, science may have found a home in a foreign land, when she was no longer wanted in her own.

While Carnot was thus occupied in relieving the more immediate necessities of the State, he did not forget his obligation to the men of science who had so nobly assisted him. Among the great establishments which he contributed to found, were the first Normal School, the Polytechnic School, the Museum of Natural History, the Conservatory of Arts and Professions; and among those which he encouraged by his vote, were the mensuration of the earth, the establishment of a new system of weights and measures, and what M. Arago calls the great and incomparable registers of the national property.

But though a colossal mass of physical power—of men and of the munitions of war, was thus placed by the Convention in the hands of Carnot, yet it was left to him to organize, to discipline, and to instruct the Requisition.*

* By the Requisition all unmarried persons, from 18 to 25, were ordered to join the armies.

"Carnot," says M. Arago, "organized fourteen armies. He required to create qualified officers, and he was of the opinion of a certain Athenian general, that an army of deer commanded by a lion was better than an army of lions commanded by a deer. He selected them from the inexhaustible mine of non-commissioned officers; and, as I have already said, his penetrating eye searched the obscurest ranks for talents and courage combined, and promoted it rapidly to the highest grade. Like the Atlas of fable, he bore for several years the weight of all the military events in Europe. He wrote with his own hand to the generals;—he gave them detailed orders, in which every contingency was minutely foreseen;—his plans, such as those which he addressed to Pichegru on the 21st Ventose, of the year II., reemed the result of real divination. The facts justified to such a degree the prediction of our colleague, that in order to write the history of the memorable campaign of 1796, we have only to change the proper names of a few villages in the instructions which he addressed to the general-in-chief. The places where they were to give battle,—those where they were to limit themselves to simple demonstrations and skirmishes,—the strength of each garrison, and of each post,—everything was pointed out, and everything regulated with admirable precision. It was by the orders of Carnot that Hoche one day concealed his movements from the Prussian army, crossed the Vosges, and joining the army of the Rhine, struck a decisive blow upon Wurmser, which led to the deliverance of Alsace. In 1793, when the enemy expected, in conformity with the classic precepts of strategy, to see our troops march from the Moselle to the Rhine, while they collected on the latter river a formidable force, to resist them, Carnot, heedless of old theories, detached suddenly 40,000 men of the army of the Moselle, and sent them by forced marches to the Meuse. Such was the celebrated manœuvre which decided the success of the campaign of 1793, during which the Austrian and Dutch generals had the double mortification of being constantly beaten, and of being beaten contrary to rule. Yes, gentlemen, the National Tribune was no more than just when it re-echoed these glorious words, now become historical,—*Carnot has organized victory.*—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 49, 50.

One of the most interesting displays of Carnot as a soldier, was made on the field of battle at Wattignies. The Prince of Cobourg, at the head of 60,000 men, occupied all the outlets of the forest of Mormale, and blockaded Maubeuge the retention of which was the only obstacle to the advance of the Austrians to Paris. Though with inferior numbers, Carnot recommended an attack on the apparently impregnable position of the enemy. General Jourdan hesitated before so terrible a responsibility. Carnot hastens to the army, and attacks the enemy; but their numbers are so great, and their entrenchments so strong, and their artillery so for-

midable, that the day closes without any decided advantage to either of the armies. The left wing, which had lost ground and some cannon, in place of being reinforced, was almost wholly carried to the right, and in the morning Cobourg found himself in the front of, as it were, another army. The battle again raged, and the Austrians, enclosed in their redoubts, and protected by woods, coppices, and hedges, valiantly resisted the attack, and repulsed one of the French columns of attack, which began to run away. Carnot, in agony at the disorder, rallied the soldiers, formed them anew on the plain,—cashiered, in the sight of the whole army, the general who had allowed himself to be beaten by disobeying his orders, and seizing the musket of a grenadier, he marched at the head of the columns in the costume of a Representative of the People. The Austrian cavalry were repulsed by the bayonet. Carnot forced his way into the village over heaps of the slain, and from that moment the blockade of Maubeuge was raised.* This was but the second time that Carnot had heard in battle the sound either of musketry or cannon: he had on a former occasion, with the musket in his hand, carried by assault the town of Furnes, when it was occupied by the English. The campaign of seventeen months, conducted by Carnot, and during which the troops of the Republic never laid down their arms, was one of the most successful and glorious that France can boast. According to the report of Carnot, they gained 27 victories, eight of which were in order of battle, 120 combats of inferior importance, 80,000 enemies killed, 91,000 prisoners, 116 fortified places or important cities taken, of which 36 were after being besieged or blockaded, 230 forts or redoubts carried, 3800 cannons and mortars, 70,000 muskets, 1400 milliers of powder, and 90 standards.

Soon after the Parisian sections had risen against the Convention, Carnot quitted the Committee of Public Safety, and from that moment victory almost everywhere abandoned the Republican standard. Reverses followed in rapid succession, the springs of action were unbent, and distrust and despair seized every mind. From such a result, as

M. Arago remarks, better than from an interrupted series of victories, we may learn *how great an influence the genius of a single man exercises over the destiny of nations*. Nor was the nation insensible to the obligations which it owed to Carnot. He was called to the legislature, which replaced the National Convention, by *fourteen* departments; and soon after his admission into the Council of Ancients, Carnot, on the refusal of the Abbé Sieyès, became one of the five members of the Executive Directory.

Carnot was now a second time called to the direction of the armies, when the Republic was again on the brink of a precipice. The public treasury was empty. The Directory, believed to be insolvent, could scarcely procure clerks and servants. Couriers were delayed for want of money to pay their expenses, and generals themselves did not receive more than *eight francs* per month in coin, as a supplement to their pay in assignats. Farmers declined to supply the markets with provisions, and manufacturers refused to sell their goods, because they would have been compelled to take payment in paper money, of no value. Throughout France, too, famine prevailed with its usual attendants of discontent and riot. The army was without clothes and shoes—without the means of transport—without the munitions of war. Pichegru carried on a plot with the Prince of Condé, compromised the army of Jourdan, evacuated Manheim, raised the siege of Mayence, and delivered the frontier of the Rhine to the Austrians. Civil war was lighted up in La Vendée, the English threatened the coasts, and on the frontier of the Alps, Schérer and Kellermann carried on a disadvantageous war of defence against the Austrian and Italian troops.

Under such circumstances, Carnot again accepted the high trust which he had in times equally trying so nobly discharged. Conscious of the difficulties which surrounded him, he warned his colleagues that the destinies of the State hung on the personal character of five men, and that the nation might suffer from differences in their views; and satisfied with having recorded his apprehensions, he submitted without a murmur, when the Directory had been legally established. Adopting from Carnot a new system of operations for pacifying La Vendée, Hoche triumphed over Charette, and in eight months brought to a close the civil war, which had so long desolated the country. On the Rhine, Jourdan and Moreau carried their victorious arms into the very heart of Germany; and Bona-

* According to a German historian, the Prince of Cobourg, when he saw the French columns giving way, exclaimed to his troops, "The Republicans are excellent soldiers; but if they dislodge me from this position, I will consent to be a Republican myself."

parte, who at the age of twenty-five got the command of the army of Italy, with the co-operation of Masséna, Augereau, Lannes, and Murat, annihilated in a few months three Austrian armies. The plan of this campaign, glorious to France, was given by Carnot; and M. Arago has cited a letter from Bonaparte, desiring to learn his intentions for the guidance of the army of Italy, and he has given us the following characteristic letter from Carnot to Bonaparte, dated the 21st May, 1796. "Attack Beaulieu before his reinforcements can join him; do not on any account neglect to prevent this junction; you must not weaken yourself before him, and especially you must not, by a disastrous separation of your troops, give him the means of fighting you in detail, and recovering the territory he has lost. . . . After the defeat of Beaulieu, you may make an expedition to Leghorn. The intention of the Directory is, that the army should not pass the Tyrol till after the expedition to the south of Italy."

In concluding this notice of the correspondence between Carnot and Bonaparte during this celebrated campaign, M. Arago justly reminds his colleagues of the noble instructions which were given to the French general, to honor and protect the distinguished artists and *savants* whom the fortunes of war might subject to his power. On the 13th June, 1796, Carnot wrote the following letter to Bonaparte,—a letter which will never be forgotten in the annals of civilization or of war:—"General, in recommending to you in our letter of the 26th Floréal, to receive and to visit the famous artists of the countries in which you find yourself, we have particularly pointed out to you the celebrated astronomer, Oriani of Milan, as deserving to be protected and honored by the Republican troops. The Directory will learn with satisfaction that you have fulfilled its intentions with respect to this distinguished *savant*; and it invites you, in consequence, to give an account of what you have done to show to the citizen Oriani those marks of interest and esteem which the French have always had for him, and to prove to him that they know how to unite to the love of glory and of liberty, that of genius and the arts."

Although Carnot had, at the call of his country, quitted the peaceful pursuits of science, and taken his place in the battlefield, and in the wild arena of political strife, yet he never forgot the science which he so much loved. Amid the dangers of war,

and the distractions of the Tribune, his mind was often turned to the subject of the higher analysis, and he published in 1799, his celebrated work entitled, "*Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus.*" Had these noble "Reflections" been the transition studies, during which Carnot was marking his return from the stormy discussions of the Directory to his peaceful duties in the Institute, or the engrossing pursuits by which he was weaning himself from the excitements of a political life, science would not have had to mourn over the misfortunes of one of her most distinguished sons, nor humanity to deplore the baseness of enemies, and the ingratitude of friends. Carnot did not quit the Directory when its existence was threatened by a powerful combination of its enemies. The foreign affairs of the nation presented the most favorable aspect. Bonaparte had signed at Leoben the preliminaries of a treaty of peace. He had pointedly refused to insert in the protocols the name of the Emperor of Germany before that of the French Republic; and when foreign generals talked to him of its recognition, he replied in these memorable words: "The French Republic does not wish to be recognized: it is in Europe what the Sun is in the horizon; and so much the worse for those who do not wish to see it, and to profit by it." Under these circumstances, Carnot believed in the possibility of conciliating the parties which divided the State, and he refused to escape from danger by overstepping the limits of the constitution. This illusion, however, was speedily dispelled by the events of the 4th September, 1797. Violent addresses had been sent by the army of Italy against the party of the Clichians to which he belonged, and Augereau, the lieutenant of Bonaparte, had been commissioned to assist in the revolution. Ignorant of what had passed in Italy, Carnot had so little foreseen what was to happen, that he was surprised in his bed by the officers of Barras, and had scarcely time to save himself by escaping through the garden door of the Luxembourg. A family of artisans, from Burgundy, received and placed him in concealment. "He then took refuge in the house of M. Oudot, a great partisan of the Coup d'Etat of the 4th September, and where, of course, nobody thought of seeking for the proscribed director." He was condemned to banishment on that very day, along with his colleague Barthelemy, and all the chiefs of the Clichian party; and, before he quitted Paris, his name was erased from the list of

the members of the National Institute, to the creation of which he had so effectually contributed.

The ordonnances which were issued on the 5th and 6th of September, 1797, declared vacant all the offices which were held by the citizens who had been proscribed on the 4th. Letourneux, the Minister of the Interior, enjoined the Institute to fill up the place of Carnot, and Bonaparte was unanimously elected by a hundred and four members, in whom the right was vested. "I have often," says M. Arago, "felt a just sentiment of pride, on seeing the admirable proclamations of the army of the east signed, MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE, *General-in-Chief*; but a sadness of heart followed this first emotion, when the thought returned that the *Member of the Institute* was adorned with a title which had been torn from his first protector and friend!"

Concealed in the house of a political enemy, M. Oudot, whose name ought to be cherished by every friend of humanity, Carnot had the good fortune to find another noble-minded citizen, who took him from his hiding-place, and conducted him in a post-chaise to Geneva. Here he lodged with a bleacher of the name of Jacob; but, though prudence required that he should remain in concealment, his desire to have correct intelligence respecting the country which he loved, induced him to quit the house, when he was immediately recognized by the spies of the Directory. The accredited agent of France lost no time in demanding from the Genevese Government the person of Carnot; but the magistrate to whom the application was first made was fortunately a man of honor and conscience, and felt all the degradation which such an act would bring upon his country. The name of the magistrate was Didier, a name honorably known in the republic of letters. M. Didier lost no time in writing to Carnot. He warned him of his danger,—implored him immediately to leave his lodgings, and indicated to him the part of the Lake of Geneva where he would find a boatman to carry him to Nyon.

"It was now very late. The officers of the Directory were watching for their prey. Our colleague went straight to his host, and without any preamble asked his pardon for having introduced himself into his house under an assumed name. 'I am,' added he, 'a proscribed individual, —I am Carnot. They are about to arrest me: my fate is in your hands: will you save me?' Without doubt," replied the honest bleacher. He immediately dressed Carnot in a blouse, with a

cotton bonnet and a basket, and he placed upon his head a large packet of dirty linen, which hung down even to the shoulders of the pretended Jacob, and covered his figure. It was by means of such a disguise that the man from whom a few lines would have been sufficient to move or stop in their march the armies commanded by the Massenas, the Hoches, the Moreaus, and the Bonapartes,—to excite hope or fear at Naples, Rome, or Vienna,—it was as a servant in a washing establishment that Carnot reached safe and sound the small boat which was to enable him to escape from transportation. In this boat a new and strange emotion awaited Carnot. In the boatman he recognized the same Pichegru whose culpable intrigues had rendered the event of the 4th September almost inevitable. During the passage across the lake, not a single word was exchanged between the two exiles. The time, the place, and the circumstances were not suitable for political debates or mutual recriminations. Carnot had soon reason to felicitate himself on his reserve. While reading the French journals at Nyon, he found that he had been deceived by an accidental resemblance, and that the companion of his voyage, so far from being a general, had never made any other manoeuvre than that of his frail bark; and that Pichegru, arrested by Angereau, awaited his transportation in one of the prisons in Paris. Carnot was still at Nyon when Bonaparte, returning from Italy, passed through this town on his way to Rastadt. Like all the other inhabitants, he illuminated his windows in order to do homage to the General."—*Biographie &c.*, pp. 75, 76.

For the space of two years Carnot resided at Augsburg under an assumed name, exclusively occupied with the cultivation of science and literature, but he was again destined to be recalled to power when his country was in danger. When Bonaparte, on the 9th November (18th Brumaire), upon his return from Egypt, overturned the constitution of 1795, which had never taken root in the affections of the people, one of his first acts was to recall the illustrious exile, replace him in the Institute, and appoint him Minister of War. On the refusal of the British Minister to negotiate a peace—an act which Europe and humanity have had so much reason to deplore, Bonaparte rallied under Carnot the heroism of the nation, and by the glorious victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden secured the independence of France. Although it was in the power of Bonaparte to have established order and liberty upon an impregnable basis, yet the ambitious soldier had very different objects in view. These objects were soon discovered by Carnot and the friends of the Republic, and very sharp disputes arose almost daily between the First Consul and the Minister of War. Carnot mourned

over the changes in the constitution which he saw in preparation, and resolved not to be a party to them. He resigned office on the 16th Vendémiaire 1801, in the following words, "Citizen Consuls, I send you again my demission; have the goodness not to delay in accepting it."

In 1802 Carnot was again called into public life as a member of the Tribunalate. In this new position he embraced every opportunity of opposing the downward tendency to absolute power. He used all his influence against the establishment of a Consulate for life. He opposed the creation of the Legion of Honor as an institution not for rewarding merit, but for creating political subserviency; and when it was proposed to raise Bonaparte to the Imperial Throne, he resisted every attempt to seduce him; and "though surrounded," as M. Arago observes, "with old Jacobins, and even with those who persecuted him as a Royalist on the 18th Fructidor, he stood almost alone in the midst of the general defection, as if it were to show to the world that a political conscience is not an empty name, but a reality."*

The Tribunalate did not long survive the overthrow of the Republic, and Carnot, again freed from the trammels of office, returned to his country house near Estampes, and resumed his mathematical studies. He soon after this published his able work, '*The Geometry of Position*,'† in which he has described, for the first time, many new properties of space, evincing the power and the fertility of the original methods which he has presented to science.

In the year 1809, Bonaparte was greatly annoyed at the slight resistance which several fortified towns had opposed to the besiegers, and about the end of that year he requested Carnot to draw up a system of special instructions for the guidance of the Governors of such places. Carnot entered with zeal on the discharge of his duty, and in the course of four months he produced his celebrated work, entitled, *Traité de la Défense des Places Fortes*, in which he gives an account of an entirely new method of defending fortified places. Vauban had estimated the duration of a siege of a place well fortified and garrisoned at forty-eight days. Carnot considers this as the extreme dura-

tion, and is of opinion that it seldom exceeds twenty-two or twenty-three days, fourteen being generally spent in constructing the approaches, and eight or nine days in the assault. The principle of the new method of defence which he proposes, is to substitute vertical fires for direct or horizontal fires. He forms the enceinte of the place of a simple wall not very thick, with an escarpe and counterscarpe; and behind the wall he places mortars of different calibers directed at an angle of 45° behind the parapet, and covered by blindages. They are charged to carry the shot to such a height as to kill the person upon whom they fall. These fires are supposed to commence when the enemy opens his third parallel, and to continue for ten days; assuming that the field occupied by the besieging army is 60,000 square yards, that the garrison is 4000, and that 3000 are spread over this area, forming the avenues of the place, one man occupying twenty square yards. But a man's body in a horizontal projection covers about a square foot, consequently the space covered by the troops and workmen of the besiegers is the 180th part of the whole area, and out of 180 shots falling on that space one will strike the enemy. M. Carnot is of opinion that one ball in fifty would take effect, owing to the shot not falling vertically, but at such an angle that the inclined projection of a man's body is nearly double its horizontal projection; but to remove every objection, he supposes only one ball in 180 to take effect. He now supposes that six 12-inch mortars mounted on the attacked front, the shells of which weigh 150 pounds, will each discharge 600 balls, 1-4th of a pound weight, at a single shot, or 3600 from the six. But one ball out of 180 will take effect; therefore at each discharge of the six mortars twenty of the besiegers will be killed or disabled. Giving a quarter of an hour to each round, he finds that 100 rounds may be fired in twenty-four hours, and hence 2000 men will be destroyed or disabled. During the ten days, therefore, that the attack continues, the besieging army will sustain a loss of 20,000 men: But if the garrison consists of 4000 men, the whole of the besieging army will probably not exceed 20,000, that is, the besieging army will be completely destroyed before effecting a breach. From these views and calculations Carnot concludes that no fortified place thus defended can be taken by any known method of attack. Economy both in men and money he considers as a powerful recommendation of it; a few companies

* His speech at the Tribunalate on this subject was delivered on the 1st of May 1804. It went through several editions, and was hawked through the streets of Paris for four days.

† *Géométrie de Position, à l'usage de ceux qui se destinent à mesurer des terrains.* 4to. Paris, 1803.

of artillery men being alone required, while the great body of the garrison are employed in watching the proper time for making a sortie, and compelling the besiegers to keep a strong guard upon their works.

During Carnot's retirement from active military duties, between 1807 and 1814, he devoted himself to the discharge of the important functions of a Member of the Institute, a title which was restored to him at the death of M. Le Roy. Almost all the Memoirs on Mechanics, submitted to the judgment of the First Class of the Institute, were sent to him for examination; and M. Arago informs us that his singular sagacity enabled him to point out the new and important parts of them with remarkable clearness and precision; and from his habit of doubting and distrusting theoretical results, to give most important advice and assistance to the authors themselves.

From these peaceful pursuits, for which he was so well qualified, and which he had every reason to hope would occupy the evening of his life, Carnot was again called into the arena of political and military strife. He could not now afford to subscribe to the public journals. Every day at the same hour he went to the library of the Institute, and read with the deepest interest the exciting news of the advance of the allied troops. On the 24th January he appeared more than usually engrossed with them. He asked for paper, and wrote the following remarkable letter addressed to Napoleon.

"SIRE,—While success crowned your enterprises, I abstained from offering to your Majesty services which might not be agreeable to you. Now that a reverse of fortune puts your firmness to a severe test, I do not scruple to offer you the feeble means which I still possess. It is little, doubtless, that a sexagenarian arm can offer; but I conceived that the example of a soldier whose patriotic sentiments are known, might rally round your Eagles many of those who are hesitating what side to take, and who might allow themselves to be persuaded that they would serve their country by abandoning them. It is still time for you, Sire, to conquer a glorious peace, and to obtain the love of a great people."

Napoleon did not hesitate to accept so noble an offer, and he immediately appointed Carnot Governor of Antwerp, a place to which he attached great importance, and which was at this time surrounded with his enemies. Without having seen the Emperor, Carnot set out from Paris about the end of January, and reached Antwerp on the morning of the 2d February, only through the

bivouacs of the enemy. The bombardment of the French Squadron by the English began next morning. It lasted during the 3d and 4th, and part of the 6th of February, when, after throwing 1500 bombs, and 800 ordinary shot, and many red-hot shot and fuses, the English retreated.

When some additional troops were required for the campaign in Belgium, Napoleon thought of drawing them from the garrison of Antwerp. Carnot immediately wrote the following despatch to the General-in-Chief, Maison, dated the 27th March:—

"In obeying the orders of the Emperor, I am obliged to declare to you, General, that these orders are equivalent to surrendering Antwerp. The enceinte of this place is immense; and it would require at least 15,000 good troops to defend it. Then how could his Majesty believe that with 3,000 sailors, most of whom never saw fire, I could hold the place of Antwerp, and the eight forts which depend upon it?

"Nothing, then, remains for me to do but to disgrace myself or to die. I beg you will believe that we have all decided upon the last alternative.

"I believe, General, that if you could take it upon you to leave me a troop of the line and of artillery, (there was at Antwerp a detachment of the Imperial Guard,) you would do a great service to his Majesty; but the whole will be ready to set out to-morrow, if I do not receive from you counter-orders, which I look for with the greatest impatience and the greatest anxiety."

He at the same time wrote as follows to the Duke de Feltre, who was then Minister of War:—

"When I offered my services to his Majesty, I was ready to sacrifice my life, but not my honor. You know that I am not in the habit of concealing the truth, because I do not seek for favors. The truth is, that the state to which your orders reduce me is an hundred times worse than death, because it is only through the cowardice of the enemy that I have any chance of maintaining the post which is confided to me."

When Bernadotte wished to turn Carnot from the line of conduct which he had marked out for himself, he received the following answer:—"Prince, It is in the name of the French Government that I command in the place of Antwerp. It alone has the right to fix the term of my functions. The moment that the Government is definitively and incontestably established on a new basis, I will instantly execute its orders. This resolution cannot fail to meet with the approbation of a French born Prince, of one who

knows so well what the laws of honor prescribe."

After the entrance of the allies into Paris, and the constitution of a Provisional Government, M. Dupont, the Minister of War, sent one of his Aides-de-Camp to Antwerp. The following is the answer which Carnot returned on this occasion, dated 15th April, 1814:—

"I must say, M. le Comte, that the mission of an Aide-de-Camp with a white cockade is a calamity. Some are desirous of declaring themselves immediately, while others have sworn to defend Bonaparte. A sanguinary struggle in the very fort of Antwerp would have been the immediate consequence, if I had not resolved, with the advice of my council, to delay my adhesion and that of the whole armed force. You desire, then, a civil war. You insist that the enemy should be master of all our strongholds; and because the city of Paris has been forced to receive the law of a conqueror, is it necessary that all France should receive it? It is obvious that the Provisional Government can transmit only the orders of the Emperor of Russia. Who will absolve us if we obey such orders? What! will you not permit us to save our honor? You become yourself the promoter of desertion, the provoker of the most monstrous anarchy. The lessons of 1792 and 1793 are lost upon the new rulers of the State. They try to surprise us into adhesion, by affirming that Napoleon is about to abdicate—and to-day they tell us the very reverse. After having given us a tyrant in place of anarchy, they give us anarchy in place of a tyrant. When shall we see the end of these cruel oscillations? Paris enjoys but a temporary calm—a perfidious calm, which forebodes the most dreadful tempest. O what days of affliction and grief! happy are they who have not seen them."—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 99, 100.

After Carnot had received orders from the Bourbon Government, and was about to set out for Paris, the authorities and inhabitants of one of the faubourgs of Antwerp, the destruction of which had been resolved upon, but which he thought it possible to preserve, without interfering with the defence of the place, addressed to him the following letter:—

"You are about to leave us, which is a source of great distress: we would fain keep you a few minutes longer. The inhabitants of St. Willebrord and of Borgerhout request that the person who shall be charged with the administration of their affairs shall be permitted to inquire once a-year for the health of General Carnot. We shall probably never see you again. If General Carnot should at any time have his portrait taken, and would condescend to have a copy of it

taken for us, this precious gift would be deposited in the Church of Willebrord.

With these striking illustrations of the fidelity of Carnot to the cause of his imperial master, it is not difficult to anticipate the part which he must have taken during the Hundred Days. Having given in his adhesion to the Government of the Bourbons, he was received at court by the King and the princes, but with a degree of coldness inconsistent with the royal declaration, that the past was to be forgotten, and that men of all opinions were in future to be united in the service of the country. Carnot was deeply mortified at this ungenerous reception, and was induced to write a very strong article against the Restoration, under the title of *Mémoire au Roi*. This memoir got into the possession of some of his friends, who appear to have published it without his authority; and such was the extent of its circulation, and the avidity with which it was read, that it paved the way for the Revolution of the 20th of March, 1815.

No sooner had Napoleon returned to the Tuileries than he recalled Carnot to his councils, and persuaded him that he would change his system of government, renounce his former views of conquest and absolute monarchy, and govern the country upon liberal and even republican principles. He therefore willingly accepted the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, with the title of Count and Peer of France, and devoted himself with a liberal spirit to the onerous duties of his office. He strove to give greater latitude to the liberty of the press, and to arm and multiply the national guards; and such was his enthusiasm that he wrote to Napoleon that "the 20th of March ought to make us remount, without a pause, to the 14th of July."

After the proclamation of the famous Additional Act, Carnot proposed, in a letter to Napoleon, two projects of decrees, which, as M. Villeneuve remarks, prove more than anything else how little he understood the character of the man to whom he thus wrote:—

"SIRE,—Have the kindness to believe a man who has never deceived you, and who is sincerely attached to you. The country is in danger; discontent is general; commotion is increasing hourly in the departments, as well as in Paris; civil war is ready to break out in several parts of France. I propose to your Majesty two projects which I consider necessary to restore tranquillity, and to bring back to you the mass of the citizens. They must issue *proprio motu*, and not on the report of any Minister, or in consequence of the deliberation

of any Council of State. It would be desirable to have them published in the course of the day.—I am, &c.,
CARNOT."

The following is the minute of the two projects of decrees referred to in the preceding letter:—

1. "NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French. It being our intention to allow no trace of feudality to exist, we have decreed and decree as follows: From the date of the publication of the present decree, the denomination of *subject* and *lord* shall cease to be used among the French."

2. "NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French. Having learned through the liberty of the press, that it is the wish of the people of France to have improvements made in the Constitutional Act prepared for its acceptance, we have decreed and decree as follows:

"Art. 1. The Chamber of Representatives shall, in the course of next session, decide on the modifications of which the Constitutional Act is susceptible for its improvement.

"Art. 2. The new Act shall be submitted to the people for their acceptance in the Primary Assemblies."

These projects did not obtain the approbation of the Emperor, who chose to prefer absolute power to the constitutional government of a free people. Carnot, however, continued in the faithful discharge of his duties; and after Bonaparte had left Paris, on the 12th of June, 1815, for the headquarters of his army at Beaumont, the Home Minister gave the most energetic support to his master, more, it is supposed, from a dread of the return of the Bourbons, than from any attachment to his person and character. In the extraordinary position in which Carnot was now placed, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that, as a member of the Provisional Government, and under the influence of such a man as Fouché, Duke of Otranto, he should have given his adhesion to measures characterized by great weakness, and which every patriot would wish to throw into obscurity. When Napoleon retained in his councils such a man as Fouché, in spite of the most palpable evidences of his treason, we need not be surprised, as M. Arago has observed, that Carnot was fascinated by his intrigues.

It fell to the lot of Carnot to communicate the disastrous intelligence of the battle of Waterloo to the Chamber of Peers, and on this occasion he had a sharp altercation with Marshal Ney, in which was remarked the singular contrast between the despair of a warrior who had been called the *bravest of the brave*, and the calm firmness and true courage of the stern member of the Convention. Amid the general consternation which

the advance of the allies produced, Carnot never despaired. He exerted himself in providing for the public safety, and persuaded that even in such a crisis the valor of Napoleon would save the country, he, who as a tribune had dared to vote against the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne, now vigorously opposed himself to his abdication. When this event took place in 1815, Carnot, hiding his face in his hands, shed tears over his last hope of liberty. He consented, however, to be one of the five members of the provisional Commission of Government, which exercised almost no other function than to sign the capitulation of Paris, and send the wreck of the army behind the Loire.

After having made several ineffectual attempts to obtain for Napoleon the command of the troops, Carnot did everything that he could to hasten his departure, and to induce him to retire to the United States; and immediately after the return of the king, he himself retired once more to that home of virtue and of science which he had so often quitted for the defence of his country. Here, however, he was not permitted to remain. His devotion to one sovereign excited the enmity of another, and that branded dynasty which neither prosperity nor adversity could teach, paved the way for their own proscription, by proscribing the noblest of their subjects. Carnot was ordered to repair under surveillance to Blois, as inscribed in the list of proscriptions prepared, on the 24th July, 1815, by his colleague the Duke of Otranto; and his was the only name of all the ministers of the hundred days with which that list was honored. "If this exceptional severity," as M. Arago remarks, "was the consequence of that ardent patriotism under which our colleague disputed with foreigners the last inch of the territory of France, or his persisting, unhappily without success, in pointing out to the Emperor the traitor who had under an old reputation for talent been introduced into the ministry, the glory of Carnot will not have been sullied." But though a prince of the house of Bourbon had no feeling for the representative of genius, of patriotism, and of virtue, who saw it to be his duty to defend his country whoever was its king,—there was another prince, and one of a higher degree, and a nobler nature, whose heart could be softened by the misfortunes of a hero and a statesman, whom the casualties of war had overtaken. The Emperor Alexander, commiserating the lot of his noble enemy, had made several re-

presentations in his favor to the royal government, and when he found them fruitless, he had provided for him, even before his arrestment, on the night of the 24th July, a passport for the Russian states! Carnot went first to Germany, and though traveling under a false name, he did not renounce the title of a Frenchman till he crossed, anew and with much grief, that noble river to which he had the signal honor to extend the frontier of his country. From Germany he repaired to Warsaw, where he was received with much kindness by the Archduke Constantine. The brave Polish patriots, so often crushed under the tread of the despot, and themselves so frequently the objects of hospitality, were, as might have been expected, the readiest to dispense it. Carnot's arrival among them was hailed with demonstrations of sympathy, which the depths of the heart only can dictate. General Krasinski gave him the title of a Majorat in lands with a rent of 8000 francs, which he held of Napoleon. The Count de Pac wished him to accept the use of several domains; and though Carnot was not a freemason, all the masonic lodges of the kingdom raised a subscription which produced a very considerable sum; but of all these offers, which he refused, the one which sunk deepest in the heart of Carnot, was that of a Frenchman, who, himself poor, and established for several years at Warsaw, went one morning and offered him in a purse the fruit of the savings of his whole life!

A dislike of the climate of Poland, combined with a desire to be nearer his native country, induced Carnot to accept of the kind offers of the Prussian Government, and to establish himself at Magdeburg, where he spent the last years of his life in study, in meditation, and in the company of one of his sons, whose education he superintended. "It was," says M. Arago, "a fine sight to see the whole of Europe,—to see especially its most absolute sovereigns compelled, to a certain degree, to render homage to that which was great and noble and striking in the French Revolution,—even in the person of one of the judges of Louis XVI.—even in the person of one of the Committee of Public Safety." Even Napoleon was obliged to confess the greatness of his services; and the grandeur of his character, when in these memorable words he addressed him after the battle of Waterloo—"Carnot, I have been too late in knowing you."* Dumouriez remarked of Carnot that

he was an austere philosopher, a perfect citizen, and a great man; and he added that Carnot was the creator of the new military art in France, which he (Dumouriez) had only had time to sketch, but which Bonaparte had brought to perfection. Carnot died at Magdeburg, the 2d of August, 1823, at the age of seventy, and was buried in the Church of St. John.

Carnot was in his person considerably above the middle size, with regular and masculine features, a large and serene forehead, and sharp and penetrating blue eyes. His manner was polished but circumspect and cold, and at the age of sixty, even in the costume of a civilian, one could perceive somewhat of the military air to which in his youth he had been accustomed.

After having viewed Carnot in all his positions, as a member of the Convention, of the Committee of Public Safety, and of the Directory, and as a Minister of War, a military engineer, an academician, and an exile, M. Arago proceeds to give some interesting anecdotes of him as a private individual, which, while they present him to our admiration as a noble example of disinterestedness and patriotism, so rare among public men, may afford to the rulers of nations lessons of deep importance to society as well as to themselves.

In reply to the charge of being ambitious, which was made against Carnot, M. Arago reminds us that the man who in 1793 organized fourteen armies, arranged all their movements, nominated and replaced generals, and even cashiered them, as at Wattignies, on the field of battle and under the cannon of the enemy—was but a simple Captain of Engineers; and even when, as one of the Directory, he was the supreme arbiter of the operations of the armies, sending Hoche to La Vendée, Jourdan to the Meuse, Moreau to the Rhine in place of Pichegru; and, by a happier inspiration still, confiding to Bonaparte the command of the army of Italy, he had become Major of Brigade by seniority, a step which he kept till the 18th Fructidor drove him from France. Even when, in 1801, his successor in the War Office placed his name in the list of officers who were to

made to say, what he probably never said, and what, if he did say, is not true, "that Carnot had no experience in war; that his ideas were false on every branch of the military art, even in the attack and defence of places, and on the principles of fortification, which he had studied all his life; and that he has published works on these subjects which could be avowed only by a man who had no practice in war."—Tom. iii. p. 124.

* In the *Memoirs of Montholon*, Napoleon is

be named Generals of Division of the French army, the *Consuls* refused to listen to the most earnest appeal to them from their new Minister of War, and Carnot remained in his former humble position.

But justice often comes at last, even when personal danger wrests it from the unjust. In 1814, when Carnot had to be appointed Governor of Antwerp, to sustain the desperate cause of an ungrateful master, the clerk was astonished to find that the man who was to be placed at the head of a crowd of old Generals was only a Major of Brigade; and having represented the case in the proper quarter, Carnot, "in imitation of a certain ecclesiastical personage, who in the same day received the lesser orders, the greater orders, the office of Priest and the rank of Bishop,—passed in a few minutes through the steps of Lieut. Colonel, Colonel, General of Brigade, and General of Division." "Yes," adds M. Arago, "Carnot had ambition," but as he himself said, "it was the ambition of the Spartans to defend the pass of Thermopylæ." It was not likely that a character such as this would be stained by a love of money, or by habits of ostentatious and luxurious living. When Carnot returned into private life, his small patrimony was untouched; and hence, as M. Arago remarks, it might have been expected from his simple habits and his antipathy to show, that if he did accumulate wealth, he might have obtained that independence which was enjoyed by those who, like himself, had held lucrative appointments.

When Carnot became Minister of War, after the 18th Brumaire, the pay of the troops, and even that of the clerks in the War-office, was *fifteen* months in arrear. Before a few weeks had elapsed, everything was paid but the salary and allowances of the Minister himself. The *Epingles* (pin-money,) the name given to those *douceurs* which were levied under old contracts, both public and private, were not likely to pass into the treasury of Carnot. A horse-dealer with whom he had large transactions, brought him 50,000 francs as the sum due to him under this name. Having served his official apprenticeship in the Committee of Public Safety, where contractors durst not speak of *douceurs*, Carnot did not at first comprehend the nature of the liberality which was offered him; but when he did understand it, he received the money with a smile, but immediately paid it back again to account of the horses which the dealer had contracted to furnish for the army.

Our author mentions another instance of the honesty of his colleague, less with the view of doing honor to his memory, than with the hope, feeble as it was, of its having some effect in checking the prodigality of certain ministers of the day. It had become necessary, after the 18th Brumaire, that Moreau should send one of his divisions to the army of Italy, and that the Minister of War should carry into execution this order of the Consuls, dated 15th Floréal, 1800. Carnot, with six officers of his staff, two couriers, and a domestic, repaired to Germany, inspecting on their way the troops stationed between Dijon and Geneva. After passing through the cantonments on the Rhine, they visited the forts, and having fixed with the General-in-Chief the plan of the future campaign, they returned to Paris. The Treasury had allowed 24,000 francs for this service. On his return, Carnot paid back 10,680; having, in the expenditure of 13,320 francs, acted liberally to his companions, and obeyed the orders he received, to give splendor and importance to his mission at the principal places which he visited. The Clerks of the Treasury did not know how to enter the sum of 10,680 francs in their books; but upon turning back to the period when, as a representative of the people, Carnot had inspected the Republican armies, the Clerks of Finance found in their registry the very entry which they sought, and this as often as Carnot had fulfilled his mission.

That the cold and reserved manners of Carnot were united with a warm and affectionate heart, M. Arago has given the most ample evidence. "He was certainly not," as D'Alembert said of one of the Secretaries of the Academy, "*a volcano covered with snow*," but there was about him "something which went straight to the heart, which touched, and moved, and electrified it." His noble conduct to Latour d'Auvergne, and to Colonel Bisson, under very different circumstances, has been described with such beauty and power by M. Arago, that we regret the necessity of abridging such interesting details. General Latour d'Auvergne, distinguished by his learning as well as his bravery, was descended from the family of Turenne. When the revolution broke out and deprived him of all the advantages of his position, he hastened to the field when the frontiers of his country were assailed. He refused all promotion beyond the rank of a captain; but, in order that his eminent services might be made available to the State, Carnot collected into one corps all the com-

panies of grenadiers in the army of the Western Pyrenees, and having removed every officer above the rank of a captain, older than Latour d'Auvergne, the modest soldier found himself charged with an important command; and so brilliant were the services of this remarkable body of men, that it received from the Spaniards the name of the *Infernal Column*. When Carnot became Minister of War, Latour d'Auvergne quitted for a third time the literary pursuits which were so dear to him, and offered to serve under Moreau. Carnot could not bear to see the commander of the *Infernal Column*, the author of the *Origines Gauloises*, and a correspondent of the Institute, arrive on the Rhine as the most obscure combatant. The title of "*First Grenadier of France*" struck his imagination. Latour d'Auvergne was officially invested with it; and without removing the epaulettes of the grenadier, he became equal in the soldier's eyes, if not superior, to the first dignitaries of the army.

The anecdote of Colonel Bisson is no less touching and instructive. "At the battle of Messenheim, near Inspruck, in 1800, General Championnet had noticed the bold intrepidity of Colonel Bisson, and asked for him the epaulettes of a general of brigade. Weeks passed without any news of his promotion. Bisson becomes impatient, waits upon the minister, and addresses him in an angry and brutal manner. 'Young man,' replies Carnot, calmly, 'it is possible that I may have made a mistake, but your uncivil manners may prevent me from correcting it. Go—I will inquire carefully into your services.' 'My services!' replied the colonel; 'ah! I know too well that you despise them—you, who from the floor of this office send us coldly an order to die. Away from danger and the severity of the seasons, you have forgotten, and will still forget, that our blood flows, and that we lie upon the ground.'—'Colonel,' replied the minister, 'this is too much; it is for your own interest that our conversation is not continued in such a tone. Withdraw! your address, if you please? Go—and in a short time you will hear news from me.' These last words, delivered in a solemn tone, opened the eyes of Colonel Bisson. He hastened to seek for consolation from a devoted friend, General Bessieres. Here, however, he was made to understand that a council of war would be the necessary consequence of his folly. Expecting this, Bisson hides himself, and a faithful servant goes hourly to the hotel to find the dreaded summons. The ministerial packet at last

arrives. Bisson, in great excitement, tears open the cover. The packet, gentlemen, contained the brevet of General of Brigade, and the letters of service." The repentant soldier rushed to the war-office to express his gratitude and admiration; but, though he was denied admission, he published in the evening the particulars of the results of his interview with Carnot.

The following is the eloquent conclusion of the Life of Carnot:—

"Of all the qualities," says M. Arago, "of which great men may boast, Modesty seems to be the least obligatory, and those who deem it of the greatest value, are those for whom it will procure the most durable fame. Who, for example, does not know by heart the letter which Turenne wrote to his wife 170 years ago, on the day of the celebrated battle of Dunes. 'The enemy have come to us, they have been beaten. God be praised. I have been a little fatigued during the day. I wish you good night, and I go to bed.'

"Carnot did not forget himself less than the illustrious general of Louis XIV., not only among his intimate connections, but even when he wrote to the Convention. I have already mentioned to you the part which he took at the battle of Wattignies. Read the bulletin which this memorable and decisive event inspired, and you will in vain seek in it any words which remind you of that representative of the people. 'The Republicans charged with the bayonet in advance, and remained victorious.'

"All of you, too, who have known Carnot, tell me if he ever, without a direct and pressing invitation, willingly conversed with you about those European events which he had so often directed. Justly jealous of the esteem of France, the former Director, while in exile, replied in writing to the calumnies of his accusers. His argument was on such occasions spirited, poignant, and severe. It was visible in each line that it proceeded from a wounded heart. Nor did the most legitimate invitation ever lead our colleague beyond the circle which his enemies had marked out. His defence might in some respects resemble an attack, but in reality, when more narrowly examined, it was still a defence. Carnot disclaimed the thought of erecting a pedestal with the immortal trophies which he had achieved during his Conventional and Directorial career. Modesty, gentlemen, is of a noble character when it thus triumphs over passion.

"In matters of science, the illustrious academicians exhibited the same reserve. It might be truly said that he regulated his conduct by the reflection of one of the oldest and most ingenious of your interpreters. 'When a philosopher speaks for the instruction of others, and in the exact measure of the instruction which they wish to acquire, he confers a favor. If he speaks only to show his own knowledge, the favor is conferred by those who listen to him.'

"Modesty, too, is a quality worthy of esteem and respect only when it exists in individuals

Public bodies, and academies in particular, would be guilty of an error, and would fail in their highest duty, if they neglected to display before the public the legitimate titles which they have to the esteem, to the gratitude, and to the admiration of the world. The more they are justly celebrated, the greater is the desire to belong to them, and the more will the laborious efforts which they make to attain this end turn to the advantage of science and the glory of the human mind. This sentiment, gentlemen, has encouraged me to unfold before you, in all its details and in its true light, a life so full, so varied, and so stormy as that of Carnot. For nearly two centuries the Academy of Science has with religious care preserved the memories of the geometers, the natural philosophers, the astronomers, and the naturalists who have adorned it. The name of the great citizen who by his genius preserved France from foreign subjugation, ought, I think, to be inscribed with some solemnity in this glorious Pantheon."—*Biographie, &c.*, pp 115-117.

Such was the man whose career terminated in exile—a man above all Greek—above all Roman fame. France can forget Carnot only when she is herself forgotten. The tablet of Parian marble, on which his friend has sculptured his virtues and engraven his wrongs, will convey to every clime, and preserve for every age, the lesson which it so emphatically records. But another monument—one which appeals to the eye, and rises to the heavens, is still due to the warrior who defended his country, and to the sage who adorned it. The ashes of such a man cannot rest in the land of the stranger. The blow which struck the Bourbons reversed the sentence which drove Carnot into exile; and France must yet claim from Prussia the mortal remains of the noblest of her sons. Paris with one heart will welcome them within its walls, and the hands of the wise and the brave will place them near the heart of Turenne, which Carnot had deposited beneath the dome of the Invalids, and near the ashes of Napoleon, whom he first ushered into the field of glory, and whom he last defended when that glory was dimmed.

In thus pleading the cause and emblazoning the deeds of departed genius, let us not overlook the lessons of warning and of wis-

dom which they breathe. The biography of him who was at once a statesman and a sage—a patriot and a warrior—an idol and an exile—an affectionate father and an unchanging friend—a man whom no immorality had stained, and no avarice dishonored—the biography of such a man is the most instructive of all homilies—the brightest of all examples. By the dimensions of the moral and the intellectual giant, we are enabled to scan the stature, and mark the symmetry of other minds, and during this humbling process we cannot but measure the littleness, and mourn over the weakness of our own. Nor is this the only legacy which a Great Man bequeathes to his race. The contemplative mind strives to discover the principles by which so godlike a form has been moulded, and the training by which such mental powers have been developed and applied. The truths which we thus seek are not, like many others, which lie at the bottom of a well; they are seen in their counterparts, lying on the surface and leavening the mass of social life. They appear in the absence of those lofty principles which can alone secure the happiness and promote the moral and intellectual advancement of nations. They are proclaimed "on the house top"—in the ignorance and crimes of the people—in the degeneracy of the priest—the selfishness of the legislator—and the pusillanimity of the statesman. They are displayed in genius neglected—in knowledge taxed—in talent and worth excluded from office by the tests of a fanatical and a sectarian intolerance.

In such an atmosphere there is no vital air in which patriotism and public virtue can breathe. Their very seeds may die—and the memory of illustrious men, the salt of the earth, may perish for ever. A Washington illustrated the century that has passed. A Carnot has adorned that which is passing. Can our annals produce a name like these—of one who lived for the future—who identified himself with his country, and who, in the hurricanes of revolution and of war, would have lashed himself to the mast, to live or to die with the vessel of the State?

From Bentley's Miscellany.

RED HAIR.

IN the general category of "red" the greater part of people one meets confound every description of hair which is neither black, nor brown, nor white, nor whity-brown. It may be the fiery Milesian shock—it may be the paly amber—it may be the burnished gold—it may be the

"Brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun ;"

—*c'est égal*—it is all "red"—they have no other word.

And yet, under this general term are confounded the two extremes of beauty and ugliness—the two shades which have been respectively made the attributes of the angel and of the demon—we find that while, on the one hand, red hair (or rather a certain shade of it) has been both popularly and poetically associated with all ugliness, all vice, and all malignity, a more pleasing variety of the same hue has been associated with all loveliness, all meekness, and all innocence.

Thus Southey, in his vision of the "Maid of Orleans," after having taken the poor girl to a number of unpleasant places, introduces her to the following disagreeable personage:—

"From thence they came
Where, in the next ward, a most wretched band
Groaned underneath the bitter tyranny
Of a fierce Dæmon. His coarse hair was red—
Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot, and his face
Wrinkled with such a smile as malice wears
In ecstasy. Well pleased he went around,
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some,
Or probing with a poisoned lance their breasts,
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds."

This demon is Cruelty, and to his charge are committed all those who have exercised cruelty in their lifetime. Among others, "bad husbands," the poet tells us, "undergo a long purgation ;" and serve them right, too, but I would rather have handed them over for pickling to their mothers-in-law.

Thus we find that red hair, or rather a certain shade of it, (be it understood that I always qualify it thus), as betokening a cruel

and fiend-like disposition, is a part of the orthodox description of a professed executioner. Scott, in the "Talisman," gives Richard's headsman "a huge red beard, mingling with shaggy locks of the same color;" and in the very same scene introduces, as a most marked contrast, his beautiful Queen Berengaria, with her "cherub" countenance, and dishevelled "golden tresses."

It seems, likewise, to be considered the mark of a crafty and treacherous disposition. In Spain it is popularly known by the name of Judas hair, from a belief that the traitor disciple's hair was of that shade, and in all Spanish paintings he is distinguished from the rest of the disciples by the fiery color of his hair. (See Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain.") To such an extent do the Spaniards carry their prejudices, that the Castilians have a proverb, "De tul pelo, ni gato ni perro" (of such hair neither cat nor dog).

In our own country a similar belief seems to have prevailed, though unattended by the same unreasonable prejudice as in Spain. In Shakspeare's play of "As You Like It," *Rosalind* says of her lover—

"*Ros.*—His very hair is of the dissembling color.
Celia.—Something browner than Judas'.
Ros.—I'faith—his hair is of a good color."

Having now seen a certain variety of red hair to be the attributes of the demon—the headsman and the traitor—we shall find another variety of the same hue to be one of the attributes of perfect beauty and innocence. In that most unequal poem, "The Course of Time," Pollok, describing the dawn, says it was:—

"As though the glorious, golden, bushy locks
Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off,
And in the temples hung of morn and e'en."

a bold step, by the way, beyond the sublime.
Thus, Tennyson's—

"Sweet girl-graduates, in their golden hair."

Thus, by an authority which it would be

heresy to dispute, and to which even a French painter has deferred, she who was "fairest of her daughters," was adorned with locks of flowing gold. And, indeed, it would seem a natural thing for a person to suppose, if unassisted by experience—on two beautiful women being placed before him—the one with shining locks of gold, and complexion radiant as the light, and the other with raven tresses and olive cheek, that the former was the native of a bright and sunny clime, and that the latter had grown up in the shadow of the gloomy northern land. Milton, as a scholar and a traveler, could not have written his description in ignorance, but it was painted, no doubt, from a model of his own, and he could not have drawn the fairest of women after any other pattern than that of her who possessed his imagination as the ideal of womanly beauty.

Now were I to picture the first of women, I would give her an almost Indian dusk, and the Abyssinian large, sad, gentle eye, (for the mother of mankind should have a touch of melancholy), and flowing tresses of raven black, and everybody would say it was nothing like her.

The talented authoress of "Jane Eyre," by the way, is very much dissatisfied with Milton's Eve, (not with the color of her hair, but with her culinary qualifications,) and, making a mouthpiece of her heroine, Shirley, exclaims, indignantly, that she was not Adam's wife, but his "housekeeper." She accordingly tries her hand upon an Eve of her own, and produces a sort of misty angel instead of Milton's comfortable woman. Fie! Miss Bell! find fault with Eve for being a good housekeeper! What sort of prospect is that for your husband? I have an idea, however, that Miss Bell is better than her word, and could almost wager that the authoress of "Jane Eyre" makes first-rate apple-jelly.

To return to our subject: I have in the next place to draw the reader's attention to some of the more marked prejudices or predilections of different nations on the subject. Among all nations, the ancient Egyptians stand pre-eminent for the violence of their aversion to red hair. Theirs was literally a *burning* hatred, for on the authority of Diodorus and others, that highly civilized people annually performed the ceremony of burning alive an unfortunate individual whose only crime was the color of his hair. Fancy the state of mind into which every possessor of the obnoxious shade must have been thrown on the approach of the dreaded ceremony,

each not knowing whether himself might not be selected as the victim. Let us try to realize a case. Suppose an individual, perhaps a most respectable citizen, of unblemished character, and with hair not so very red, only the supply has been unequal to the demand, and the more flagrant culprits have been used up—fancy the poor man rushing distractedly about, piteously asking his friends whether they think his hair is really so very red—fancy him, more eagerly than Titmouse, grasping at every receipt warranted to produce a deep and permanent black—fancy him sneaking nervously through the streets, imagining that every one who looks at him is saying to himself, "That's the man for the bonfire." What can the poor man do? If he were to flee to another city, they would burn him all the more readily as being a stranger, in preference to one of their own townsmen. If he were to have an artful wig made, the perruquier might be a conscientious man, and feel it his duty to denounce him. The time draws nearer and nearer, and as the dread truth that his hair is unquestionably the reddest in the place begins to ooze out by degrees, his agony is redoubled. It is the last night; unable in the extremity of his anguish to form any plan, or take any measure, he passes the time walking distractedly about his house, exclaiming, "O this dreadful red hair!" The morning dawns; for the ten-thousandth time he rushes to his glass. Ha! what is this? His hair is no longer red; fear and anguish have turned it white. He leaps high into the air. "Ha—Ha—cured in an instant!" But he dares not trust the evidence of his own bewildered mind. He calls all his household around him, and puts the question to each of his servants in turn, "What color is my hair?" They all tell him it is white, and their looks of astonishment assure him that they speak the truth. A loud knocking is heard at the door. His heart leaps within him, yet he feels that he is safe. Then a horrible qualm comes over him; fear and anguish had turned his hair white—perhaps joy may have turned it red again. Once more he rushes to his glass. No, it is all right. But he cannot bear the suspense, and rushes to the door himself. He sees the priests come for him—the magistrates, and all the little boys. Some of them may be his friends, but it is a religious ceremony, and all private feeling must give way. However, they think it proper to look grave as they inquire, "Is Mr. — within?"—"I am, Mr. —," he cries, with trembling eagerness. His fellow-townsmen are taken aback. They had known him well—many of

them often dined at his house, and therefore it would have been interesting to see how he behaved when burnt (our amateurs will tell you that there is a great deal more pleasure in seeing a man hanged whom you know). However, there is no help for it—it would be monstrous to burn a man whose hair was not red. So they hypocritically congratulate him, and he goes off with a lightsome heart to see his neighbor burnt.

It is right, however, to remark, that Sir Gardner Wilkinson throws doubt on the whole story, upon the general ground that the Egyptians were too civilized a people to permit such a barbarous custom. Seeing, however, that it is not a couple of centuries since old women were served in the same way in England, I think his reason scarcely sufficient. As to the fact that this people had a violent antipathy to red hair, there is no dispute, and the reason may probably be found in the circumstance of their being, as we learn from the sculptures, continually at war with a red-haired people called the Rebo, and it is probable, that if the above savage rite was ever actually performed, the victims were the prisoners taken in war. Among their own nation red hair was very uncommon, for though it is found upon a great number of mummies, it is merely the effect of imperfect embalming, which has changed the natural color of the hair.

It would appear from the terms "red-haired barbarians," and "red-haired devils," which the Chinese have been wont to employ towards us English, that in that country a similar antipathy prevails.

Now, I want to know what right the Chinese have to call us "red-haired." They may call us "barbarians" or "devils," if they like, for that is a matter of opinion, but as to the color of our hair, that is a matter of fact, and I submit that they have no right to take the exception for the rule.

And here I would call attention to a curious coincidence of idea between these two people. It was in honor of Typho, or the devil, that the Egyptians annually burned a person with red hair, and "red-haired devils" is the term which the Chinese employ towards us, both nations appearing to associate the idea of devils with red hair.

Another idea suggests itself in connection with the above, namely, the deceptiveness of a great part of historical evidence. We say unhesitatingly, on the authority of the Egyptian monuments, that that people were at war with a red-haired tribe called the Rebo, whom they soundly thrashed. Now, will not future

historians, if they trust to similar evidence, say as unhesitatingly, on the authority of Chinese records, that that people were at war with a red-haired tribe called the English, whom they soundly thrashed?

We find another instance of the manner in which this peculiarity of individuals has appeared so striking to an Oriental nation as to induce them to make it the characteristic of the people, in the prophecy current among the Turks, that Constantinople shall one day be retaken by a yellow-haired nation, in which prophecy the general opinion is that the Russians are referred to.

But we can scarcely wonder at the delusion of the Chinese respecting the color of our hair, when we find that a similar idea (based probably on the same foundation as that of our selling our wives) used to prevail very generally among our well-informed neighbors across the Channel. I believe, however, that this impression has very much died away since a certain French traveler was candid enough to contradict it. "I spik," said he, "always de truth, and I vill say dat I have seen English which had not red hair."

If we turn to the ancient Romans, we find that that people had as strong a penchant in favor of yellow or golden hair as the above-named nations had a prejudice against red. Among them yellow hair was so much admired that their ladies were in the habit of making use of cosmetics to change the color of their raven locks. The hue most esteemed was probably a very dark shade, and almost a brown, as the epithet (*flavus*), made use of by Horace to describe it, is the same which he constantly employs to describe the color of the Tiber. Judging by what we know of the color of the Tiber, the epithet appears to be by no means complimentary, but the affection of the Romans for their river made them imagine it to be everything that was beautiful. In this respect they were the reverse of ourselves, who make a point of abusing the Thames, for the dirt we ourselves have put into it.

The predilection of the Romans has descended to the modern Italians, among whose women we find many beautiful varieties of the golden hue so much prized by the ancient connoisseurs among the ancient, as among the modern Greeks we find a similar penchant; and the ancient custom of employing ornaments of gold to heighten the effect of the darker-colored hair, as bronze is set off by or-molu is preserved to the present day.

To the violent antipathy of the Spaniards I have already had occasion to allude. In

our own country, golden hair has always been admired, and in the Middle Ages a similar practice to that of the ancient Romans was in fashion among our ladies. They were in the habit of dying their hair yellow, and thinning their eyebrows—the latter custom exactly the reverse of that so common in the East.

In the Lowlands of Scotland yellow hair is a still more general favorite, for we find that of almost all the popular songs a "yellow-haired laddie," or a "yellow-haired lassie," is the hero, or the heroine, as the case may be.

On the other hand, among some of the Highland clans, red hair is regarded with so much aversion as to be considered a positive deformity. I remember an amusing instance of this, though I do not at present recollect the authority. A certain nobleman paid a visit to an old Highlander, and was introduced by him to his family, consisting of six fine, stalwart sons. The nobleman, however, happened to be aware that there were seven, and inquired after the absent member. The old man sorrowfully gave him to understand that an afflictive dispensation of Providence had rendered the seventh unfit to be introduced in company.

"Ah, poor fellow," said the sympathizing visitor, "I see—some mental infirmity!"

"On the contrary," replied the father, "he is by far the cleverest of the family—there is nothing the matter with his mind."

"Oh, then, by all means let me see him," said the nobleman, and while the old man went in quest of the unrepresentable youth, he prepared a kind word for the cripple, whom

he expected to be produced. To his astonishment, however, the father returned, followed by a fine, tall, handsome young fellow, by far the most prepossessing of the family.

"Excuse me," stammered the nobleman; "but I—in fact—I see nothing the matter with him."

"Nothing the matter with him!" mournfully exclaimed the afflicted parent; "nothing the matter with him? Look at his hair!"

The nobleman looked; sure enough, his hair was *red*!

It is probable that this bitter aversion may have originated in some quarrel between the different clans, as we find that there are clans in which red hair preponderates.

Sir Walter Scott seems to have had a decided penchant for golden locks—at least I judge so from the number of his heroines to whom he has given hair of that color, and from the fact of his invariably comfortably marrying them, while their dark-haired companions are frequently much less satisfactorily disposed of. His reason for this seems to be an idea that they are more gentle, less ambitious, and less apt to get into mischief. Thus, the amiable, golden-haired Brenna marries the interesting Mordaunt, while the dark-haired and high-souled Minna spills her affection upon a good-for-nothing pirate. Thus the gentle Rose Bradwardine marries the interesting Waverley, while poor Flora M'Ivor's gallant heart is wasted in chivalrous and unprofitable loyalty. I somewhat doubt the correctness of his theory, for I think the spirit of the old sea-kings not unfrequently descends with the inheritance of their golden hair.

SPRING.

Gay Spring has woven her garlands,
For the brows of the radiant hours,
And her guest from far, in his golden car,
Rides forth through a world of flowers.
How ask ye me for a garland,
A song, or a strain of glee!
O, the wood-bird's lay is blithe as the day—
How ask ye then music from me!

Through the long-drawn aisles of the forest
Roam proudly its antler'd kings,
And vocal again is the heathery plain
With the wild-bee's murmurous wings:
And the streamlets laugh and sparkle,
As rejoicing to be free;
And the world is filled with music,
And ye need not song from me.

O, ask ye the brave and the blithesome
For a song of the flowery prime,
Whose hopes gleam bright in the morning light,
Whose hearts are at one with Time!
'Twere the very mock of gladness,
And a sickly sight, to see
A smile for a tear at dead man's bier;
But sadder a smile from me.

Yet the world is fill'd with music;
And a throb of joy will sweep,
Like a flash of light, o'er the cords with might,
To wake them from wintry sleep.
Could the sad heart lose its sadness,
And the mourner cease to be,
I would try a lay with the rest to-day:
O, ask ye not music from me. H. C.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

JOHN BUNYAN.*

A NEW edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the most beautiful and the best we have yet seen, has been laid on our table, and our thoughts are thus directed to good old John Bunyan. It would not be easy to think of Bunyan without the lines of Cowper, in which the *Pilgrim's Progress* is so happily described rising up before the mind. They have been often quoted, and with them Southey commences his "Life of Bunyan;" yet, torn from the context in which they occur, half their effect is lost. We know no passage more striking than that with which the "Tirocinium," the poem from which Cowper's address to Bunyan is taken, opens; the calm grandeur, the continuous sublimity, language absolutely perfect, as if flowing without effort, the natural expression of habitual feeling, and yet—examine it—in each phrase, elaborated with an artist's consummate skill, is something that was unknown in English poetry from the days of Dryden, and even in Dryden, whose manner it most resembles, there is nothing superior. The passage is one not as well known as it ought to be, for Cowper's longer poems in rhyme never quite had the popularity which the "Task" at once acquired, and continues to possess; and this particular poem had the disadvantage of being first circulated in the same volume with the *Task*, and there can be little doubt was altogether overshadowed by the greater work. Our readers will probably, therefore, thank us for directing their attention to some of the finest lines in the language. The opening of this poem is, we believe, absolutely unknown, even to those who are best acquainted with the treasures of English poetry, and we entreat them not to delay reading for themselves the whole magnificent passage, of which we can give but a few of the closing lines:—

* "The *Pilgrim's Progress*," &c., by John Bunyan, with Memoir of the Author, by George Cheever, D.D. With Engravings on Wood, by Dalziel, from designs by Harvey. London. D. Bogue. 1850.

"If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave;
Endowed with reason only to descry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;
With passions, just that he may prove with
pain,
The force he spends against their fury vain;
And if, soon after having burnt, by turns,
With every lust with which frail nature burns,
His being end where death dissolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;
Then he of all that nature has brought forth
Stands, self-impeached, the creature of least
worth,
And useless while he lives, and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies."

The fitting education of a being thus endowed, and who (if all else in creation reflects its Maker's wisdom), with attributes such as man has been gifted with, must be intended for purposes that do not seem realized on earth, is a duty; and thus, from the very earliest period in which the infant mind can be directed or trained, parents and governors should endeavor to direct and train it so as to be in correspondence with its high destiny. The purposes with reference to which man is created, may be defeated as far as the individual is concerned, and the whole hereafter of an immortal being affected by the mould into which his early thoughts are cast. Having stated this in a passage of somewhat more subdued eloquence than that which we have quoted, the poet proceeds to describe the education of the nursery, as the nursery was something more than half a century ago:—

"Neatly secured from being soiled or torn
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
A book (to please us at a tender age
'Tis called a book, though but a single page),
Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to
teach,
Which children use, and parsons, when they
preach.
O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleased to remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget,

Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple
style

May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;
Witty and well employed, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables His slighted Word.
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame,
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man whose *pilgrim* marks the
road,

And guides the *progress* of the soul to God.
"Twere well with most, if books that could en-
gage

Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age ;
The man approving what had charmed the
boy,

Would die, at last, in comfort, peace, and joy ;
And not with curses on his heart, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul."

The final estimate which is made by that part of the public, on whose verdict literary reputation depends, is one which it would be hazardous in any particular case to anticipate. Bunyan was the contemporary of Baxter, of Taylor, of Milton. Had Cowper been speaking of any one of the set, there could be no reason for suppressing the name ; yet, there can be no doubt, we believe, that even if the circulation of books be alone considered, the *Pilgrim's Progress* must have been in thousands of hands more than any of the more popular works of these great writers reached, and if we think not of the circulation, the diffusion of the books alone, but of the actual readers, we shall find it probable that Bunyan outnumbers not these alone, but almost any writer in the language. The period of childhood, too, in which the *Pilgrim*, as well as *Robinson Crusoe*, is first read, and in which whatever is read is sure, at some after-period of life, to reappear in increased vividness, renders it certain, that the influence of this wonderful book is greater than any other we could name. In many of the editions the rude wood-cuts greatly assist in impressing the story on the imagination. Bunyan has been happily called the Spenser of the people : in some respects he resembles Spenser, not, surely, in "the accomplishment of verse," not, surely, in scholarship, in which Spenser was unexcelled, and through which he scarcely ever touches on a classical image without giving it some added beauty, in perfect keeping and harmony with the old mythology into which he breathes the life of a better religion, reminding us of the beautiful application which, in Keble's "*Christian Year*," we find, of

the narrative of the Israelites entering into Canaan :—

" And when their wondrous march was o'er,
And they had won their homes,
Where Abraham fed his flock of yore,
Among their father's tombs ;
A land that drinks the rain of heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad
hill.

" Oft as they watch'd, at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering sun had touch'd with
gold,
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants
old.

" It was a fearful joy, I ween,
To trace the heathen's toil,
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
Left ready for the spoil,
The household stores untouched, the roses
bright,
Wreath'd o'er the cottage wall in garlands of
delight.

" And now another Canaan yields
To thine all-conquering ark ;
Fly from the 'old poetic' fields,
Ye Paynim shadows dark,
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo ! here the 'unknown God' of thine uncon-
scious praise."

" The olive wreath, the ivied wand,
'The sword in myrtles drest,'
Each legend of the shadowy strand
Now wakes a vision blest ;
As little children lisp, and tell of heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thought to those
high bards were given.

" And these are ours ; thy partial grace
The tempting treasure lends ;
These relics of a guilty race
Are forfeit to thy friends ;
What seem'd an idol hymn now breathes of
thee,
Tuned by faith's ear to some celestial
melody.

" There's not a strain to memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove,
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But 'minds us of thy love.
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but thine : with thee all
beauty glows."

These lines are of great beauty, and the deep truth implied in the fact which they state, that all things, however seemingly ad-

verse, become subordinated to the ruling purpose of the mind, and work together for good, is one of which we should not lose sight; and if the heathen poets, and orators, and legislators are found to aid the teacher of Christian faith—if we can find them, notwithstanding adverse systems, and “strange religions, full of pomp and gold,” assistant to us in the formation of the individual mind for a better world, and for our task in converting societies into better conditions than it has yet manifested, how much more may we expect to derive help towards such purposes, from the works of such men as Bunyan. The Library is a scene which breathes repose—Fenelon, and Plato, and More;—prophets and philosophers, and poets, and kings;—kings that laid down their lives for what they believed to be the truth; philosophers who lived

“As ever in the great task-master’s eye.”

the Charleses and Miltons, all at rest, yet living to us in some truth, which through them became more distinctly understood, more operative to all after time. Here, among our books, we sympathize with all, and whatever their wars on earth were, we regard them as now in strong sympathy with each other. There is a passage in Coleridge, which is beautifully written, and well worth dwelling on:—

“When I have before me on the same table the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other; it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the human too-much on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce.

“If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, defending both. Milton’s next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church Government—Taylor’s in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was called republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more skeptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Coun-

cils, and for Church Antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to all forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any. . . .

“The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment, and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by Schoolmen in subtlety, ability, and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expression and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still, inter-fused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

“Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrarily, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In Genius, in Learning, in unfeigned Piety, in blameless Purity of Life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press.”

In our selection, then, of John Bunyan as the hero of our paper, we must not be understood to express any opinion whatever on any of the great questions on which the Christian world is divided; we ask not

whether he is to be regarded as layman or ordained minister; we fall not out with those who were fond, in the latter part of his life, of calling him Bishop Bunyan, holding, that if we find him teaching apostolic doctrine, and not offending against the ordinances of society, it falls not within our province to affect to discuss or determine the serious questions which perplex divines and theologians. In thinking of the highest order of minds, where the affections are not altogether shut out from our view by the nature of the individual's pursuits, we find the life of the man almost inseparable from his works. Each reflects illustration on the other. This is the case remarkably with Milton, whose life, notwithstanding all that has been done by Hayley and by Simmons, if studied with careful attention to all the hints which his poems give, would greatly increase the interest of the poems. In the "Samson Agonistes" we cannot but read much of his own history, and the Latin poems are almost professedly biographical.

Without classing either Bunyan or Cowper with that highest rank of intellect, we regard their works and themselves as one. It is fortunate for Cowper's reputation that his letters have been preserved; they interpret his playfulness, and they soften and reconcile some exceedingly harsh traits in that part of his poetry which was first published—we mean the poems in rhyme, his first volume, given to the public under the ominous auspices, and with an austere preface, by Newton. Had these poems been the only fruit of his genius, and had we of his prose nothing but the biographical fragment which records the commencement of his insanity, with the strange lights from other worlds gleaming through the record, and only making the gloom seem more intense and more hopeless, we should in reality have been entirely misled as to his character and powers. Imperfect information is worse than none, and such a document as Cowper's account of his insanity, uncorrected by the private letters, would have just furnished the kind of evidence which each man's imagination would piece out into something most entirely unlike the proper character of the man. Indeed, we do not think, in estimating Cowper's character, quite enough is allowed for his insanity. The contrasts with habitual feeling, which are often exhibited in insanity, are familiar to every one who has seen sufferers under some of the many diseases which are called by this generic name. His best friends are by the lunatic regarded as

his bitterest and most implacable enemies. A German critic, who has analyzed, with great subtlety, some of Shakspeare's characters, tells us that the wild, coarse language given to Ophelia is not only evidence of her reason being overthrown, but of the purity of her mind before the reasoning powers were gone; that some law of contrast exists; and that insanity, far from revealing, as drunkenness is said to do, the real secrets of the bosom, perverts every feeling and every thought. If this be so, it may perhaps suggest how Cowper, who believed in the unlimited mercy of God, regarded himself as excluded from the hope of salvation. The "Memoir" of Cowper, to which we advert, is one that bears some resemblance in its character to Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," the narrative on which every biography of Bunyan is founded.

Bunyan was born in the year 1628, at Elstow, a village near Bedford. His "descent was," in his own language, "of a low and inconsiderable generation. My father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land." The father is stated in a history of Bedfordshire to have been bred to the business of a brazier, and to have worked as a journeyman in Bedford. Brazier seems but a more courteous form of language to express what is commonly meant by tinker. It would appear that Bunyan's father did not pursue his craft as an itinerant, and that he sent his son to school, and had him taught to read and write. From all this Southey finds some difficulty in accounting for Bunyan's language in describing his original position as of such extreme meanness; and Scott suggests, as a solution of the difficulty,—supporting the conjecture by a passage in Bunyan's autobiography, which does not quite sustain his view,—that the family were originally gypsies. We shall, when we touch on that passage in the course of our narrative, show our reasons for differing from Sir Walter. At school, Bunyan attended "according to the rate of other poor men's children; though, to my shame I confess, I did soon lose what I had learned even almost utterly." Bunyan's narrative of his early life was written in advanced age, and while there can be no doubt of its general truth, it would be unjust to regard all its statements as having the kind of accuracy which is ascribed to them by several of his biographers. Something is to be allowed for the use of a peculiar religious dialect, employed for the purpose of conveying a doctrine at the same

time that it details a fact, and perhaps exaggerates the fact, lest the doctrine should seem understated. That we should translate Bunyan's words in describing "his natural life" "before the gracious work of conversion in his soul," into something different from the full force of the language, will probably be admitted by most of our readers, when we tell them, that he studiously uses Scripture phraseology, the strongest he can find. We should not think ourselves warranted in lowering the statement to anything less than the author's words, were he using his own words, but where he uses the language of the inspired writers, we feel it absolutely necessary to believe it used with qualifications and accommodations, all which we must take into consideration, and limit this adopted phraseology by such facts as we find stated in ordinary language. We must separate the feeling, with which his past life is recollected by him, and which feeling we regard as alone embodied in the scriptural expressions, from the facts which he would detail. Words that would indicate general rofligacy, we find, by other circumstances, meant what is bad enough, "that from a child he had but few equals for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God."

Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners, is the title of Bunyan's narrative of his own life. This very title would render somewhat of over-statement to be expected. Exaggerate the sin, and you may make the grace more abundant. Calm and apparently subdued as the old man's spirit was, yet the very title of his tract, making all allowance for the conventional language of the period in which he wrote, is that of a person under strong and habitual excitement. We admire and we should anxiously wish to share the feeling, but we cannot forbear saying, that it, like all other strong feelings, colors all that it beholds; that, vivid as the dreams of his childhood may have been, we think it by no means unlikely that in his recollections of them in after life, they assumed more intense vividness, that, in fact, in these biographical records, by a man of highly imaginative power, much of what seems to be but remembered is almost the creation of the moment, in which what is called the record is composed; that in the case of Bunyan as in that of Goethe, we have, without, however, the consciousness of the half self-deception which the German's title-page exhibits, an inseparable blending of truth and fiction. The divine dreamer was, it would seem, from his

early childhood, the victim of dreams, and the scenery of his visions was always taken from the other world.

"Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions: for often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I should never be rid.

"Also, I should at these years be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains of bonds and darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.

"These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith; yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil; supposing they were only tormentors; but if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than to be tormented myself.

"A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lust, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness."

It is not improbable, that the dreams which re-appeared in such brightness in his successive works, were in some cases recollections of actual dreams of childhood; nor is it less likely, that when he sought to bring back his childhood, and make it the distinct subject of thought, he should unconsciously exercise the marvellous faculty which gives shape and almost substance to what would, in the case of ordinary men, be classed with the mere vapors of the night. That Bunyan spoke with entire truth, when he told much of his early life to "those whom God accounted him worthy to beget to faith by his ministry in the Word," is a fact of which we have no doubt whatever, and we place entire reliance on all such details as are properly the subject of observation or of evidence. But it is

scarce possible to regard any records of dreams and visions as coming within such a classification. The shadows of clouds might almost as easily be described. We are to remember, too, in forming a judgment on this matter, not merely Bunyan's habit of clothing all his thoughts in something of allegory, but the purpose of his communication to his followers. "It is profitable at large for Christians to be often calling to mind the very beginnings of grace with their souls." He writes to them from prison, and the language is altogether framed from passages of Scripture.

"Once again," he says, "as before from the tops *Shenir* and *Herman*, so now from the *lion's den* and the *mountains of the leopards*. . . . I have sent you here inclosed a drop of that honey that I taken out of the carcase of a lion, *Judges*, xiv. 5-8. I have eaten thereof myself, and am much refreshed thereby. Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them, we shall find a nest of honey within them. The Philistines understood me not. It is something; a relation of the work of God upon my soul, even from the very first till now, wherein you may perceive my castings down, and risings up; for he woundeth, and his hands make whole. It is written in the Scripture, *Isa.* xxxviii. 16—"The father to the children shall make known the truth of God." Yea, it was for this reason I lay so long at Sinai, *Lev.* iv. 10, 11, to see the fire, and the cloud, and darkness, that I might fear the Lord all the days of my life upon earth, and tell of his wondrous works to my children, *Psa.* lxxviii. 3, 4, 5."

The purposes, then, of God in His dealings with His people, and the way in which thoughts originate in the mind, are the proper subjects of this "Epistle" of Bunyan's; and there is seen in it everywhere a disposition, as far as is at all possible, to refer everything to a power operating without our will or against it. It is not surprising, therefore, that he looks for something like inspiration in everything that is seemingly least connected with the ordinary on-goings of the mental powers. He looks for miracles, and he finds them; but were it not for his extraordinary strength of mind, and for his logical powers, of an order rarely surpassed, there would have been the danger of this habit degenerating into the most servile or baseless superstition. The auguries and oracles of old pagan days would find a justification in this strange habit of seeking guidance from some capricious interpretation of dreams and omens; and we think even the language of Scripture, applied in the way he

applied it, by persons of mental power inferior to his, not less likely to lead into absurdity and error. Bunyan, however, had this security against anything of important error; he seized some one truth, and this, once fixed in his mind, he never parted with. However derived, and it sometimes was made out by inferences depending each on the other, in what seemed argument, and was but analogy, yet, once attained, it became the measure of every other proposition with which it could be compared. There is a passage in this narrative which illustrates what we mean. He tells us that

"He was made to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean. Now I read that the clean beasts *chewed*; that is, thought I, they show us that we must feed on the Word of God. They also *parted the hoof*; I thought that signified we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men. . . . I thought the hare to be a type of those who talk of the Word, yet walk in the ways of sin; and that the swine was like him that parted with his outward pollution, but still wanted the Word of Faith, without which there would be no way of salvation, let a man be never so devout."

In some such way as this is everything in the Bible made a sort of symbol, not altogether arbitrarily, for Bunyan, most often, is working out some suggestion of the New Testament, arguing from the antetype first to the type; but then from the type deducing inferences often with extreme ingenuity, but their application being always limited by some fixed truth otherwise ascertained. Had Bunyan been a reader of the Talmud, this sort of allegorizing and symbolizing would not have been strange. As it was, the fancies were altogether his own. We cannot render Bunyan known to our readers, nor will the "Pilgrim's Progress" be altogether understood, without our giving some account of his life. Though he appears to have cursed and sworn, and to have robbed orchards—this last is perhaps an unfair inference from his ascribing this feat to the hero of one of his spiritual romances—he felt a shock which made him tremble when he saw men professing religion act wickedly. He had a providential escape, which he thankfully records. He fell into a crack of the sea, and narrowly escaped drowning. He fell out of a boat, in the Bedford river, and was saved. He struck an adder on the back with a stick, and having stunned her, plucked out the sting with his fingers, "by which act," he adds, "had not God been merciful

to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end."

We next find Bunyan in the army. It is probable that it was while in the army he felt "those strokes upon his spirit which made his heart ache," that are told us of in his autobiography, when he witnessed the reprobate conduct of men professing religion. In his life of Mr. Badman, he gives an instance of such profligacy, which we suppose was common enough either in the royal or parliamentary armies. Bunyan, writing years after the Restoration, did not feel it necessary in his tract to say with which side he was engaged, but there can be no doubt it was Cromwell's. Among them the contrast of religion with profligacy was more likely to exist and to force itself on his attention, and Bunyan was, on the whole, likely to have been benefited in his moral nature, from being taken, even for awhile, from the streets of Bedford. Hume's description of the parliamentary army is probably pretty accurate; and to have been removed from the streets of Bedford, where he passed his time cursing and swearing (if we are to take his own account as accurate), or, when he was better employed, in earning his bread as a tinker, herding with gypsies, and stealing poultry from farm-yards, and to be placed even under such irregular discipline as he must have been forced into, could not but have been a change for the better. Ascribe as much as you will to hypocrisy and fanaticism, there must remain much of what influenced the mind to good in such devotional exercises as occupied Cromwell's army.

"Never surely was a more singular army assembled, than that which was now set on foot by the parliament. To the greater number of the regiments, chaplains were not appointed. The officers assumed the spiritual duty, and united it with their military functions. During the intervals of action, they occupied themselves in sermons, prayers, exhortations; and the same emulation, there, attended them, which, in the field, is so necessary to support the honor of that profession. Rapturous ecstasies supplied the place of study and reflection; and while the zealous devotees poured out their thoughts in unpremeditated harangues, they mistook that eloquence, which to their own surprise, as well as that of others, flowed in upon them, for divine illuminations, and for illapses of the Holy Spirit. Wherever they were quartered, they excluded the minister from his pulpit; and usurping his place, conveyed their sentiments to the audience, with all the authority which followed their power, their valor, and their military exploits, united to their appearing zeal and fervor. The private soldiers, seized with the same spirit, employed their vacant

hours in prayer, in perusing the Holy Scriptures in ghostly conferences, where they compared the progress of their souls in grace, and mutually stimulated each other to farther advances in the great work of their salvation. When they were marching to battle, the whole field resounded, as well with their psalms and spiritual songs adapted to the occasion, as with the instruments of military music; and every man endeavored to drown the sense of present danger, in the prospect of that crown of glory which was set before him. In so holy a cause, wounds were esteemed meritorious; death, martyrdom; and the hurry and dangers of action, instead of banishing their pious visions, rather served to impress their minds more strongly with them."—*Hume's England.*

In Philip's life of Bunyan, we find it distinctly stated, on the authority of a sketch of his life, preserved in the British Museum, written by a person who knew Bunyan, that at the siege of Leicester he was called out to attack the town, then defended by the King's forces against the parliamentarians. This seems to decide what was before doubtful, and what his biographers can scarcely be blamed for misapprehending. Bunyan mentions the fact in the same way as the author of the sketch which Mr. Philip quotes, but does not mention the place. Others add the place; but this was not unlikely to mislead those who looked only at Hume, for Leicester was twice besieged in the civil war, first by the King's troops, and taken; and after the battle of Naseby, by the parliamentarians, and this last siege Hume says nothing of. At this siege occurred an incident which we must tell in Bunyan's own words:—

"This also have I taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot into the head with a musket bullet, and died.

"Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy; but neither of them did awake my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation."

It has been suggested that Bunyan's military experience probably furnished him with some of the imagery in his "Holy War." Sir Walter Scott falls out with this supposition, on, we think, insufficient grounds. "The military operations are described," he says, "inaccurately, and the arms and armor are of earlier date than those used in the civil war." Bunyan's arms and armor for the

assailants and defendants of the town of Mansoul are like the arms and armor which the old allegorists invented for their warriors; Fear and Horror and Discord formed part, and iron and brass another part of the same inseparable mass, in the same way as Tacitus describes hostile districts divided *mutuo metu et montibus*. We are not to expect accounts of actual military expedients, but something suggested by them, and which are more likely to occur to a man who has been in the field. There is a tone of excitement foreign to Bunyan's verse, in the poem prefixed to the "Holy War," and we think it is to be referred,—not as to its interpretation, but as to its originating cause,—to the accident of his having been at the siege of Leicester.

"I saw the Prince's armed men come down
By troops, by thousands, to besiege the town.
I saw the Captains, heard the trumpet sound,
And how his forces cover'd all the ground,
Yea, how they set themselves in battle-ray
I shall remember to my dying day.

"I saw the colors waving in the wind,
And they within to mischief how combin'd
To ruin *Mansoul*, and to make away
Her Primum Mobile without delay.

"I saw the mounts cast up against the town,
And how the slings were plac'd to beat it down,
I heard the stones fly whizzing by mine ears,
(What longer kept in mind that got in fears?)
I heard them fall, and saw what work they made,
And how old *Mars* did cover with his shade
The face of *Mansoul*: and I heard her cry,
'Wo-worth the day, in dying I shall die?'

"I saw the battering-rams, and how they play'd,
To beat down *Eargate*; and I was afraid
Not only *Eargate*, but the very town,
Would by those battering rams be beaten down.

"I saw the fights, and heard the Captains shout;
And in each battle saw who fac'd about:
I saw who wounded were, and who were slain,
And who when dead would come to life again.

"I heard the cries of those that wounded were,
(While others fought like men bereft of fear,)
And while the cry, Kill! Kill! was in mine ears,
The gutters ran not so with blood as tears."

Bunyan was but seventeen when he went into the army. At nineteen, he quitted the army and married. "My mercy," he says, "was to light on a wife whose father was counted godly." "We had not," he says, "so much as a dish or spoon between us. We had two books, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*,

which her father left her when he died." In these books they sometimes read together, and his wife was fond of dwelling on her father's virtues, how he would reprove and correct vice, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and in deed. Of the first of these books we know nothing, and of the second only what we learn from Southey. It was by Bayley, Bishop of Bangor, and must have been exceedingly popular, as it was translated into Welsh, into Hungarian, and into Polish, and more than fifty editions of it were published in the course of a hundred years. These books, and his wife's influence, made him desire to reform his life, and "to fall in eagerly with the religion of the times, to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that, too, with the foremost, and there very devoutly say and sing as others did, yet retaining," as he adds, "his wicked life." "I was," he says, "so over-run with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (to the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else) belonging to the church, counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk, most happy and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principally in his holy temple to do his work therein."

"This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, (though never so sordid and debauched in his life,) I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them, (supposing they were the ministers of God,) I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them; their name, their garb, and work, did so intoxicate and bewitch me.

"After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came into my mind: and that was, whether I were of the Israelites or no? For finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now, again I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last I asked my father of it, who told me, 'No we were not.' Wherefore then I fell in my spirits as to the hopes of that, and so remained."

We are told that this reverential feeling was not directed to the services and clergy of the Church of England, for that the meager Directory of the Puritans had been substituted for the Book of Common Prayer, and that the Liturgy of the Church of England

could not have been then used in any private family without subjecting the offenders to a large pecuniary penalty. Bunyan's language is not we think, calculated to suggest anything of this kind; and we suspect either that the ordinance which proscribed the Book of Common Prayer had not yet been executed in this part of the country, or that Bunyan, writing some forty years after the period to which we allude, made some mistake of date. At all events, as we are concerned at present more with his state of mind than with any issues between Episcopacy and Puritanism that may be supposed involved in the matter, we will only observe, that the more meager the form of worship exciting him to such veneration, the stronger must have been the impulse within his own mind to such devotion, or it could not be awakened at all. The question which he asked his father, and his reply, have led to Sir Walter Scott's notion of the family having been gypsies. Scott assumes the fact of some foreign descent as the foundation of Bunyan's question, and regards the answer, that they were not Jews, as proof that they were gypsies. We have quoted the passage in full, to show that Bunyan's question was asked under circumstances that made it natural, without at all suggesting the fact of knowing that they were of foreign descent as the cause of Bunyan's inquiry whether they were Israelites? In one passage, at least—and we think there are more in Bunyan's works—the gypsies are spoken of in such a way as would be most unlikely if Bunyan thought he belonged to that class of vagabonds. Did he belong to them, we have little doubt that he would have dwelt on it with a sort of spiritual exultation, and that his having been called out of Egypt would have been to him one of the proofs of Divine favor. We cannot imagine him suppressing the fact or disguising it. He tells, in the passage to which we allude, of a state of mind in which "he feared he should be deprived of his wits." He doubted, almost disbelieved, the existence of God, and this while he was engaged in the daily study of the Bible, and seeking to disentangle the deep mysteries of election and reprobation. Could such things as this doubt and unbelief, he asked, be found among them that loved God?

"I often, when temptation had been upon me, did compare myself to the case of such a child whom some gypsy hath by force took up in her arms, and is carrying from friend and country; kick sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry, but yet I was bound in the wings of the temptation,

and the wind would carry me away. I also thought of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him, and did greatly fear that my condition was the same as his."

A sermon against Sabbath-breaking awoke Bunyan into more serious thought. He had by this time got out of some of his bad habits, but others remained. The way in which Sunday was passed was one of the great distinctions between the Puritan and the Royalist parties; and Bunyan, whatever were his political or theological leanings, was fond of out-of-door amusements, and Sunday was his day for them. Till this sermon, he never felt that there was guilt in his sports, but the sermon was a burden on him, and—we use his own language—embittered his former pleasures, and benumbed the sinews of his delights. He dined, however, and he forgot the sermon. Like "the Scotch rogue," Bunyan was but a sorry proficient in learning, being readier at cat and dog, cappy hole, riding the hurley racket, playing at kyles and dams, spang-boddy, wrestling, and football, than at his book;* and blackguard and semi-gypsy as our poor tinker was, it could not but be well for both his bodily and mental health that he enjoyed these active amusements. This day, however, was destined to be a remarkable one in his biography. Such religious sectaries as look for outward evidence of a new birth to righteousness, are anxious to mark the very hour and moment of such a change, and in this way importance is given to a particular sermon, to the accidental opening of a passage in the Bible, to the visit of a friend, to anything, in short, that imagination can connect with such a change. Bunyan would not himself have dated his spiritual birth from this incident, and, indeed, we think when his mind had become calmed and sobered, there is reason to believe that he would have discouraged the inquiry; but most of his biographers do. It was, however, a remarkable incident, and one not to be forgotten, that on that day, as he was playing at cat—one of the forms of the game of cricket—"a voice"—we must use his own words—"did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding amaze; therefore leaving my cat on the ground, was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me as being very

* Brand's "Popular Antiquities," Art. CAT AND DOG.

hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices." It is plain from this account that his auditory nerves were affected, and that he seemed to himself to hear the words which he mentions—no doubt words that had occurred in the sermon to which he had been listening in the earlier part of the day. His biographers are disposed to represent him as believing himself to have seen a vision with the bodily eye. This we think, so far from being asserted, is distinctly negatived, by his language. He felt it was too late to repent. He paused, however, in his game; again thought over the case; said nothing to his companions of voice or vision; but having determined that repentance was out of the question, "returned desperately to his sport." And this kind of despair so possessed his soul, that settling with himself that heaven was lost, he felt a "desire to take his fill of sin, still studying that sin was to be committed that I might taste the sweetness of it, and fearing lest I should die before I had my desires." This temptation he describes as one which he believes to be very common. "It is Satan's policy to benumb the conscience, and overrun the spirits with a scurvy and seared frame of heart." Slight failings—such is his reasoning, and we see no ground of quarrel with it—are thus aggravated into guilt that forbids hope, and the feeling expressed in Jeremiah becomes a principle of action—"There is no hope; we will walk after our own desires, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart." In this state of mind Bunyan actually resumed his old habits of cursing and swearing, and desperation looked not unlike actual madness, the probability of which became every day greater and greater; but from this he was preserved under circumstances where a mind less strong than his would have been endangered, were it not, perhaps, nearer the truth to say that the entanglements in which he seemed likely to have been for ever perplexed, belong to a class of subtleties that have properly no existence for an inferior class of minds. Bunyan, who was proof against the sermon, and the echo of the sermon conjured up by his imagination during his game of cricket, was one day playing the madman and blackguard at a neighbor's shop window; the woman of the house, a loose and ungodly wretch, rebuked him, telling him that his conduct was such as to corrupt the whole town. He stood admonished and abashed. "I wished with all my heart that I

might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing." Till now he felt that to swear was to give authority to his words, but this rebuke from an abandoned woman broke down the habit.

Bunyan's conduct now became that of a respectable man. He fell in with an acquaintance who did "talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of the matter of religion." This led Bunyan to the Bible. The historical parts were what he read. He was as "yet ignorant of the corruption of our nature, or of the want or worth of Jesus Christ to save us;" and he therefore "could not away with Paul's Epistles and such like Scriptures."

Bell-ringing had been a favorite amusement of his. Conscience now became tender, and he gave up the practice. Yet his heart bankered, and he went to the steeple-house and looked on, though he durst not ring. Conscience still whispered in a voice that the bells thought in vain to drown, and he began to tremble with imaginary fears. "How if one of the bells should fall!" Then he would stand under one of the main beams for safety; but there the thought would intrude, "should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding, might hit me, for all this beam." Then he would stand in the steeple-door. "But the steeple might fall," was the next thought; and this did "continually so shake his mind," that he was at last forced to flee.

The Puritans have no love for dancing; but the young will not give it up, and we don't see why they should. And our glorious tinker, in spite of all the voices from above and below that haunted him, had still an ear for the fiddle and a foot for the dance. Bunyan's love for dancing must have been for the sake of the exercise itself. If he is to be believed, he had an absolute detestation to the fair sex. Still his love of dancing, and his reluctance to give it up, make us disposed to regard with some doubt a passage which his biographers are fond of quoting. Did the man dance without a partner? We do not suppose the tinker was less happy when he had thrown off his pack and found himself in some village barn, or still better, on the open village green, than John Gilpin's horse, "right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels." But still look at John Bunyan's picture in any edition of his "Pilgrim's Progress"—his bright, brown, large British face, perfectly honest—brilliant actually, in the very rudest print we have ever seen, with good humor, and good nature, and good

sense. Then read his pictures of Christiana and her children, and believe, if you can, the strange passage which he must have written in some moment when he was provoked into language foreign to his nature, by malignant accusations. Of Bunyan's perfect innocence of the charges he had to repel we can have little doubt; but the paragraph which we transcribe we do not believe:—

"And in this I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. Those know, and can also bear me witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman; the common salutation of a woman I abhor, it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company, alone, I cannot away with. I seldom so much as touch a woman's hand; for I think these things are not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objections against it; and when they have answered, 'that it was but a piece of civility,' I have told them it is not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss. But then I have asked, why they made baulks? why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored go? Thus, how laudable soever such things have been in the eyes of others, they have been unseemly in my sight."

Bunyan's dancing days, however, came to an end before their natural time; cursing, swearing, pilfering, bell-ringing, and dancing, all were at an end; and there was such a reformation in his whole manner and conduct as to excite the attention and admiration of his neighborhood; and in spite of some occasional lapses, followed by promises that he would do better next time, and earnest efforts towards amendment, he thought with complacency of himself, and said within his heart, "that he pleased God as well as any man in England." Of distinct doctrine he appears then to have had no thought. "I knew not," he says, "Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope, for as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state would have been most fearful." "I was, as yet, nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, but I loved to be talked of as one truly godly." It would appear that Bunyan had not as yet connected himself with any sectarian congregation; and we should suppose, in his case, that some of the temptations that tend to remove a man from his parish church did not strongly exist. There can be little doubt, that among the poor, the ignorant, the self-educated, and the half educated, the sort of social distinction which such persons attain in small dissenting congregations is, perhaps, uncon-

sciously to themselves, one of the motives for separation from a larger body in which their claims would be unnoticed or rebuked. In Bunyan's case, to have appeared at church clothed, and in his right mind, would, one should suppose, be distinction enough; and his connection with the dissenting congregation to which he attached himself does not seem to have originated with himself, nor was it either altogether as accidental as would appear from his account of the matter, or as, perhaps, he himself thought it. In all small dissenting congregations there is an anxiety to obtain converts, which is not understood or felt by larger establishments. And it is certain, that in the unsettled times in which Bunyan's lot was cast, the feeling was not less strong in almost all these bodies, of attaching to it, whenever it seemed possible, any person of the slightest promise. In the little town of Bedford, Bunyan's story was not unlikely to have made some noise. On each of the occasions on which his life was saved providentially, it would have been likely to have been the subject of much discourse, and when, at last, news was brought to his fellow-townsmen, that the man who took his place when he was about to join a besieging party was shot dead, it would not be surprising, if what before was justly regarded as providential, now appeared not distinguishable from actual miracle. The subject of all this village-wonder is a young man, of idle vagabond habits, not absolutely profligate, but on the high road to ruin. He is married, and has to support a family by what was probably a miserable and precarious trade. Suddenly, the idler becomes industrious, breaks off all his bad habits, and is, in outward appearance at least, a man altogether changed. He calls himself a hypocrite, but in a sense which does convey the worst meaning of the word; and, unjust as it would be to him, to translate, in any case, the language of self-accusation, and the exaggerations of remorse, into the acknowledgment of such details of actual sin as to a person of less conscientious feelings might suggest the same words, there is no pretence for regarding Bunyan, at any time, guilty of hypocrisy. Had he called himself a "painted sepulchre," instead of a "painted hypocrite," you might as well insist on understanding him literally. A small congregation of Baptists was at that time formed at Bedford, and under the direction and ministry of a man, whom the commentators on the Pilgrim's Progress are fond of identifying with Evangelist, no doubt wrongly. John Gifford, their

spiritual guide, had been a major in the royal service, and after the establishment of the Commonwealth he engaged in an insurrection, was tried, convicted, and, with eleven companions, sentenced to death. The night before the intended execution, his sister visited him in prison. The guards were asleep, his fellow-prisoners all drunk, and with his sister's assistance he escaped. He was, for awhile, concealed in London, and finally in Bedfordshire, where he became a physician, with what qualifications for the office we know not. Gifford, though sober on the night of his escape, or at least less drunk than his companions, in general did drink like a major and a gallant cavalier. Those who seem to themselves to have lost all, do not risk much in gambling: and Gifford was fond of play. Gifford was, in his own way, a patriot, and when the historians, who will see no good in the parliamentary party, have occasion to mention him, we find it recorded as his only virtue, that he hated the Puritans for the misery they brought on the nation in general, and on himself in particular, and that he often thought of killing one John Harrington, for no other provocation than because he was a leading man among persons of that description in Bristol. Gifford lost in gambling, one night, the sum of fifteen pounds; despair suggested more than one escape from the probable consequences, but while he was in the agonies of doubt, he looked into a religious book, which startled him into serious thought, and awakened a conscience which was not dead but sleeping. The passage which arrested his attention has been preserved, and may be found in Philip's Life of Bunyan, and probably in others. It is an address to the weary and heavy laden to come to Christ; and the invitation of our Lord is truly stated without exception of time, or place, or person. The very sense of his unfitness which deters a sinner from coming, is dwelt on as a proof that he is of those "specially aimed at, invited, and accepted." The appeal was not lost on Gifford. He at once sought out the meetings of those whom before he detested and despised. He was at first received doubtfully, but, after awhile, so won on them, that he was invited by some, who formed themselves into a distinct congregation, to undertake its care. Of the persons so inviting him to be their pastor, Anthony Harrington was one. The change was, in Gifford's case, as from death to life. Within a few days of the last of his life, he said, that from the day on which he was startled into thoughts of religion, "he had

not lost the light of God's countenance, no, not for an hour." Bunyan says of him, calling him holy Mr. Gifford:—"He made it his business to deliver the people of God from all those harsh and unsound tests that by nature we are prone to." Though of the Baptist name, he seems to have avoided, as Bunyan himself did, the controversies that divided the Baptists from other professing Christians, and that among themselves broke them into smaller sects. Faith in Christ and purity of life were the principles on which alone they insisted as the bond that united their congregations. They disregarded, or believed that they disregarded, all else.

Some of Gifford's flock were among the first persons to welcome Bunyan, when he assumed decency of conduct, and he tells us that as he was walking through the streets of Bedford on some business connected with his trade, he came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun. They were speaking on religious subjects, and Bunyan drew near to join their discourse, "being now a brisk talker myself in matters of religion."

"But I may say I heard, but understood not, for they were far above out of reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts; as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature; they talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed and comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil. They reasoned of the temptations of Satan in particular, and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults."

Bunyan had before thought of religion and salvation, but the language and the facts stated by these women were strange to him. The new birth had never before entered his mind. The deceitfulness and treachery of his own heart were things wholly unsuspected by him. That he could seem to himself to be religious, and not be so, was a mystery as yet to a mind not busied with speculation. The temptations of Satan within the heart itself were by him heard of for the first time, and the comforts of Holy Scripture assumed a new meaning to him in his conversation with these women. Southey describes him as accidentally overhearing the conversation of these women; we do not think this the fair interpretation of the passage. The women are described as conversing with each other, but Bunyan is plainly known by them to be present, and we cannot but regard the con-

versation as intentionally directed to what they knew to be Bunyan's state of mind; that they were at the time engaged in what a dissenter, who has written a life of Bunyan' calls *episcopising*, meaning proselytising, or some kindred thought, and seeming to regard such efforts to save stray sheep as the habitual occupation of those who hold the pastoral office of a bishop. Bunyan returned again and again to the company of these poor people, and describes himself as each day feeling more ardent love for religion; still ignorant, but so engaged with thoughts on spiritual things, that it would then have been as difficult to him "to have taken his mind from heaven to earth, as he afterwards, he says, found it to get it from earth to heaven."

The Presbyterians had by this time established themselves through England in most of the parishes. They had pretty well got rid of episcopacy, but the difficulty in all such cases is not to overthrow, but to substitute anything effectually or permanently in the place of what is overthrown. The iron rule of positive law may do something, and for awhile did something, but when, in the language of the Parliament of the day, a year of jubilee was proclaimed to tender consciences, uprose the congregationalists to war with "Presbytery," and among those many of the old enemies, who had been regarded as utterly extinct, reappeared; "not a hair of their head singed, nor any smell of the fire of persecution upon their clothes." They fell at once to gathering congregations. London was their chief resort, "Trent may be good, and Severn better, but oh, the Thames is the best for the plentiful taking of fish therein. They did fish, I will not say steal, hence a master, thence a mistress of a family, a son out of a third, a servant out of a fourth parish, all of which met in their congregations." The Presbyterians fell out with this; how could their churches stand, if corner stones, pillars, rafters, and beams were carried off by others to build their congregations? "They complained that the new pastor, though slighting tithes and set maintenance, yet so ordered the matter that the gleanings of Ephraim became better than the vintage of Abiezer." In the discussions at Holland of a year or two before, among other matters proposed as assential or desirable in a Church, was the establishment, in conformity as it was said to apostolic regulation, of "an order of widows as essential she-ministers in the Church." Mentioning this, Fuller says, "our late civil wars in England have afforded us plenty for the place." These were the

proposals of the congregationalists, and we cannot but suspect that the poor women of Bedford, whom Bunyan fell in with, if not officially employed in this sort of ministry, were persons making such services their habitual pursuit. Some of the sort of fishing for men, which Fuller tells us was exercised in the Severn and Thames, took place in other rivers, and there was nothing in the waters of the Ouse to prevent the use of the angle there. To win a new comer to the congregation was of serious importance; such we think was the object, and such certainly the effect, of these conversations with Bunyan. The person, with whom Bunyan had a little before most frequent conversations on religion, joined what was sometimes called the "family of love," more often "the Ranters," and passed on from stage to stage of frenzy, folly, imbecility. Bunyan was obliged to leave his company altogether, and the last we hear of him is, some raving blasphemy recorded by Bunyan, but not worth repeating.

The way in which Bunyan's livelihood was obtained made him wander through the country; no doubt, in a limited and ascertained circuit, but still under circumstances that threw him in with all varieties of opinion. There could scarcely be said to be a Church at that time in England, and the wilderness of doctrine which was everywhere met with could not, under the circumstances of the country, be matter of surprise. Efforts were made by some of the sectaries to give definiteness to language, which even the best instructed men can but measure by its application, and others were united but by the uncertain and capricious bonds of temporary religious sentiment. Doctrine and conduct were alike shifting. What has been said of some of the Churches founded on this model was true of almost all. No account can be given of opinions from day to day susceptible of alteration and increase. "While countries whose immovable mountains and stable valleys keep a fixed position may be easily surveyed, no geographer can accurately describe some parts of Arabia, where the fleeting sands driven with the winds have their frequent removals, so that the traveler findeth a hole at his return, where he left a hill at his departure." The doctrines themselves were shifting, and the feeling of faith, a mental state, it would seem, in which the sentiment subsisted without an object, became all in all. However strong such sentiment might at first be, the language in which it was embodied was likely to survive the feeling, even in the minds that dealt most fairly with them-

selves, and the contrast between language and conduct became a marked thing. The professing religionist was not unlikely in this way to continue the dialect which he had learned in a better state of mind; and thus without his evil conduct being at all referable to the doctrines which he had adopted, the doctrines would have to share in the disgrace of such a profligate as we have imagined. Others there were, whom doctrines, pure and true in themselves, seemed to mislead into perilous absurdity. We think in most of such cases the profligacy would, at any rate, have existed; and that when what are called evangelical doctrines have been supposed to induce impurity of life, and to end in what has been called antimonianism, the vicious conduct would have at any rate occurred, and some plea or other been put forward for it, wherever the logical faculty survived, as it often does in madness—and all vice is madness—the better intellectual and moral powers. The blackguard who told Bunyan, when remonstrating with him, that if it were not for such as himself the devil would want company, and that, therefore, he went on, was not a greater idiot than the persons who affected to deduce from scriptural language an exemption from all restraint, and who described their licentiousness as obedience to a perfect law of liberty.

Bunyan shook himself clear of profligate companions, but it was not easy to get rid of the kind of arguments which each day were brought before him. It is probable that he did not read much, but what he did read would have been better avoided. Some of the books put forth by the Familists fell into his hands; but the dissoluteness of conduct of the persons claiming exclusive possession of the secret of salvation, saved him from the contagion. We cannot relate with even a show of consistency that which has little consistency in itself. We can only say, that some of these people would deny the existence of God, angel, or spirit; would, in reply to Bunyan, tell him he was legal and dark; that for themselves, they had gone through all religions, and at last had attained the true; that they had attained "perfection;" that they could do what they would and not sin.

"Oh! these temptations," says Bunyan, "were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God, who had, as I hoped, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of His name, and did not suffer me to accept such cursed principles."

Bunyan distrusted his own judgment, prayed to be preserved from error, and "the Bible was precious to me in those days."

In reading the works of St. Paul, Bunyan distinguished between miraculous powers and the ordinary gifts of the Spirit. Wisdom and Understanding he felt he had not, and he doubted whether he possessed Faith. That he should be without understanding and wisdom, in the degree that other Christians possessed them, was an appointment of Providence to which, if such was God's will, he could submit with resignation; but he thought he had learned that without possessing Faith, he could have neither rest nor quiet in his soul. He would not yield to despair, and he tells us that to ascertain whether he had Faith, he thought he should perform some miracle, and he was about to command the puddles to become dry, and the dry places puddles, when he was arrested in the insane purpose by the fear of the effect upon his mind should the failure of the test prove his want of Faith. It is not often that we are let thus into the secrets of a past state of being, though we believe that through such stages some of the most gifted minds have passed. Bunyan, though recording what he regards as remarkable providences, believed he was telling of temptations not essentially different from those by which all men are tried. The soundness of his conclusions from the whole is a remarkable part of this narrative. His inference was, that "if they only had Faith which could do wonderful things, then that for the present he had it not, nor yet for some time was even like to have it." He does not lower what he regards as the Scripture test, and he states a proposition certain of leading him to a conclusion, for which,—in the state of enthusiasm in which he was at this stage of his progress,—he was not prepared, that Faith, in the sense in which it is spoken of when identified with Christian belief, must differ in degree, at least, from that principle to which is ascribed miraculous power.

We have a remarkable passage in his autobiography, which it would be unjust not to extract, as it shows the way in which Bunyan's mind reflected the past. Our readers remember the poor women of Gifford's congregation, whom he saw sitting in the sun.

"About this time the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of vision, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in

the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds: methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding, that if I could I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

"About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein. But none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little door-way in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very straight and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first got in my head, and after that, by a sliding striving, my shoulders, and my whole body. Then I was exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

"Now this mountain and wall, &c. was thus made out to me; the mountain signified the Church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein: the wall I thought was the world, that did make separation between the Christians and world; and the gap which was in the wall I thought was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father."

You have the same scene in imaginary picture which had occurred in actual life, and with the picture a sort of allegory not unlike the fictions of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The conversations of these women, too, were plainly the occasion of that strange state in which his mind was engaged, it would seem, for years, in which Satan was for ever present with suggestions and whispers, and in which every passing thought of the mind assumed a voice that had power to wither up all hope. In a German poem, the work of a great artist, you have thoughts the highest with which man's intellect can deal, always gloriously expressed, but each casts its shadow too, and the darkness, the necessary darkness, of this shadow is given a depth and seeming outwardness. The old magician was supposed, when he attained the summit of his art, to have lost his shadow. This indicated a less power than that exercised by the enchanter to whom we allude, who made the shadowy and the substanceless express his conceptions of what would seem to be an evil spirit, if, in his view of good and evil, he could acknowledge absolute evil in the creation. We should be sorry to be regarded as vouching for the theology or the philosophy, or even the poetry of the enchanter to whom we allude, when com-

pared with works written under the inspiration of Hebrew or Christian feeling, but some such strife of "thoughts excusing or else accusing one another"—some such mental dialogue as that in which we find John Bunyan and Satan interlocutors—seems to have been well known by him as the true shape into which imagination, acting with more rapidity than is consistent with having its operations the subject of distinct attention, is apt to throw itself. Bunyan gives us his own words and those of the spirit of evil, each armed with texts, each disputing, not according to the old scholastic forms, but just in the manner of modern polemics; and each well entitled to the dignity of a doctor's degree in any of the faculties. On the subjects of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," the devil did not make as good a case as might be expected, if, as is probable, he was one of the company who discussed the topics with Milton's friends. Still John was staggered when asked—how can you tell you are elected? This was a puzzler. The controversy was one of close text fighting, and there could not be, in the view of either of the combatants, a doubt as to the doctrine of election and reprobation. The doctrines were stated in many passages of Scripture admitted as decisive of the general fact. But was there any text which fixed the man John Bunyan was one of the elect? There was the rub; that was the sore spot. John was a casuist quite subtle enough for his antagonist. John was an anagrammatist, and by the same sort of analysis and synthesis as was exemplified after his day in the celebrated shoulder-knot case, John could do wonders; still that question did puzzle him, and Old Nick seemed to have the best of it: a text, however, did occur to him, and a glorious one it is, and embodying a truth coextensive with the history of man, and to which every heart bears witness.

"Look at the generations of old, and see did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?"

A strange and insuperable difficulty here arose; the verse which occurred to Bunyan could not be found anywhere in the Bible. It was sought for high and low; the truth was not denied; but the text—where is the text? Ancient men were asked about it in vain; the widows of Bedford sought for it: at last its hiding-place was found in one of the Apocryphal books. Other temptations and other difficulties followed. He was now introduced to Gifford, who brought him to

his house. Bunyan was in the state of a person who takes up a book of medicine. Every disease of which he reads leads him to recognize its symptoms in himself. We doubt whether we are right in so minutely recording this state of mind, or that we do it with effect, as we have not room to give it in his own words. We have, we trust, better reasons for wishing our readers to be acquainted with it, and we therefore wish them to read for themselves the little tract of "Grace Abounding," but—among our reasons—is the light it throws on his peculiar style of fiction. That this state of mind is what he allegorizes in the "Slough of Despond," we feel no doubt, though we know it is otherwise interpreted. "My conscience," says he, in this part of his narrative, "was sore, and would smart at every touch. . . . I found myself as on a miry bog that shook if I did but stir, and was there left of God, and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things."

The way in which Bunyan speaks of Scripture as then occurring to him is curious enough. While we cannot imagine other than the ordinary reasoning processes going on, we find texts flashed on his mind, at times creating great joy, at times great depression. Then there was plainly something of bodily disease in his at times hearing the utterance of distinct voices. At times he envied the birds and beasts; they were not of a sinful nature; they were not subject to the wrath of God. Then came a sermon which cheered his heart, "Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair." He thought of the words as he went home; and then sounded in his ears and rang as a sort of rhyme, "thou art my love, thou art my dove," twenty times together. He was cheered, but found himself replying in words to the same tune, "But is it true, but is it true?" as the awful sentence fell upon him, "he wist not that it was true which had come unto him of the angel."—Acts, xii. 9. This conjured up another verse, and he went home the happiest of men. "I thought I could have spoken of his love and have told of his mercy to me, even unto the crows that sate upon the ploughed ground before me, had they been capable to have understood me; therefore I said in my soul with much gladness, well, I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I got any farther, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence. Alas! within forty days I began to question all again."

Distractions at places of devotion and in

private prayer, were of frequent occurrence. Blasphemies, whole floods of blasphemies were poured upon his spirit; doubts of the truth of Scripture; doubts of everything. At prayer Satan would pull his clothes, bid him shorten his prayers, and then say, "fall down and worship me." A stranger temptation would then come over his mind; he would labor to compose his mind and fix it on God. "Then would the tempter distract me by representing to my heart and fancy the form of a bush, a bale, a besom, or the like, as if I should pray to these. To these he would also sometimes so hold my mind that I was as if I could think of or pray to nothing else."

We have said that Bunyan never ceased to think out a subject, and it was, we think, this perfect fair dealing with his mind that made his good sense eventually triumph. He endeavored to view things from the first to the last. To place together, one by one, every stone of the edifice he was to create, is a remarkable characteristic of his mind. We could give instances that more fully exemplify this than the following, but none more interesting:—

"But O! now, how was my soul led from truth to truth by God! even from the birth and cradle of the Son of God, to his ascension, and second coming from heaven to judge the world!

"Truly, I then found upon this account, the great God was very good unto me; for, to my remembrance, there was not anything that I then cried unto God to make known and reveal it unto me; but he was pleased to do it for me: I mean, not one part of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, but I was orderly led into it. Methought I saw, with great evidence, from the four evangelists, the wonderful works of God in giving Jesus Christ to save us, from his conception and birth even to his second coming to judgment; methought I was as if I had seen him born, as if I had seen him grow up, as if I had seen him walk through this world, from the cradle to the cross; to which also, when he came, I saw how gently he gave himself to be hanged and nailed on it, for my sins and wicked doing. Also, as I was musing on this his progress, that dropped on my spirit, 'He was ordained for the slaughter.' 1 Peter, i. 19, 20."

Luther on the Galatians now fell into his hands. "Before all the books that ever I had seen, except the Holy Bible, I prefer it as most fit for a wounded conscience."

A temptation, not very intelligible, is then recorded at considerable length. The strength with which any image was presented to Bunyan's mind seems to have been evidence to him of some guilt of his own, even in

the admission of the thought, if one associated with evil; for most of those which afflicted him passed through his mind, not to be indulged but to be repelled. "To sell Christ" was a thought that dwelt with him night and day for a year. That he could not sell him out and out, and that his own interest in him could not be altogether parted with, he inferred from the fact, that in the Israelitish dispensation the land could not be sold for ever. "The land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine." Whatever he saw, this temptation mingled with it. "Suppose a pin upon the ground which he stooped to pick up. Sell Christ for that—sell him—sell him." Sometimes it would run on for a hundred times together. "Sell him—sell him." And Bunyan's fear was that he should yield to the temptation, and he would reply—"no, not for thousands, not for thousands, not for thousands," at least twenty times together; at last, when out of breath with strange repetition of unmeaning words, he felt the thought pass through his mind, "Let him go if he will." And now the crime was committed, and then came the thought of his ingratitude; then came the fancy that this was to sin against the Holy Ghost; and then came a comparison of his sin with all the cases of sin he could imagine or read of, and he found some incident which distinguished his from all others by a deeper stain of guilt. He had committed a sin for which Christ had not died; God would pardon if it were possible, but it would require another sacrifice to save him, and it is written—"There is no more sacrifice for sin:—"

"187. Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighboring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause, about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing, I lifted up my head; but methought I saw, as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light! and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me: methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world; I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits because I had sinned against the Saviour. O how happy now was every creature over me!

for they stood fast, and kept their station, but I was gone and lost."

The difficulties of his case were at last solved by his considering that we died with Christ; that His righteousness is ours; that He was looked on of God, and should be looked on by us as that common or public person on whom all the body of his elect are always to be considered and reckoned. That we fulfilled the law by him, died by him, rose from the dead by him, got the victory over death, the devil, and hell by him. When he died we died; and so of his resurrection. "Thy dead men shall live, together with the dead body shall they arise." He ascribed his temptation to his not having prayed against being led into future temptation, but confining his supplications to be delivered from present evil. Some five or six years after his joining Gifford's congregation, Bunyan was invited by some of the members of it now and then "to take a hand" in exhortation. They were pleased at his success, and he occasionally accompanied such of them as went into the country to teach; and at last was "called forth and appointed" to public preaching. In the occupation of instructing others he found the rest and quiet of mind to which he had been so long a stranger. He had been five years a preacher when he was apprehended and thrown into jail. Sureties were offered, but bail would not be taken, as it was intimated that he would repeat the offence. He was tried for upholding conventicles, and appears to have been severely dealt with. What, if his case had been conducted by counsel, would only have been regarded as an argumentative admission, was treated as a confession of the offence charged, and he was left to languish for some six years in Bedford gaol; and was scarcely discharged when he got back again, and was kept there six years more.

We incline to believe that to this lengthened imprisonment was due the calm of mind into which Bunyan finally passed, and which rendered possible the creation of the glorious work to which he owes his earthly immortality. Of that work, perhaps the most popular in the language, and in the best respects one of the best, we have not left ourselves room to speak as we could wish. The omission we shall soon supply.

From the *Athenæum*.

LIFE OF WORDSWORTH.*

Or the only active portion of the life of the poet Wordsworth, the record, such as it is, was not long since given to the world by the author himself, in the somewhat unusual form of a posthumous poem, entitled 'The Prelude.' In that, and in his other works, indeed, the whole of this author's uneventful and contemplative life may be said to be written:—written, not only to all intents and purposes, but substantially. This, Dr. Wordsworth admits. "A poet's life," he says "is written in his works,"—and the life of this poet in particular. "Mr. Wordsworth's poems," he affirms, "are no visionary dreams, but practical realities. He wrote as he lived, and he lived as he wrote. His poetry had its heart in his life, and his life found a voice in his poetry." But while admitting—or rather insisting on—all this, Dr. Wordsworth maintains the expediency of the present volumes as supplying not a life of the Poet, but "materials subordinate and ministerial to the poems, and illustrative of them:"—in a word, "a biographical commentary on the Poet's works." Within these modest bounds the work before us is especially limited.

The ground thus taken and the tone assumed create at the outset a favorable anticipation and an impression of cordiality towards the author. It must be declared, however, that there is nothing to commend in these volumes on the score of critical acumen. An unquestioning admiration and reverence of the deceased poet constitutes the key-note of the whole production. This is the fault of biographies in general that are undertaken by men in such close relations to their subject-heroes. They sit too near the edifice they are surveying to judge of its proportions. We are made to understand throughout these volumes—very naturally—that in the mind of the nephew his uncle's claims to poetical supremacy are above all contest. Not to be classed with Homer or Shakspeare,—his title to sit in the

chair of Milton is determined on the biographer's authority—and on that of Mr. Southey. Now, for ourselves, we see great distinctions—and those of kind—between Wordsworth and Milton. The different nature of their themes were itself almost enough to separate them. We collect from these memoirs that Wordsworth sedulously and as a matter of conscience avoided religious arguments. He feared to be found in error on points of faith, and confessedly preferred Nature to God as the subject of his Muse. He was no daring speculator in theological matters; but elected the orthodox as the safer side, without strictly defining its doctrines or busying himself about their results. In Milton, nothing is more marked than his devotion to doctrinal discussion and his love of embodying religious truth in poetic allegory,—nay, even of dealing with its sternest dogmas in metrical language. In Wordsworth, we have an observance of natural phenomena by which the mind was from time to time excited to spiritual reflection;—in Milton, we have spiritual contemplation as a habit,—pleased with occasionally selecting some fact of nature or of history as a symbol of the prevailing mood, but not for ever busy, as Wordsworth was, in accumulating such for the suggestion or stimulation of a meditative mind. The two poets typify especially the two very different modes of Contemplation and Meditation;—that, looking up and around,—this, down and into;—Milton, contemplating the heavens,—Wordsworth, meditating on the earth. With this the Bard of Rydal Mount was confessedly content; while the Bard of Paradise lived and died in a state of sublime dissatisfaction with

—the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth.

This difference of taste strongly marks the men, and points to a radical difference in their genius. Wordsworth's view in comparison with Milton's was exceedingly limited. It was confined to pastoral life,—and scarcely appreciated man in cities. Hence, as we find

* *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Post-Laureate, D.C.L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. 2 vols. Moxon.

in these very volumes, many prejudices besetting Wordsworth, from which his friend Coleridge had delivered himself simply by cultivating a wider experience. Coleridge, in fact, in the essential qualities of his mind, would be more comparable to Milton than Wordsworth. To him belonged the seraphic fire which caused Milton to ascend;—to Wordsworth the cherubic discretion which inclined him to gather knowledge patiently in a narrow sphere and on the lowest level.—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

One outlook on the world, and the doings of men in a complex state of society, and Wordsworth retired into his native vales to meditate in seclusion.

Mr. Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April 1770. He was the second son of John Wordsworth, an attorney,—law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. We have so lately, in our review of 'The Prelude,' gone through the history of Wordsworth's early years, that the repetition here would be supererogatory. An early chapter of these volumes contains some autobiographical notes by the poet himself:—"which may serve," says Dr. Wordsworth, "to present an outline or general view of this work, like the first map in an atlas, to be followed in order by special charts, with minute details and on a larger scale." From these notes we find that, according to his own impression, the Poet's childhood was "of a stiff, moody, and violent temper;" "perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement;"—and in after-life the same qualities of character enabled the man to defy criticism. Nothing is more marked than Wordsworth's self-respect and self-determination, as well as his self-consciousness of power, at all periods of his history.

From some verses written by Wordsworth at the age of fourteen or fifteen as a school exercise, we perceive that, notwithstanding his subsequent depreciation of Pope, he began by imitating him. They are accordingly condemned by himself as "tame," though not without merit, considering the period of their composition. In all other respects, Wordsworth seems to have acted on his "free impulses:"—to which his orphanage offered licence and inducement. One qualifying and chastening incident in his youthful fortune was, however, even then at work.—

"The influence of his one sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, upon his life from his childhood was too

important to be forgotten here. She was not quite two years younger than he was. Her loving tenderness and sweetness produced a most beneficial effect on his character. The contrast between the temper of the brother and sister is represented by the Poet himself in the verses where he alludes to the times in which, (he says)

My sister Emeline and I
Together chased the butterfly.
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey . . .
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

And, speaking of her, he expresses his gratitude that she who was

The blessing of his later years,
Was with him when a boy.

And the nature of her influence upon him is thus portrayed:—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.

But death came to the mother, and separated the brother and sister for some years. Dorothy Wordsworth was removed from Cockermouth to Penrith, the residence of her maternal grandfather."

To return to the poet.—Much that troubled his better nature was mended on the restoration of his sister to his companionship. With her came back the old familiar influences; and Wordsworth's spirit, troubled by public commotions, was, in a certain degree, calmed and soothed by the home reference. What disturbance remained, found a safety-valve in certain imitations of Juvenal—in which Wordsworth seems to have so well succeeded, that he narrowly escaped becoming a satiric metricist lampooning the vices of society, in place of a descriptive and meditative poet, "the high-priest of Nature," as he has been since called. About the same time, he was occupied in the composition of his tragedy 'The Borderers,' which, though written in 1795-6, was not published till 1842.

But the poet was soon to come under an influence superior to all that had hitherto affected him,—that of Coleridge. Their meeting took place in June 1797. The first impression made by this avatar into his fortunes is thus expressed in a letter by Miss Wordsworth to a friend:—

"You had a great loss in not seeing Coleridge. He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered, and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain, that is; for about three minutes: he is pale, thin, has a

wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, long, looseish-growing, half-curling, rough, black hair [in both these respects a striking contrast to his friend Wordsworth, who in his youth had beautiful teeth and light brown hair]. But, if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead. The first thing that was read after he came was William's new poem, 'Ruined Cottage,' with which he was much delighted; and after tea he repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy, 'Osorio.' The next morning, William read his tragedy, 'The Borderers.'

To this may be fitly added Coleridge's description of the lady herself.—

"Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman indeed, in mind I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.' Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer."

The astonishing influence exercised by Coleridge over the mind of Wordsworth appears in every page of these Memoirs. To him the Poet dedicated "The Prelude,"—and by him were the Poet's thoughts incessantly occupied. "My dear friend," he writes, "we talk of you perpetually, and for me, I see you everywhere." Friendship had in this case taken some of the forms of love,—adopting its anxieties, its dreaminess, and its impatience of separation.

The first book of "The Recluse" is still unpublished;—but we are treated with specimens of it in these volumes.—On settling at Grasmere, Wordsworth thus poured out his feelings:—

On Nature's invitation do I come,
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice mislead,
That made the calmest, fairest spot on earth,
With all its unappropriated good,
My own, and not mine only, for with me
Entrenched—say rather peacefully embowered,—
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
A younger orphan of a home extinct,
The only daughter of my parents dwells;
Ay, think on that, my heart, and cease to stir;
Pause upon that, and let the breathing frame
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.

VOL. XXIII. NO. III.

Oh, if such silence be not thanks to God
For what hath been bestowed, then where, where
then

Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes did ne'er
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,
But either she, whom now I have, who now
Divides with me that loved abode, was there,
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang;
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Or fragrance independent of the wind.
In all my goings, in the new and old
Of all my meditations, and in this
Favorite of all, in this the most of all. . .
Embrace me then, ye hills, and close me in.
Now in the clear and open day I feel
Your guardianship: I take it to my heart;
'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night.
But I would call thee beautiful; for mild,
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art,
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art
pleased,
Pleased with thy crags, and woody steeps, thy
lake,

Its one green island, and its winding shores,
The multitude of little rocky hills,
Thy church and cottages of mountain-stone,
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks,
Like separate stars with clouds between.

A specimen like this creates desire for the remainder of the poem,—which we hope will no longer be kept from the world.

On the completion of the two volumes of "Lyrical Ballads," Wordsworth presented a copy to the statesman whom he most admired, Mr. Fox; with a letter having particular reference to the poems "The Brothers" and "Michael,"—and dwelling much on the political duty of preserving to the poor their independent domestic feelings. Fox's answer is brief, and worth quoting:—

"Sir,—I owe you many apologies for having so long deferred thanking you for your poems, and your obliging letter accompanying them, which I received early in March. The poems have given me the greatest pleasure; and if I were obliged to choose out of them, I do not know whether I should not say that 'Harry Gill,' 'We are Seven,' 'The Mad Mother,' and 'The Idiot,' are my favorites. I read with particular attention the two you pointed out; but whether it be from early prepossessions, or whatever other cause, I am no great friend to blank verse for subjects which are to be treated of with simplicity. You will excuse my stating my opinions to you so freely, which I should not do if I did not really admire many of the poems in the collection, and many parts even of those in blank verse. Of the poems which you state not to be yours, that entitled 'Love' appears to me to be the

best, and I do not know who is the author. 'The Nightingale' I understand to be Mr. Coleridge's, who combats, I think, very successfully, the mistaken prejudice of the nightingale's note being melancholy. I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

C. J. Fox.

"St. Ann's Hill, May 25. [1801.]"

It is stated that in the poem on "The Daf-fodil," the two lines—

That flash upon that inward eye
That is the bliss of solitude

are Mrs. Wordsworth's.—If this be correctly noted, both wife and sister may be said to have shared with the poet himself

The vision and the faculty divine.

—In the "Ode on Immortality" Wordsworth asserted this gift prerogatively. Hear his own account of the matter:—

"*The Ode.*—This was composed during my residence at Town End, Grassmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the first four stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself, but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere—

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

But it was not so much from the source of animal vivacity that my difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines, 'Obstinate questionings,' &c. To that dreamlike vividness and splendor which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as a presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it

right to protest against a conclusion which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations, and among all persons acquainted with classic literature is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a Poet."

Wordsworth was a bad correspondent:—he wrote few letters. One in defence of his "Idiot Boy" is eloquent. We must cite a passage or two.—

"You begin what you say upon the 'Idiot Boy' with this observation, that nothing is a fit subject for poetry which does not please. But here follows a question, Does not please whom? Some have little knowledge of natural imagery of any kind, and, of course, little relish for it; some are disgusted with the very mention of the words pastoral poetry, sheep or shepherds; some cannot tolerate a poem with a ghost or any supernatural agency in it; others would shrink from an animated description of the pleasures of love, as from a thing carnal and libidinous; some cannot bear to see delicate and refined feelings ascribed to men in low conditions in society, because their vanity and self-love tell them that these belong only to themselves, and men like themselves in dress, station, and way of life; others are disgusted with the naked language of some of the most interesting passions of men, because it is either indelicate, or gross, or vulgar; as many fine ladies could not bear certain expressions in the 'Mother' and the 'Thorn,' and, as in the instance of Adam Smith, who, we are told, could not endure the ballad of 'Clym of the Clough,' because the author had not written like a gentleman. Then there are professional and national prejudices for evermore. Some take no interest in the description of a particular passion or quality, as love of solitariness, we will say, genial activity of fancy, love of nature, religion, and so forth, because they have [little or] nothing of it in themselves; and so on without end. I return then to [the] question, please whom? or what? I answer, human nature as it has been [and ever] will be. But, where are we to find the best measure of this? I answer, [from within] by stripping our own hearts naked, and by looking out of ourselves to[wards men] who lead the simplest lives, and most according to nature; men who have never known false refine.

ments, wayward and artificial desires, false criticisms, effeminate habits of thinking and feeling, or who having known these things have outgrown them. This latter class is the most to be depended upon, but it is very small in number. People in our rank in life are perpetually falling into one sad mistake, namely, that of supposing that human nature and the persons they associate with are one and the same thing. Whom do we generally associate with? Gentlemen, persons of fortune, professional men, ladies, persons who can afford to buy, or can easily procure books of half-a-guinea price, hot-pressed, and printed on superfine paper. These persons are, it is true, a part of human nature, but we err lamentably if we suppose them to be fair representatives of the vast mass of human existence. And yet few ever consider books but with reference to their power of pleasing these persons and men of a higher rank; few descend lower, among cottages and fields, and among children. A man must have done this habitually before his judgment upon the 'Idiot Boy' would be in any way decisive with me. I *know* I have done this myself habitually; I wrote the poem with exceeding delight and pleasure, and whenever I read it I read it with pleasure. * * What false notions have prevailed from generation to generation of the true character of the Nightingale. As far as my Friend's Poem in the 'Lyrical Ballads' is read, it will contribute greatly to rectify these. You will recollect a passage in Cowper, where, speaking of rural sounds, he says,

'And even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon has charms for me.'

Cowper was passionately fond of natural objects, yet you see he mentions it as a marvellous thing that he could connect pleasure with the cry of the owl. In the same poem he speaks in the same manner of that beautiful plant, the gorse, making in some degree an amiable boast of his loving it, '*unsightly*' and unsmooth as it is. There are many aversions of this kind, which, though they have some foundation in nature, have yet so slight a one that, though they may have prevailed hundreds of years, a philosopher will look upon them as accidents. * * But you will be inclined to ask by this time how all this applies to the 'Idiot Boy?' To this I can only say that the loathing and disgust which many people have at the sight of an idiot, is a feeling which, though having some foundation in human nature, is not necessarily attached to it in any virtuous degree, but is owing in a great measure to a false delicacy, and if I may say it without rudeness, a certain want of comprehensiveness of thinking and feeling. Persons in the lower classes of society have little or nothing of this: if an idiot is born in a poor man's house, it must be taken care of, and cannot be boarded out, as it would be by gentlefolks, or sent to a public or private receptacle for such unfortunate beings. [Poor people] seeing frequently among their neighbors such objects, easily [forget] whatever there is of natural disgust about them, and have [therefore] a sane state, so that without pain or suffering they [perform] their duties towards them. I could with pleasure pursue this subject,

but I must now strictly adopt the plan which I proposed to myself when I began to write this letter, namely, that of setting down a few hints or memorandums which you will think of for my sake. I have often applied to idiots, in my own mind, that sublime expression of scripture that '*their life is hidden with God*.' They are worshipped, probably from a feeling of this sort, in several parts of the East. Among the Alps, where they are numerous, they are considered, I believe, as a blessing to the family to which they belong. I have, indeed, often looked upon the conduct of fathers and mothers of the lower classes of society towards idiots as the great triumph of the human heart. It is there that we see the strength, disinterestedness, and grandeur of love; nor have I ever been able to contemplate an object that calls out so many excellent and virtuous sentiments without finding it hallowed thereby, and having something in me which bears down before it, like a deluge, every feeble sensation of disgust and aversion. * * It is probable that the principal cause of your dislike to this particular poem lies in the word *Idiot*. If there had been any such word in our language, to which we had attached passion, as lack-wit, half-wit, witless, &c., I should have certainly employed it in preference; but there is no such word. Observe (this is entirely in reference to this particular poem), my '*Idiot*' is not one of those who can articulate, and such as are usually disgusting in their persons:—

'Whether in cunning or in joy,
And then his words were not a few,' &c.

and the last speech at the end of the poem. The '*Boy*' whom I had in my mind was by no means disgusting in his appearance, quite the contrary; and I have known several with imperfect faculties, who are handsome in their persons and features. There is one at present, within a mile of my own house, remarkably so, though [he has something] of a stare and vacancy in his countenance. A friend of mine, knowing that some persons had a dislike to the poem, such as you have expressed, advised me to add a stanza, describing the person of the Boy, [so as] entirely to separate him in the imaginations of my readers from that class of idiots who are disgusting in their persons; but the narration in the poem is so rapid and impassioned, that I could not find a place to insert the stanza without checking the progress of it, and [so leaving] a deadness upon the feeling."

These passages constitute implicitly Wordsworth's defence touching not only the specific poem, but others similarly obnoxious to conventional taste. They may therefore stand for all.

Next to the notices of Coleridge in these volumes, some of the most interesting are those that relate to Sir Walter Scott:—though they are by no means calculated to raise the writer in general estimation. Indeed, if the report of witnesses—neighbors and friends—may be taken, Wordsworth was

in the habit, in conversation, of alluding to Scott's poems with undisguised contempt.—In a far different mood, he treats of his intimacy with Sir George H. Beaumont. Perfect sympathy seems to have existed between the poet and the painter. The latter purchased for and presented to the former an estate (Appelthwaite), in order that he, Coleridge and Southey might live closer together,—and at his death left him an annuity of one hundred pounds. Yet even with such a patron as this Wordsworth is a reluctant correspondent. In fact, he disliked the act of writing—and apologizes for his indolence by ascribing it to a weakness and irritability of the chest. At all times he employed the hand of his wife, his sister, his wife's sister, or his daughter, in preference to his own. But for them, many of his verses would have been lost. In his "Elegiac Musings," however, Wordsworth did justice to the memory of Beaumont.

Notwithstanding the dislike which Wordsworth entertained to the act of writing, he takes credit to himself for the elaboration of his compositions. No accusation seems to sting him more than that which avers that certain objectionable pieces of diction were the result of carelessness. This charge he takes every opportunity of rebutting; and claims credit for having paid the utmost attention to style,—defending the peculiarities of his own on definite principles. On one occasion, he expresses his indignation against Sir Walter Scott for misquoting him:—

"Walter Scott is not a careful composer. He allows himself many liberties, which betray a want of respect for his reader. For instance, he is too fond of inversions; i. e. he often places the verb before the substantive, and the accusative before the verb. W. Scott quoted, as from me,

The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow,

instead of *still*,—thus obscuring my idea, and betraying his own uncritical principles of composition."

While on this theme, we will give our readers Wordsworth's picture of "Yarrow Revisited,"—allusive as it is to the nature of his relations with his Northern contemporary.

"'Yarrow Revisited.'—In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott, before his departure for Italy. This journey had been delayed by an inflammation in my eyes, till we found that the time appointed for his leaving home would be too near for him to receive us without considerable inconvenience. Nevertheless, we proceeded, and reached Abbots-

ford on Monday. I was then scarcely able to lift up my eyes to the light. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr. Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr. Quillinan, 'I mean to live till I am eighty,' 'and shall write as long as I live.' Though we had none of us the least thought of the cloud of misfortune which was then going to break upon his head, I was startled, and almost shocked, at that bold saying, which could scarcely be uttered by such a man, sanguine as he was, without a momentary forgetfulness of the instability of human life. But to return to Abbotsford. The inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart; Mr. Liddell, his lady and brother, and Mr. Allan, the painter, and Mr. Laidlaw, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not wait my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted old stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition, and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, and, indeed, were we all, as far as circumstances would allow. On Tuesday morning, Sir Walter Scott accompanied us, and most of the party, to Newark Castle, on the Yarrow. When we alighted from the carriages, he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting these his favorite haunts. Of that excursion, the verses, 'Yarrow Revisited' are a memorial. Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir Walter's works, and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonize, as much as I could wish, with the two preceding poems. On our return in the afternoon, we had to cross the Tweed, directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly. A rich, but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning,

A trouble not of clouds, &c.

At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and on the morning of that day, Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation, *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her; and while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, 'I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.' They show how

much his mind was impaired; not by the strain of thought, but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes. One letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name. In this interview, also, it was that, upon my expressing a hope of his health being benefited by the climate of the country to which he was going, and by the interest he would take in the classic remembrances of Italy, he made use of the quotation from 'Yarrow Revisited,' as recorded by me in the 'Musings at Aquapendente,' six years afterwards."

We will merely quote further a few detached notes, which give the picture of Wordsworth's last days.—

"On Sunday, the 10th of March, 1850, Mr. Wordsworth attended divine service at Rydal Chapel for the last time. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day he set out to walk to Grasmere, accompanied by Mr. Quillinan and Miss Hutchinson. The weather was ungenial, with a keen wind from the north-east; and Mr. Wordsworth was lightly clad, as usual. He walked over White Moss, and paid a visit to Mrs. Fisher, who had been in his service when he lived at Town-End. He then called at Mrs. Cookson's. Being there asked how Mrs. Wordsworth was, he replied, 'Pretty well: but, indeed, she must be very unwell indeed for any one to discover it: she never complains.' He had been reading the third volume of Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, and conversed a good deal on that subject. His friends thought him looking feeble: he had a stick in his hand, on which he leaned when sitting in the house. The next day Mr. Wordsworth, accompanied by Mrs. Wordsworth and his two nieces, called at Mr. Quillinan's house, to bid him good-bye before his departure to pay a visit to a friend near Carlisle: he then walked on to Foxhow, to see Mrs. Arnold; and thence to Ambleside, where he called at Mrs. Nicholson's, and returned home to Rydal. On the afternoon of the following day Mr. Wordsworth went towards Grasmere, to meet his two nieces, who were coming from Town-End. He called at the cottage near the White Moss quarry, and, the occupant not being within, he sat down on the stone seat of the porch to watch the setting sun. It was a cold bright evening. His friend and neighbor, Mr. Roughsedge, came to drink tea at Rydal; but Mr. Wordsworth, not being well, went early to bed. On the 14th he complained of pain in his side; and the medical advice of Mr. Fell and Mr. Green, of Ambleside, was resorted to. On the 20th the symptoms of the disorder assumed a more serious aspect. The throat and chest were affected, and the pleura were inflamed. In order to subdue the bronchial and pleuric inflammation, it

had been thought requisite to resort to medical discipline, which had much reduced his strength, and left him in a state of exhaustion, debility, and lethargy, from which he was not able to rally. He seemed to feel much repugnance both for medicine and food. From this time the reports of his bodily condition fluctuated from day to day for more than a fortnight.

"*Sunday, 7th April.*—Mr. Wordsworth completed his eightieth year to-day; he was prayed for in Rydal Chapel, morning and afternoon. * * On or about this day [the 20th], Mrs. Wordsworth, with a view of letting him know what the opinion of his medical advisers was concerning his case, said gently to him, 'William, you are going to Dora.' He made no reply at the time, and the words seemed to have passed unheeded; indeed it was not certain that they had been ever heard. More than twenty-four hours afterwards one of his nieces came into the room, and was drawing aside the curtain of his chamber, and then, as if awaking from a quiet sleep, he said, 'Is that Dora?'"

"*Tuesday, April 23rd.*—The report this morning was, 'Mr. Wordsworth is much the same.' . . . And so he remained till noon. . . . The entry in Mr. Quillinan's journal for this day is as follows:—'Mr. Wordsworth breathed his last calmly, passing away almost insensibly, exactly at twelve o'clock, while the cuckoo clock was striking the hour.' * * On Saturday, the 27th, his mortal remains, followed to the grave by his own family and a very large concourse of persons, of all ranks and ages, were laid in peace near those of his children, in Grasmere church-yard. His own prophecy, in the lines,

Sweet flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy Poet's grave,
I welcome thee once more,

is now fulfilled. He desired no splendid tomb in a public mausoleum. He reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the dalemen of Grasmere, under the sycamores and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, amid the mountains which he loved."

On the whole, these are two ponderous and unattractive volumes; and even after what we know of the poet's calm and uneventful life, we rise from their perusal with a sense of wonder and disappointment that they should have so little of interest to yield. Something of this is due, no doubt, to the unskilfulness of the biographer; but when that is allowed for, the feeling remains that the reputation of the Poet loses more than it gains by the publication of his *Notes and Memoirs*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

POPULAR PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.*

THIS book is a somewhat undigested mass of valuable matter, interspersed occasionally with reflections of much interest, and observations of considerable originality. The author is unquestionably a man of talent; he writes with vigor and smartness; he has taken pains in the collection of most of his materials; and his statistics are arranged with great care, and managed with unusual skill. In this point he is much superior to his prototype and apparent master, Mr. Alison. But his range of topics is too wide to allow of his doing justice to any one of them, and his book is disfigured with an unwieldy series of quotations from blue books, newspapers, and reviews; from publications that never had authority, and publications that have long been superseded. An enumeration of the heads of some of his chapters will give an idea of the extent of ground which he careers over:—"Population;" "Occupations of the People;" "Taxation, Revenue, Expenditure;" "Theory of Progress;" "Condition of the People;" "Crime;" "Manners;" "Conversation;" "Rich and Poor;" "Railways;" "Sir Robert Peel;" "The Press;" "The Tenth of April;" "The Church;" "Solicitors and Attorneys;" "Supply of London with Meat;" "Drinking Habits;" "The Poor Law;" and many others. All these grave topics are disposed of in a positive off-hand manner, and in the tone we might expect from a man of lively and inquiring mind, whose Tory predilections and protectionist opinions are often so one-sided as to show us as much of "England as it is not," as of "England as it is."

The book, on the whole, however, is decidedly readable, though, besides its discursiveness, it has two rather serious faults. If we except two or three chapters, the writer has no personal or practical knowledge of any of the subjects which he treats. The chapters devoted to law and the legal pro-

fession will be interesting to the unlearned, because there the author is comparatively *en pays de connaissance*; and from the same cause the chapters on Manners and Conversation are about the best in the book, because society—that is, London literary, legal, and political society—at least in one of its many-colored aspects, appears to be familiar to him; not so life in the provinces and society among the middle classes. While, of the people—of the component parts of our social structure in detail; of the character, feelings, and position of the masses—he knows practically nothing, having looked at them through the medium of books alone. His source of information on these points is sometimes the "Times" newspaper; sometimes an obscure pamphlet; sometimes a party review; sometimes a blue book. He speaks as a barrister from his brief, who makes the most of the materials furnished to him, but who has never come into personal communication with his client, or seen the premises or machine on which he descants so fluently to the jury.

As far as any one prevailing idea can be detected in the book, it is, that England is going to the dogs: as far as any distinct purpose can be traced, it is to prove our national peril and retrogression. It would be unjust to class "England as it is," with the absurd and malignant work of Ledru Rollin ("La Decadence de l'Angleterre"); but there are some undeniable resemblances between them. Both authors are disposed to paint English society *en noir*, to think that our imperial star is on the wane, that our national maturity is past, and that old age and decrepitude are at hand. For ourselves, we have better trust and stronger faith; we believe that we flourished and advanced under Tory ministers and a restrictive tariff; and we are not without hopes that we shall continue to flourish and advance even under a Whig Government and a free commercial policy. And since we entirely disagree with Mr. Johnston as to the decay, both actual and prospective, of Great Britain, we propose to join issue with him on this, the prominent conception of his book.

* *England as it is; Political, Social, and Industrial, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century.* By WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Barrister at Law. London: 1861.

The warning symptoms of this impending desolation Mr. Johnston traces in the deteriorating material position of our working classes; in the decay of friendly intercourse between them and their superiors; in the increase of crime; in the excessive toil and struggle for existence everywhere manifest around us; in the scoffing and frivolous tone of society; and in the dwarfed and degraded spirit of our statesmanship;—signs and menaces which, if their existence could be clearly proved, would go far to justify his gloomiest and worst surmises. In most of these points, however, we differ with him as to fact; in some as to causes; in others as to the inference to be drawn from them.

First, as to the *Physical Condition of the Masses*. We are not disposed to draw a picture *coulour de rose* of the condition of our people. We have been too long and too near witnesses of their struggles and their sorrows, to feel any temptation to ignore them, or make light of them. But we must remember that the question is not now,—whether our present state is satisfactory? but, Is it improving or deteriorating? Are we advancing or retrograding in civilization and well-being? Is our actual progress so slow, as to make us despair about the future? or, worse still, Is our improvement confined to the outside,—the surface, and the summit, while all within is hollow, and a varnished decay is busy at our vitals? Admitting then, and deploring, as we do, that the condition of the masses is far from the ideal we might form, far even from a point at once desirable, attainable, and due,—we affirm that it has improved, and is still improving, with a rapidity and in a direction, which, viewed aright, justify the most sanguine anticipations.

"The inventions of science have not benefited the poorer classes."—Have they not? Look at railroads, the great scientific marvel of the age, which in the course of twenty years have brought the remotest parts of our islands within twenty-four hours of each other, which have quintupled our locomotive speed, and multiplied the amount of our locomotion in a ratio that baffles calculation. Who have been the chief gainers by them? Clearly the poor, to whom, formerly, locomotion was a thing almost impossible; who, for the most part, passed the whole of life in the narrow circuit of their native hamlet, or the town in which they were apprenticed; who frequently lived and died without visiting the next valley, or crossing the range of low hills which were ever before their eyes;

who, if compelled by dire necessity to travel, trudged painfully on foot, weary, limping, and heavy-laden; who, on their rare holidays, could find no recreation but wandering in familiar fields, or boozing at the wonted tavern. The wealthy could always travel in luxurious carriages with spirited post-horses, which carried them along at the rate of eighteen pence a mile. The middle classes indulged their restless or curious propensities on the top of the mail coach, a mode of conveyance to which even now they look back with affection and regret. But the poor, till this great application of science to their use, were absolutely rooted to their place of birth: they heard of London, or York, or the mountains, or the lakes, as distant scenes replete with wonders and attractions, but as inaccessible as Paradise to them. Now, every fine Sunday, every summer holiday, sees hundreds of thousands of artisans rush from the smoky recesses of Liverpool or London, to make merry with their friends, or refresh themselves after a week of toil with the gay verdure and invigorating air of the country. For the smallest sums, they are carried in cheap trips to see York minster, or to wander on the cliffs of Scarborough, or bathe in the sea at Dover;—they are poured out in multitudes on the shores of Windermere; and conveyed almost without any intervention of their own, to London, to Dublin, to Paris, at a cost which few among them cannot, by an effort, manage to afford. What these new facilities must have done to counterbalance and compete with the low pleasures of intemperance and gambling, how they have interfered with the cock-fight, and unpeopled the race-course, and replaced the bull-bait, may be easily conceived. A "cheap trip" is now, with the artisan class, the established mode of passing a leisure day. In 1848, the number who left Manchester alone, in Whitsun week, by these excursion trains, was 116,000; in 1849 it had risen to 150,000; and last year it reached 202,000. Mr. Johnson himself gives a table (vol. i. p. 285.), which should have prevented him from penning the rash sentence we have quoted from him on the uselessness of scientific improvements to the poor. In 1849 the number who traveled by railway were as follows:—

	Passengers.	Receipts.
First Class	7,292,811	£1,927,768
Second	23,521,650	2,530,969
Third and Parliamentary	32,590,323	1,316,476

Thus it appears that the poorer classes traveled by railway to the number of nearly

33,000,000, and could afford to spend in that mode of recreation nearly 2,000,000*l*. They outnumbered the middle classes in the proportion of *four to three*, and the wealthier classes in the proportion of *four to one*.

"The condition of the working classes has deteriorated, and their command over the comforts of life has diminished."—Has it? Let us look at facts again. At the close of the last century, rye, oatmeal, and barley bread, were extensively consumed throughout the country: according to one authority, rye bread was the habitual food of one-seventh of the population: it is now entirely disused, and the use of wheaten bread is almost universal among even the poorest classes. To what extent their consumption of this has increased, we have no means of knowing with any approach to accuracy. According to the calculation of Lord Hawkesbury, the consumption of wheat in the kingdom, in 1796, was 6,000,000 quarters; it is now estimated by the most careful authorities (but of course, as we have no agricultural statistics, this is merely an estimate) at 15,200,000 quarters. The growth of wheat in England is known to have enormously increased; and besides this, the amount of wheat and wheat-flour imported and retained for home consumption, which was 2,317,460 quarters in the five years ending with 1800, had increased in the five years ending with 1850, to 15,463,530 quarters. Vast as has been our importation since, it has all gone into consumption as fast as it was landed. Of course, the difference between our population at the several periods is to be taken into account. But, all things considered, probably the price of grain may be the best proximate test of the command of the working classes over this the first necessary of life. Now a comparison of the past and present gives us a conclusive result; and it is a fair comparison, because the potato-disease and the famine of 1847 form an ample set-off against the bad harvests at the beginning of the century. The average price of wheat during the first ten years of the century was 83*s*. 6*d*.; during the last ten years, it was only 53*s*. 4*d*. The same earnings, therefore, which in the last generation could command only five quartern loaves would now purchase eight. The fall in the cost of other articles of daily consumption among the poor has been nearly, if not quite, as great. Coffee, which fifty years ago was selling at 200*s*. a cwt., may now be purchased, of equal quality, at 117*s*.; tea, in the same period, has fallen from 5*s*. to 3*s*. 4*d*. a lb.; and sugar from 80*s*.

to 41*s*. a cwt. In articles of clothing the reduction is even more remarkable: a piece of printing calico, 20 yards long, which is made into three gowns, and which, as late even as 1814, cost 28*s*. in the wholesale warehouse, is now sold for 6*s*. 6*d*., and two years ago sold as low as 5*s*. A piece of good 4-quarter Irish linen, (13th quality) bleached, sold in 1800 at 3*s*. 2*d*. a yard. Goods, the nearest to the same kind now made, sell at 14*d*. Grey 4-quarter shirting (20th quality), which cost 5*s*. 6*d*. a yard in 1800, and 3*s*. 6*d*. in 1830, now sells for 1*s*. 6*d*.; and the cost of bleaching it is reduced in the same proportion, viz.: from 12*s*. a piece in 1800, and 8*s*. in 1830, to 3*s*. 6*d*. in the present year.

These facts prove that the poor have the power of purchasing a larger quantity of food and clothing than formerly with the same sum. But we can go a step further than this, and can show, in the case of many articles, that they actually *do* supply themselves more liberally than formerly. We have seen that they do so with wheat. The average consumption of coffee (in spite of the great adulteration with chicory) has risen from one ounce and a tenth per head in 1801, to twenty-eight ounces in 1849; tea from 19 oz. to 23 oz.; sugar from 15 lbs., which it was in 1821, to 24 lbs. in 1849, against 22½ lbs. in 1801. Now it needs no elaborate argument to show, that increased cheapness of the principal necessities of life must redound to the essential benefit of the poorest and most numerous section of the community. Of such articles as bread, sugar, coffee, calico, and linen, the wealthy and easy classes will always allow themselves as much as they desire or need; and a reduction in price will seldom induce them, as individuals (apart, that is, from their servants and household), to increase their consumption. It allows them, indeed, a larger surplus to spend on luxuries or elegancies; but that is the sum of its benefit to them: to the poor it makes all the difference of a scanty or an ample meal, of warm or insufficient clothing, of an anxious or a care-free mind, of a vigorous and healthy or a pining and sickly family.

Mr. Johnston returns to the charge (i. 136,) thus:—"The working classes have allowed themselves to be made the instrument of the middle orders or men of business, and have been led away by the delusion of accomplishing political changes, from which practically *they* could derive no advantage." Is this true? Have they derived no advantage from the political changes which have taken

place during the last twenty years? Has Parliamentary reform led to the remission of no taxation which pressed heavily upon them? Has commercial reform, rendered possible only by the great Act of 1832, brought no addition to their comforts, no plenty to their hearths, no spring to their industry, no demand for their productions? In what state would they have been, if our exports in 1850 had been the same as our exports in 1840? Has municipal reform relieved them from no burdens and no injustice? Have the county courts afforded them no facility for the recovery of their small debts? Has the increasing attention now paid to those sanitary arrangements which peculiarly concern the poor, no connection with the augmentation of the popular element in our government consequent upon Parliamentary reform? Is the vast improvement which has taken place in the schools for the working classes in no degree traceable to the same influence? Has not, in fact, the whole of our legislation for the last fifteen years been marked above all other characteristics by attention to the wants, interests, and comforts of the poor? Let Mr. Johnston look at our fiscal legislation alone, and blush for the injustice of his charge.

It is scarcely too much to say, that since 1830 the chief occupation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been the removal or reduction of taxes which pressed upon the mass of the people. We know how distasteful figures generally are both to hearers and readers, and we shall therefore be merciful in our use of them; but we have collected a few which are too speaking to be withheld. Since the peace in 1815 (leaving out that year,) we have repealed, up to 1846, taxes which produced annually 53,046,000*l.*; and we have imposed taxes to the amount of 13,496,000*l.*; leaving a clear balance of relief to the country of 39,550,000*l.* a year. From 1830 to 1850, 21,568,000*l.* of taxes have been repealed, and 7,925,000*l.* imposed, showing a relief to the country since that period of not less than 13,643,000*l.* But these figures, though showing the extent to which the country has been eased, give a very inadequate conception of the extent to which the working classes have participated in that relief. Of the 7,925,000*l.* of taxation imposed since 1830, 5,100,000*l.* is furnished by the income tax, from which they are wholly exempted. In 1830, there were taxes on all the raw materials of our industry; now, all these

come in free. In 1830, there was a prohibitory duty on foreign grain, foreign meat was excluded, and heavy customs' duties were levied on all imported articles of food. Now corn comes in free; butchers'-meat comes in free; the duty on colonial coffee has been reduced from 9*d.* and 6*d.* per lb. to 4*d.*; the duty on foreign sugar was prohibitory, it is now 15*s.* 6*d.* a cwt.; the duty on colonial sugar was 24*s.* a cwt., it is now 11*s.* In 1830, the poor man's letter cost him from 6*d.* to 13*d.*, he now gets it from the furthest extremity of the island for a penny. In fact, with the single exception of soap, no tax is now levied on any one of the necessities of life; and if a working man chooses to confine himself to these, he may escape taxation altogether. Whatever he contributes to the revenue is a purely voluntary contribution. If he confines himself to a strictly wholesome and nutritious diet, and to an ample supply of neat and comfortable clothing,—if he is content, as so many of the best, and wisest, and strongest, and longest-lived men have been before him, to live on bread and meat and milk and butter, and to drink only water; to clothe himself in woolen, linen, and cotton; to forego the pleasant luxuries of sugar, coffee, and tea, and to eschew the noxious ones of wine, beer, spirits, and tobacco,—he may pass through life without ever paying one shilling of taxation, except for the soap he requires for washing—an exception which is not likely to remain long upon our statute-book. Of what other country in the world can the same be said? The discontented, the factious, and the agitating still go about, telling the working man that he, the heavily-taxed Englishman, cannot compete with the lightly-taxed foreigner; speaking, as they might have been justified in some respects in speaking in 1800, or in 1815, or in 1829; using language which may have been true then, but which is simply false now. But in a work like Mr. Johnston's, carefully prepared for the press, such unfairness and unveracity should, in common decency, have been avoided. In no country in Europe is the peasant and artisan so free from all enforced taxation as in England. The French peasant pays a salt-tax, a *contribution personnelle et mobilière*; a license tax; and, if he live in a town, the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*. The German laboring man pays a poll-tax, a class tax, a trade-tax, and sometimes a meat-tax; and in certain parts an *octroi* also. The English working man pays no direct taxes whatever. He is taxed

only for his luxuries; he pays only on the pleasures of the palate; if he chooses to dispense with luxuries, none of which are essential and few of which are harmless, he dispenses with taxation too; if, on the contrary, he chooses to smoke his pipe and drink his glass, to sip tea from China, and sweeten it with sugar from Jamaica, he at once puts himself into the category of the rich, who can afford these superfluities; *he voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class*, and forfeits all title to sue or to complain *formâ pauperis*. We are far from wishing to intimate that he should not indulge in all harmless luxuries to the utmost limit that he can afford; but most indisputably, in thus leaving it optional with him whether he will contribute to the revenue or not—and subjecting him to no actual privations if he decline to do so—Parliament is favoring him to an extent which it vouchsafes to no other class in the community, and to which no other land affords a parallel. His earnings are decimated by no income-tax, like those of the clerk; his cottage is subject to no window-tax, like that of the struggling professional aspirant; very generally he does not even contribute to the poor-rate;—he pays, like the rich man, to the State only when he chooses to imitate the rich man in his living.

In a very valuable paper, read by Mr. Porter before the British Association last August, on "the self-imposed taxation of the working classes," he shows in a very striking manner how far less liberally they are treated by themselves than by the government which their advocates so unfairly accuse of neglect and injustice. He there clearly proves that the working classes tax themselves every year, in three needless and noxious articles alone, to an extent equal to the whole yearly revenue of the kingdom: these articles, too, (which is the worst and most selfish feature of the case) being consumed almost entirely by the heads of families, to the exclusion of their wives and children. Mr. Porter, after a careful calculation, in which all exaggeration is anxiously eliminated, gives the yearly expenditure of the people in the items of British and Colonial spirits, beer and porter, tobacco and snuff; leaving out brandy, as mainly used by the rich; leaving out all beer brewed in private families; leaving out English-made cigars, and all foreign manufactured tobacco, which is chiefly the higher priced snuff and Havannah cigars, not used by the poor. The sum total is as follows:—

Rum, gin, and whiakey	-	-	£20,810,208
Beer and porter	-	-	25,383,165
Tobacco and snuff	-	-	7,218,242
			<hr/>
			£53,411,615

Let those who speak of working men as an oppressed, impoverished, and extorted class, reflect what a magical change in their condition a very few years would effect were this vast sum, thus worse than thrown away, either expended in adding to their comforts, or laid by to raise them into the class of capitalists, whom they so much envy and so thoughtlessly malign.

"Vast as has been the increase of the national wealth of late years, its distribution has been found less satisfactory." So avers Mr. Johnston. "Property is more and more coagulating into large masses. The rich are becoming richer, and the poor poorer. No class of politicians denies this."—We deny it *in toto*: there is no evidence to support the assertion; and, thanks to Mr. Porter's industry and research, there is considerable evidence to disprove it. It is obvious that when the savings of the working classes—the sums they accumulate and lay by—are increasing, it cannot be said, with any truth, that the poor are becoming poorer. Now, we have no means of knowing, with any certainty, what the total amount of these savings are, because so large a portion of them are in the hands of friendly societies and Odd Fellows' clubs, of whose investments no summary is published. We only know that they are largely increasing. The number of these friendly societies registered was, in 1846, no less than 10,995; and the amount deposited by them in savings' banks, and directly in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners, was £3,301,560. In 1849, in spite of the severe pressure and high prices of 1847 and 1848, this sum has increased to £3,356,000. This, however, by no means comprises the whole. Mr. McCulloch informs us that, in 1815, these societies were said to have numbered 925,429 members. If this be correct, they must now, he says, reach 1,200,000. But leaving these figures, over which some doubt may be thrown, let us come to Savings' Banks, where we have official documents to rely upon. In England, Wales, and Ireland, the depositors, who numbered 412,217 in 1830, had increased to 970,825 in 1848; and the amount deposited had sprung up from £13,507,568 to £27,034,026. The following will show

the increase in the deposits as compared with the population for England, Wales, and Ireland. In Scotland, owing to the greater fa-

cilities and the more liberal interest afforded by the ordinary banks, savings banks have not till recently been much used.

				s. d.	
In 1831 the amount deposited was	-	-	12	8	per head.
1836 " " "	-	-	16	4	"
1841 " " "	-	-	19	10	"
1846 " " "	-	-	24	0	"

In 1848, the amount had fallen off to 20s. 11d., owing to the distress occasioned by the potato-rot, and the high price of provisions; it has since again increased.

It is, however, sometimes asserted that the bulk of depositors in these institutions do not belong, properly speaking, to the working classes, but are composed of domestic servants and small tradesmen. As regards friendly societies this assertion is certainly not true; as regard savings' banks we cannot speak so decidedly, since the callings of the depositors are not regularly classified and published. But we have lying before us a return from the Manchester and Salford Savings' Bank in 1842—from which it ap-

pears that out of 14,937 depositors, 3,063 were domestic servants, 3,033 children, whose parents had invested money for them, only 2,372 tradesmen, clerks, warehousemen, porters, artists and professional teachers, and the remainder were laborers and handicraftsmen in various branches of industry.

The official accounts of the dividends paid to fundholders afford much valuable information, strongly controverting the idea of the present tendency of property to concentrate itself into few hands. They show that while the larger fundholders are diminishing, the smaller are increasing. More persons hold to the half-yearly value of £5; fewer to the half-yearly value of £500.

Fundholders receiving at each Payment.		1831.	1848.	Increase per Cent.	Diminution per Cent.
Not exceeding	£ 5	88,170	96,415	9.35	
"	10	44,790	44,937	0.33	
"	50	98,320	96,024	-	2.33
"	100	25,694	24,462	-	4.79
"	200	14,772	13,882	-	6.02
"	300	4,527	4,032	-	10.93
"	500	2,890	2,647	-	8.41
"	1000	1,398	1,222	-	12.59
"	2000	412	328	-	20.38
Exceeding	2000	172	177	2.90	
		281,145	284,127		

The increase in the last item is caused by the insurance offices, which invest largely in the funds.

The income-tax returns lead to a similar conclusion: the smaller incomes have increased faster than the larger. While the

number assessed between £150 and £500 have increased between 1812 and 1848, 196 per cent.; those assessed upwards of £500 have increased only 147 per cent. The probate duty lists give the same result. Between 1833 and 1848

		Per cent.
The amount assessed on estates up to	£1,500	had increased 15.56
" " between	£1,500 and £5,000	" 9.21
" " " "	£5,000 and £10,000	" 16.38
" " " "	£10,000 and £15,000	" 8.36
" " " "	of upwards of £15,000	" 7.20

While the amount of duty received on estates of 30,000*l.* and upwards has been steadily though slowly decreasing.

Driven from all these lugubrious and malcontent positions, Mr. Johnston takes refuge in the assertion that, in spite of wealth, in spite of civilization, in spite of education, the moral condition of the people of England has retrograded in recent years. We will not now follow him through all the details he brings forward in proof of his statement. We will give one as a sample of the rest. He affirms, first, (vol. ii. p. 247.) as a matter which has fallen under his personal observation, that the greatest curse and source of crime and degradation among the laboring

classes of England is drunkenness; and secondly, that this vice is on the increase, and "that from whatever cause, the consumption of ardent spirits has far from diminished." We admit his first assertion: we entirely deny the second. The decrease of habits of drinking among the middle and higher classes has long been matter of notoriety and of congratulation. Mr. McCulloch states the average consumption of wine in the United Kingdom to have fallen since the close of the last century from *three* bottles a man to *one and one-third*; and from the last returns published we deduce the following figures:—

	Per head.
From 1795—1804 we consumed	0·52 gallons of wine a year.
1821—1824	0·22
" —1842	0·18
" —1849	0·22

This is a most satisfactory result; but it is not generally known that the official documents relating to the consumption of beer and ardent spirits show one not less satisfactory with regard to the increasing temperance of the poor. For the first quarter of this

century the high duties on British spirits caused such an enormous amount of illicit distillation that no comparison can be instituted with that period. Since 1830 the following table shows the annual consumption per head in the kingdom.

	1831.	1841.	1849.
British Spirits drunk per head	90	77	84
Colonial	15	09	11
Foreign	05	04	08
	1·10	90	1·03

The following table is still more clear and satisfactory, as showing that there has been a large and, on the whole, a continuous de-

crease in the use of ardent spirits in England and Ireland, and that the sole increase has been in Scotland.

Home made Spirits charged with Duty.	1831.	1836.	1843.	1846.	1849.
	£	£	£	£	£
England -	7,732,000	7,875,000	7,720,000	5,634,000	5,318,000
Scotland -	6,007,000	6,621,000	5,593,000	9,560,000	10,445,000
Ireland -	9,004,000	12,249,000	5,546,000	8,333,000	8,117,000
U. Kingdom	22,743,000	26,745,000	18,859,000	23,527,000	23,880,000

The diminution in the consumption of malt liquor appears to have kept pace with that in the use of spirits. In 1830 the beer duty

was taken off, and a great increase in the number of licenses was the result. The beer shops increased till 1836, when they

reached their maximum. Since that time they have steadily declined. The licenses granted in that year were 45,717, or one for every 566 persons; in 1849, they were 38,200, or one for every 720 persons.

Consumption per Head in the United Kingdom,	British Spirits Gallons.	Bushels of Malt.
In the year 1831 -	90	1.63
" 1841 -	77	1.35
" 1849 -	84	1.32

It will be allowed, we think, that these figures effectually dispose of Mr. Johnston's rash assertion as to the increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors among our increasing population.

We trust that the picture we have drawn of the undeniable improvement of our population as a whole, and of our progress in all the departments of national well-being, will not be held to indicate want of knowledge of the amount of social suffering which still exists, nor want of the deepest sympathy with the sufferers. We are fully cognizant of the existence in our great towns of a class of beings *below* the working classes, permanently and almost hopelessly degraded. We are not blind to the pressure, the privation, the penury, the occasional starvation, even, prevalent among many craftsmen, especially perhaps, among sempstresses and tailors. We admit and deplore the depressed and impoverished condition of the agricultural laborers over many parts of England; and we look upon this feature in the social state of England with almost more anxiety than any other, because, more than any other, an air of wretchedness and of inability to rise would here appear to be characteristic of a whole section of our population. But we do not dwell upon these painful facts here, not from wishing to ignore them, nor from feeling them to be irreconcilable with our theory of progress, but because—unless they can be shown to spring out of our advancing civilization, or to prevail now to a greater degree than formerly—they are, in our controversy with the asserters of our national decay, to a great extent irrelevant considerations. The existence of widespread distress is undoubtedly a proof that our civilization is imperfect, and our social system incomplete; but that this distress is more extensive or more severe than it has been, will not, we think, be deliberately held by any one who is aware how similar com-

plaints, as angry and unmeasured, stretch back through the whole half century; how much more sensitive to suffering, how much more quick to detect and prompt to pity misery, the public mind has of late years become; and how many phases of wretchedness formerly hidden in secrecy and silence are now made known through a thousand channels. If there are among us any classes whose inability to live in comfort or to rise out of their bondage is justly chargeable upon the arrangements of society, this is an impeachment of our civilization, and a fatal flaw in the structure of our political community. But if, as we believe, all these cases of misery and degradation—where they are not those casual exceptions which must always exist in human, and therefore imperfect societies—are distinctly traceable to the former neglect of natural laws which are now beginning to be studied and obeyed, and to a violation, by the last generation, of principles which have been taken as the guide and the pole-star of the present,—then this impeachment can no longer be justly sustained. It is the law of nature that children should suffer for their father's faults: it is the law of nature that indolence, improvidence, recklessness, and folly should entail suffering and degradation; and it is no just ground for the condemnation of our social arrangements, that they carry out this law; nor any argument against the progress of an age, that the action of this law is legibly written on its face. If, indeed, (in any but exceptional instances, which no system can ever meet,) the industrious, the frugal, and the foreseeing—whose parents before them were industrious, frugal, and foreseeing also—not only cannot maintain their position or rise above it, but are sinking lower and lower in spite of their exertions, then the construction of society is somehow, somewhere, in fault, and our boasted progress is a mistake and mockery. But who will affirm such cases to exist except as rare anomalies?

One remark more, and we will quit this branch of the subject. Much has been written of late respecting the privations of the 30,000 needlewomen and the 23,000 tailors of the metropolis, and of the destitution and squalor of the peasants in rural districts: shocking individual pictures have been drawn of the sufferings of these classes; and, exaggerated as some of them may have been in tone and coloring, we do not deny their truth in the main. They are true as scenes; are they true as general delineations? Are they *specimens or exceptions*? How deep do these miseries go? Are they characteristic of a class, or only of individuals of that class? There is, moreover, one weighty consideration entirely left out of view by those who draw rapid generalizations from these harrowing descriptions, which we can only just indicate here. *How small a redundancy of numbers in any branch of industry will suffice to give to that branch the appearance, and even, for the time, to cause the reality of general distress?* If, in the cotton trade, there is regular employment, at ample wages, for 50,000 spinners, and 50,500 are seeking for work, though it be only this extra *one per cent.* who are properly speaking destitute or in distress, they may easily succeed not only in actually making the other ninety-nine sharers in their privations, but in giving a general character of destitution and *unemployment* to the whole class. If there are 31,000 needlewomen in London, and only 30,000 are wanted, the surplus thousand, by their competition, their complaints, their undeniable destitution, will inevitably produce on the superficial observer the impression of starvation and inadequate employment pervading the whole denomination. Apply these remarks to the clothing trades. Now, if we are right in this, with what justice can sufferings of this character be urged to show that society is retrograding or out of joint? How can privations, however sad, however clamorous for cure, resulting from the surplus of a few thousands—and *properly belonging only to those few*—be adduced in disproof of the progress and increasing comfort of a population of 20,000,000?

Mr. Johnston devotes a careful chapter to the examination of the Criminal Returns for the last fifteen years; and seems strongly disposed to draw from them an augury favorable to his notions of the deterioration of our social state. Except, however, in the single and very painful instance of the increase of murders, which cannot be gainsaid, we do not see that his statistics bear out his impressions.

A comparison of the total commitments for various classes of offences during the last fifteen years, presents an increase of 20·8 per cent. in this period—18·8 per cent. of which is in the crime of murder. Now we are quite ready to confess, that at first sight, the result presented is the reverse of satisfactory. But there are two or three considerations which, when duly weighed, will do much to mitigate our disappointment. And, first, let us inquire into the relative heinousness of the offences committed in these three periods, as indicated by the severity of the sentences passed upon them by the judges. Many crimes necessarily classed together under the same general denomination may be marked by very different degrees of guilt; and, where no material change has taken place in our penal laws, between the periods to be compared, we do not know that any fairer estimate can be obtained of the relative enormity of crimes than that afforded by the view taken of them by those who were judicially cognizant of all the circumstances attending their commission. During the same period it appears that while the offences judged worthy of death and transportation for life have diminished since 1839, 81 per cent.; and those judged worthy of shorter terms of exile have increased somewhat faster than the population, the vast increase which has taken place has been in those offences punishable by a year's imprisonment, or even less. A comparison between the last five years and the five years immediately preceding, shows a diminution in all offences except those visited with the mildest penalties.

There are, however, other circumstances which render the increase or diminution of committals for crime a very inadequate and often deceptive criterion of the moral progress of the community. In the first place, the varying skill and activity of the police will go far to modify any conclusions we might draw from criminal returns. An increase in the number of committals is often only an indication of a better system of detection. The number of offenders brought to justice is often no more complete or accurate test of the number of offences committed, than is the number of fish caught of the number swimming in the river. If every year a larger proportion of existing criminals be not brought to light, our police cannot be improving as it ought. It is, therefore, obvious that an increase in the crimes made known may easily co-exist with an actual decrease in the crimes committed. In the second place—and this is a point to which we wish to call special

attention—crime is, for the most part, committed, not by the community at large, but by a peculiar and distinct section of it. A great portion of the crimes of violence, and most of the crimes of fraud, are due to professional criminals; and an increase of offences indicates rather increased activity in this criminal population, or increased facility for their depredations, or, at most, an increase in their numbers, than any augmented criminality on the part of society in general. The inmates of our gaols, the culprits in our docks, belong habitually, in an overwhelming proportion, to a class apart, a class whose occupation and livelihood are found in the commission of offences; who are compelled to this trade because they know no other, and because no other is in vogue among the people with whom their lot is cast; and who are in many cases trained to it as regularly as others are trained to weaving, to ploughing, or to tailoring. The increase of crime, therefore, generally bespeaks, on the worst supposition, an increase of the criminal population; and in no degree militates against the idea of the progress of morality and civilization among all other classes; though it shows, with painful distinctness and with startling emphasis, that society has not succeeded in removing the motives which stimulate to a criminal career, or in redeeming and absorbing those classes from which the criminal population is recruited. While it is one of the beneficial effects of a good police, to separate more and more the light from the darkness, our swollen return of crime is undoubtedly a blot upon our escutcheon and a drawback on our progress; not as impeaching the general honesty and virtue of the nation, but as showing the existence of a class among us which the advance of civilization ought to have eradicated or suppressed.

The chapter which is devoted to Sir Robert Peel is one of the most interesting in the book. Mr. Johnston regards that eminent and lamented statesman from an opponent's point of view, but in no hostile spirit. He considers that to speak of him as "the embodiment and type of the age in which he lived, implies no compliment, if the age be (as he evidently conceives it) essentially unheroic—an age of compromise and artifice—an age more prolific of prudence than of elevated feeling—an age in which generous enthusiasm is dead." Again, he is inclined to account for the high and sincere encomiums passed upon Sir Robert Peel by leading men of all parties, "by a vitiated state of the general mind, so far as regards public af-

fairs; by the want of heroic attachment to high principle, by the fact that we have at present upper classes at once disdainful and mean, and middle classes worshipping what is safest, or what seems so."

Now though we do not think that Mr. Johnston is altogether just to the character of Sir Robert Peel, still it is not our province to undertake his defence at present, except in as far as the grounds on which he is condemned would insure the condemnation of nearly all the statesmen of the age; and besides, would indicate a want of appreciation of their peculiar difficulties, and a misconception of the qualities of character and the course of conduct exacted from them by the nature of representative governments and the circumstances of modern times.

It is a common complaint among the *laudatores temporis acti*,—and our author echoes it in more than one passage—that the race of great statesmen has died out,—that their modern representatives are dwarfed and dwindled, and that statesmanship itself has become low, time-serving and mediocre. The sentiment is no new one: as the men of our days look upon Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, the men of their times looked back on Bolingbroke and Chatham; these in their turn on Halifax and Clarendon; and these again on Walsingham and Burleigh. But the truth is that the statesmen of one age or country are unsuited to the requirements of another; and it is from failing to bear this in mind that we are so generally unjust to the men of our own day, so needlessly desponding about our future, and so apt unduly to extol the great leaders of the past. Our age demands very different qualifications in its public men from those which made men eminent and serviceable in the times of our forefathers. The statesmen of an autocratic government, like Austria or Russia, would scarcely be more out of place in a constitutional government like ours, than the statesmen of Elizabeth, or Charles, or Anne would find themselves in the reign of Victoria. The magnificent powers of Sully and Richelieu, even of Stein and Hardenberg, would be misplaced in the latitude of London. Marlborough and Godolphin would be impeached for corruption; the domineering genius of Lord Chatham would cause him to be shelved as an "impracticable" man, with whom it was impossible to act; the imperious temper of Hyde and Strafford would be much more promptly fatal to them in our days than they at last became even in their own: and even a Cecil could scarcely man-

age to govern with a reformed parliament as "viceroy over them." The very qualities which made men great in public life formerly, would bar them out from public life now. A vast change has taken place in the nature of the statesmanship required; and it is still in progress. The statesmanship required now is far less initiative and more administrative than formerly. A public man in the present day cannot decide upon his principles and purposes, and carry them out by the mere force of the high position to which his sovereign may have raised him. He is debarred from the glorious power which belongs to the rulers of autocratic states, of deciding in his own mind on the measures suited to insure his country's grandeur or well-being, and enacting and enforcing them, regardless of the opposition of parties less far-seeing, less profound, less patriotic than himself. He cannot place before him a great object, and say, "This my position as prime minister enables me to attain, and I will disregard present hostility and blame, and trust to future results to justify and vindicate my wisdom." He is denied that noblest privilege of the wise and mighty—that which gives to statesmanship its resistless fascination for the ripened mind—the right to elaborate, "in the quietness of thought," a system of policy, solid in its foundations, impartial in its justice, far-reaching, fertilizing, beneficent in its operation,—and to pursue it with unswerving and imperturbable resolve. He cannot, like Peter, systematize the civilization of a barbarous empire; he cannot, like Richelieu, by the union of high office and indomitable will, subdue and paralyze a haughty and ancient aristocracy; he cannot, like Colbert, reconstruct the finances and commerce of a great kingdom; he cannot, like Stein, by an overpowering fiat, raise a whole nation of *proletaires* out of serfdom into civil possessions and civil rights. He is powerless except in as far as he can induce others to agree with him. He has not only to conceive and mature wise schemes, he has to undergo the far more painful and vexatious labor of persuading others of their excellence, of instructing the ignorance of some, of convincing the understandings of others, of combating the honest prejudices of one party, of neutralizing the interested opposition of another; he has to clip, to modify, to emasculate his measures, to enfeeble them by some vital omission in order to conciliate this antagonist, to clog them with some perilous burden in order to satisfy that rival, till he is fain to doubt wheth-

er compromise has not robbed victory of its profit as well as of its charms.

These are some of the difficulties which statesmen have to overcome in a country where Parliament is omnipotent, and where every citizen is a dogmatic and self-complacent politician. Though modern statesmanship may call for other qualities than those needed in former days, the qualities are assuredly neither fewer, less lofty, nor rare. A thorough mastery of facts, a clear purpose, a patient temper, a persevering will; a profound knowledge of men, of the motives which actuate them, of the influences by which they are to be swayed; skill to purchase the maximum of support by the minimum of concussion; tact to discern the present temper and the probable direction of the popular feeling; sagacity to distinguish between the intelligent and the unintelligent public opinion, between the noisy clamor of the unimportant few, and the silent convictions of the influential many, between the outcry which may be safely and justly disregarded, and the expression of the mind of the country which it would be wrong and dangerous to withstand;—these are surely qualifications which demand no ordinary combination of moral and intellectual endowments. The statesman of to-day requires as comprehensive a vision and as profound a wisdom as in former times, with intenser labor, and a far wider range of knowledge; but he requires other gifts which formerly were scarcely needed. For, he now has not only to decide what ought to be done, and what is the wisest way of doing it, but he has to do it, or as much of it as he can, in the face of obstacles of which Machiavelli had no conception, which would have baffled Mazarin, and at which even Chatham or Walpole might have stood aghast. To quarrel with a statesman because he is what his age compels him to be, because he meets the requirements of his day and generation, because he does not import into a democratic age, and into a country in which the popular element is unprecedentedly active and powerful, the habits and qualities of mind which could only find their fitting field and natural development in aristocratic or despotic eras, is simply to join issue with the political necessities of the times. In England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, with a reformed Parliament, with a free and powerful press, with a population habituated throughout all its ranks to the discussion of political affairs, a minister, whatever be his genius, can no longer impose

his will upon the nation; to be useful and great, he must carry the nation along with him, he must be the representative and embodiment of its soberest and maturest wisdom,—not the depository or exponent, still less the imperious enforcer, of views beyond

their sympathy, and above their comprehension. The nature of our government prescribes the qualifications of our statesmen; to hanker after a different order of men is to pine for a different order of things.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MORE GLASGOW CELEBRITIES.

THE relief and elevation which an infusion of literary society is calculated to give to a community mainly engaged in the pursuits of material industry, was strikingly shown in Glasgow in the last century. The university then contained a remarkable cluster of eminent men, who seemed to have mingled in an easy manner with the mercantile citizens. Most of them were what is called *characters*, that is, they had each something peculiar in dress, manner, or habits, which attracted general attention. Mixing freely with their fellow-citizens at the social board, in the club-room, or at the whist-table, their eccentricities became matter of familiar observation and daily talk with the rest of the community; and many, accordingly, were the anecdotes that I heard of them in my early days.

By nothing, I think, had these *sarants* been more generally characterized than by absence of mind. There was a certain clergyman named M'Laurin, who seems to have carried off the palm in this respect from his contemporaries. He was a brother of the celebrated mathematician of this name, and really, in his time and place, a man of eminence. So noted was he for the peculiarity in question, that I suspect some of the stories told of him must have been the invention of contemporary wags well acquainted with his failing. Of this kind I am inclined to think was the story—very current, however—of his having gone up on the street one day to a parishioner in humble life, who knew his minister well, and whom he addressed with the startling question, "Thomas, is your name John?"

One evening, at the house of his son-in-

law, and biographer, Dr. Gillies, when in profound meditation, he happened to see the word TEA inscribed in large characters on a canister placed on the sideboard. After looking at this mystical word for some time, without having the slightest idea of what it meant, he began to spell it audibly TEA—T-E-A; he then made a dissyllable of it—TE-A; but all to no purpose. At last, totally baffled, he turned to Dr. Gillies—"John," he said, "what Greek word is that?"

Dr. Gillies, himself a worthy divine, and well known in the church of Scotland by his writings, seems to have been a person of much humor; at least we may infer as much from his literary contest with a singularly-gifted man, John Taylor, the poet and writing-master, well known in Glasgow at this period. The subject of contention was a poem to be addressed to "Nonsense," (styled a goddess for the nonce) in which the indispensable condition was, that no one line should contain an intelligible idea. The prize proposed for the successful candidate was a *leadon crown*, which was to be adjudged by Dr. Hamilton, then professor of anatomy at the university. The circumstance which led to this singular war of wits, I have never heard, nor whether there were more candidates for the prize than the two I have mentioned. If there were, it is probable that they soon left the field. In adjudging the prize, Dr. Hamilton said, "That it would have been difficult for him to determine the case were it a mere question of ability; but on comparing the poems, it seemed to him that there was something like an idea in one of Dr. Gillies' lines; but that Mr. Taylor's verses were totally free

from any such imputation." Mr. Taylor was accordingly crowned with due solemnity.

As I believe the poem was never printed, although it made much noise at the time, the following ample extracts will, it is hoped, be interesting. In reading these verses, it must be recollected that their chief merit consists in their being *downright nonsense*—a species of writing which, however he may fall into it unconsciously, any one who sets himself seriously to make the attempt will find it difficult to imitate. The "Invocation," which is the only *sensible* part of the poem, is, I think, exceedingly happy:—

INVOCATION.

Noneense ! I at thine altar bend,
Implo'ring thou wouldst condescend
To be my faithful teacher ;
Whilst I, in Pindar's lofty strain,
Attempt a precious crown to gain,
And foil a learned preacher.

If I'm victorious by thine aid,
With grateful heart, unbrageous maid !
The gift I'll long acknowledge :
No future favors I'll desire,
And, ere the dawn, thou may'st retire
To thine own seat—THE COLLEGE.

Gillies ! pear of apple pine,
Rock of gruel, all divine !
Hear thy praise by Pluto's ghost,
Beaming in the eye of Frost.
Lo ! as starting from his bier,
Aaron's beard inclines to hear ;
See ! like hairs of forky wine,
The frisky Nine,
All barking like the river Thames ;
The flinty smoke to water brays,
And straight obeys
Whate'er the hand of Gillies dreams.

Great man grammatic ! at his nod
The very frogs admire,
When stylic, with a water-rod,
He squeezes Clyde to fire.

Gillies, up ! when he is down,
Trip it till ye fire the moon ;
And with a bold range like the mire of Apollo,
Strip Absence from Candor, and spin us a solo.
Then down in clouds of solid gold
The rays of Silence come,
And gently with their strains enfold
The fat of Charters' drum.
And Gillies with lilies,
And lilies with fillies,
Again
and
Then.

Mount on the fervid wheels of rapid Lore,
And emulous surprise the flying Tree,
To melt the days, and tire the breathing store,
Of what ne'er was, and what shall ever be !

When lilies, walking in the vale,
Consolidate to melted hail,
Then Gillies, at the lightning's sound,
Sets mountains in a pile,
And bids the solid sea rebound
Like smoke of icy guile.
And all the while before,
They candidly implore
Old men and maidens new
To 'sin the black, and shame the blue.

Bulls of Bashan ! with your horns
Pare the nails of Moses' corns ;
Bats with wings of goose's quill,
Gild the stones of Cooper's Hill.
While preaching the wounding of old Simon
Magus,
To sulphur he blows up the dry river Tagus,
And Clyde on the back of a carpet of Latin,
Is borne up the hill that for Greek is awaiting.

Up starts Methuselah in prose—
Lo ! through the hills behold his nose,
Which knows no size at all !
But on it sits the song of praise,
And all its sweetly-swelling rays,
In tears before it fall.

While Bacon stars on hills of care,
Immensity in flaggons bear.

Mr. Taylor, whose good-humor was proverbial, was sometimes applied to by the youth of the city for amatory verses, to be sent to their sweet-hearts, which he gave with great readiness. A love-sick swain, the son of a grocer in the High Street, had received several effusions of this sort, and was desirous for more. Mr. Taylor, to get rid of him, sent in a regular *Dr.* and *Cr.* account to the father, made out in his own beautiful handwriting, charging the son for "Acrostics on Miss ———, so much ;" "for Panegyrics on Miss ———, so much," &c. The account was delivered to the father, who, glancing at it through his spectacles, read, "Crossticks and Fenugreeks. We dinna deal in dyestuffs here, lad," he said ; "try the neist shop !"

Taylor was an eccentric genius through life, and it appeared that he was not even destined to be buried like ordinary mortals. As he was universally known and esteemed, his funeral was attended by the most respectable inhabitants ; but on coming to the North-West Churchyard, where he was to be interred, it was found that his nephew had forgotten to secure a burying place. The late

Kirkman Finlay, a distant relative of Mr. Taylor, was fortunately present, and, with that promptitude which always distinguished him, immediately ordered room to be made for the coffin in his own burying-ground in this churchyard. Next day the following verses were circulated, and were afterwards attributed to the pen of James Grahame, the amiable author of "The Sabbath :"—

"When the corpee of John Taylor approached
the churchyard,
Mother Earth would not open her portal;
For why? She had heard so much said of the
bard,
She verily thought him immortal!"

Among the literary *absentees* or day-dreamers in Glasgow at this time, was the illustrious Adam Smith, professor of moral philosophy in the college. Dr. Smith, it is well known, had a habit of speaking aloud to himself. In the latter years of his abode in Glasgow, he took a daily ride on horseback for the benefit of his health; and in one of his monologues, he was overheard to say, checking his horse at the same time, "Stop, let us see what this will lead to." He then remained immovable for some time, apparently pursuing the train of his own thoughts, and totally unconscious of all that was passing around him.

A late professor at the university told me, that when sitting in his place among the professors, on Sunday, opposite the preacher in the fore-hall, Dr. Smith was occasionally seen to smile during the discourse. This behavior was never imputed to any irreverence on the doctor's part. His habits were well known, and his thoughts, it was supposed, were "far, far at sea."*

One of the most distinguished of the brilliant circle of literati in Glasgow at this time was Dr. Robert Simson, the professor of mathematics in the university. This excellent person was also subject to occasional fits of absence in company, which, as his biographer, Dr. Trail, informs us, "contributed to the entertainment of his friends, without diminishing their affection and respect."

"The doctor," continues the same writer, "in his disposition was both cheerful and

social; and his conversation, when at ease among his friends, was animated and various, enriched with much anecdote, especially of the literary kind, but always unaffected. One evening in the week he devoted to a club, chiefly of his own selection, which met in a tavern near the college. The first part of the evening was employed in playing the game of whist, of which he was particularly fond; but though he took no small trouble in estimating chances, it was remarked that he was often unsuccessful. The rest of the evening was spent in cheerful conversation, and as he had some taste for music, he did not scruple to amuse his party with a song; and it is said that he was rather fond of singing some Greek odes, to which modern music had been adapted. On Saturdays he usually dined in the village of Anderston, then about a mile distant from Glasgow, with some of the members of his regular club, and with a variety of other, respectable visitors, who wished to cultivate the acquaintance and enjoy the society of so eminent a person. In the progress of time, from his age and character, it became the wish of his company that everything in these meetings should be directed by him; and though his authority, growing with his years, was somewhat absolute, yet the good humor with which it was administered rendered it pleasing to everybody. He had his own chair and place at table; he gave instructions about the entertainment, regulated the time of breaking up, and adjusted the expense. These parties, in the years of his severe study, were a desirable and useful relaxation to his mind; and they continued to amuse him till within a few months of his death. Strict integrity and private worth, with corresponding purity of morals, gave the highest value to a character which, from other qualities and attainments, was much respected and esteemed."

Any anecdotes which I have heard of Dr. Simson authenticate the above interesting picture of this eminent person's hours of relaxation. A late professor of astronomy in the university told me that a friend of Dr. Simson's, meeting him one Saturday, when he was literally *pacing* his way to his accustomed inn in the village of Anderston, stopped to ask after his health. "Stay," said the mathematician; "put your foot here, sir" (pointing to the spot where his progress

* In a copy of Bacon's Essays, which we once encountered in an auction-room, and which bore the name of Adam Smith as owner of the book, the following note, apparently in his handwriting, appeared at the close of the dedication:—"In the preface, what may by some be thought vanity, is only that laudable and innate confidence that every good man and good writer possesses."—Ed.

* Account of the Life and Writings of Robert Simson, M.D., late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. By the Rev. William Trail, LL. D. &c. Pp. 75-77.

had been arrested);—"1260! Now, sir, what have you to say?"

The portrait of Dr. Simson, in the Faculty Hall, represents him as a goodly person, of a fair complexion, and very pleasing expression of features. From the dress and general appearance, it might readily be mistaken for the picture of a country gentleman of the period, instead of one of the most profound mathematicians in Europe.

[We may here interpolate an anecdote of Dr. Simson, which we have heard in academical society in Glasgow. The amiable mathematician had had a protracted session in the club one evening, but at length he and an associate proceeded on their way home through the college courts. "Simson," said his companion impressively, "here is a most extraordinary phenomenon. Can you in any way account for it? I declare the moon is rising in the west instead of the east!" "Poh, poh, never mind her," said Simson, "she has always been a queer jade"—(the actual expression was somewhat stronger than this)—"let her take her own way."]

Turn we now to another member of this literary society—a man of true genius, and in his mathematical attainments second only to Dr. Simson himself, but in his habits of life how widely different!

Dr. James Moor, the professor of Greek in the university, was the son of a teacher in Glasgow. It is related of the father, that, being deeply enamored of Newton's "Principia," and not having wherewithal to purchase a copy, he transcribed the whole of the book with his own hand—like Fielding's Parson Adams with his *Æschylus*. Young Moor, under his father's tuition, became an excellent mathematician, and carried off the first honors of the university, where he seems at an early period to have attracted the favorable notice of Dr. Simson. After he had finished the usual college curriculum, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Boyd, son of the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. This young nobleman, it will be recollected, succeeded, in right of his mother, to the earldom of Errol, and was the same who was so much admired as the "handsome Earl of Errol" at the coronation of George III. Moor was afterwards tutor to Lord Selkirk, who, as Lord Rector of the university, became his warm patron in after life. With both these young noblemen he traveled a good deal on the continent. His titled pupils procured him access to the first society in Europe, which must have improved his knowledge of men and manners. Yet it is to be feared that in this situation he

imbibed tastes which were incompatible with his future independence.

On his return home, Mr. Moor was appointed librarian to the college; and in a few years afterwards, was enabled, by the liberality of Lord Selkirk, who advanced £600 for the purpose, to secure the successorship to the Greek chair on the resignation of the then incumbent. As Greek professor, Moor might have lived happy and independent; but his habits were irregular, his expenses exceeded his income, and he soon experienced the discomforts of debt. The following anecdote, which was told me by a literary friend well acquainted with the private history of Dr. Moor, marks at once the character of the man, and shows the difficulties to which he was sometimes reduced. Two satellites of the law, who had been making a vain search for the doctor in his chambers in the college court, were leaving the place in despair of finding him, when Moor, emerging from his concealment in the garret, bawled out, "Where should you look for a Greek professor but in the *Attic* story?"

Dr. Moor took a warm interest in the publication of the Greek and Latin classics at the Glasgow press by his brother-in-law, the celebrated Robert Foulis—the beauty and accuracy of which extended the fame of the printer throughout Europe. In particular, Dr. Moor and Professor Moorhead superintended the printing of the famous Glasgow Homer, in four volumes folio; a work of which Gibbon speaks in terms of the highest admiration. Never was book edited with more care. In the preface to the "Iliad," which was probably written by Dr. Moor, although subscribed by both editors, we are informed that every proof-sheet was read over *six* times: twice by the ordinary corrector of the press, once by Andrew Foulis, once by each of the editors separately, and finally by both conjointly. But this was not all. I was informed by Mr. Reekie, the favorite pupil of Dr. Moor, and who afterwards became possessed of some of his most valuable books and manuscripts, that the types of this edition, as they were cast by Mr. Wilson, were regularly submitted to Dr. Moor, and if he were any way displeased with the matrices, they were immediately thrown into the fire. It is greatly to be lamented that the magnificent edition of Plato, projected by Foulis, to which Dr. Moor had consented to become editor, and for which he had collected many valuable materials, was not carried into execution, in consequence of the firm of Messrs. Foulis having fallen into difficulties.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, AS MAN POET, ESSAYIST.*

Son of S. T. Coleridge The great poet

HARTLEY COLERIDGE was born on the 19th of September, 1796, at Clevedon, near Bristol, a little village which has a threefold claim upon the affection of all who love English poetry, that is, of all true Englishmen, as the residence of the first and greatest Coleridge, the birthplace of his son, and, above all, as the final resting-place of him whose untimely death has been bewailed in the grandest and sweetest lament ever sung by poet over grave. There, too, but a few months back, were laid the remains of one who, rivaling his brother in great and good qualities, met like him an early death—one more example of hope blighted, of promise unfulfilled—one more manifestation of that mysterious Providence, whose ways baffle our ken, and leave nothing for the best and wisest of us, but, laden with cares and doubts, to fall suppliant—

{ Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God,

Our sorrow for the loss of those two noble brothers is deepened and doubled by the thought of what they might have been—but for inexorable fate.

So it is with the subject of the memoir before us. What might he have been, but for opportunities neglected, and gifts abused? *Their sun went down 'ere noon; his sun struggled on through cloud and storm to eventide.* We all know the proverb, *nil mali de mortuis*; a better and truer reading would be, *nil falsi de mortuis*. There has never been a life lived or written which did not contain ensamples to follow, and warnings to avoid; and as it is our duty to the dead to set down naught in malice, so it is our duty to the living to extenuate nothing. We would fain speak of the failings and shortcomings of the departed with all affection and

all humility—affection for him who has “dreed the bitter dole,” and humility to think that we ourselves share the same nature, and may fall into the same errors. The habits and traditions of social life may excuse falsehood, and gloss it over with a finer name, but courtesy is dumb when brought face to face with Death. Of all lies, none so foul as a lying epitaph; none, indeed, so purposeless, for the survivors believe it not, and the dead cares not for our praise or blame, seeing that his good and bad deeds have been weighed once for all by unerring justice and infinite mercy.

Never was infant heir to the throne of Saint Louis, or the throne of Alfred, honored with more poetic incense than was the little Hartley Coleridge, heir to a famous name and dowered with a fatal infirmity. His father speaks repeatedly of him, and to him, with all a father's pride in his first-born—his “dear babe,” his “babe so beautiful.” And in a vein of true prophecy—

But thou, my babe, shall wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes, and shores,
And mountain crags.

And again—

I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate.

A few years later, Wordsworth addressed to the child of his friend the tender and graceful verses beginning—

O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion, and the self-born carol.

I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

Nor did he wait for hopes, and wishes, and prayers, couched in plain prose. Lamb over and over again sends his love—a love

* *Poems*, by Hartley Coleridge; with a Memoir of his Life by his Brother. Two vols. London: E. Moxon. 1851.

Essays and Marginalia. By Hartley Coleridge. Edited by his Brother. London: E. Moxon. 1851.

worth the sending—to "dear, dear little Hartley;" and exhorts his father so to train him, that he may be worthy of his Christian name.

In his childhood he was unlike other children, just as in his boyhood he was unlike other boys, and in his manhood unlike other men. His birth had been premature; hence came, in all probability, the weakness of his frame, and smallness of his stature. Conscious of physical imperfection, he avoided the rough sports of children; conscious of singularity, he shrank from their ridicule, and was best pleased to wander "like a breeze," alone among the woods and fields, to be the playmate of Nature, who ever treats her playmates gently and lovingly. Such habits would, of course, tend to develop the fancy unduly at the expense of the more solid qualities; thus fostering what was perhaps an innate defect. His mother used to tell, "that when he was first taken to London, being then a child in arms, and saw the lamps, he exclaimed, 'Oh! now I know what the stars are—they are lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up to heaven.'"

Thus, when a baby in arms, a mother's instinct recognized in him the future poet; so, when a child in petticoats, a father's pride discerned the actual metaphysician. We quote from a diary kept by a friend of the elder Coleridge, and sent to Hartley's biographer:—

C. related some curious anecdotes of his son Hartley, whom he represented to be a most remarkable child—a deep thinker in his infancy. He tormented himself in his attempts to solve the problems that would equally torment the full-grown man, if the world and its cares and pleasures did not distract his attention. Hartley, when about five years old, was asked a question about himself being called Hartley, "Which Hartley?" asked the boy. "Why! is there more than one Hartley?" "Yes," he replied "there's a deal of Hartleys." "How so?" "There's Picture-Hartley (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him), and Shadow-Hartley, and there's Echo-Hartley, and there's Catch-me-fast-Hartley;" at the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand very eagerly—an action which shows that his mind must have been drawn to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery—viz., that man should be both his own subject and object, and that these two should be one.

At the same early age, continued Coleridge, Hartley used to be in agony of thought, puzzling himself about the reality of existence. As when some said to him, "It is not now, but it is to be." "But," said he, "if it is to be, it is." Perhaps this confusion of thought lay not merely in the im-

perfection of language. Hartley, when a child, had no pleasure in things; they made no impression on him till they had undergone a process in his mind, and were become thoughts or feelings. Of his subsequent progress Coleridge said little or nothing.

The last sentence is significant. In truth, he seems to have abandoned metaphysics about the time he was breeched, and to have betaken himself to historical studies after a fashion of his own. He created for himself a kingdom, an island on some undiscovered sea, which he called by the marvelous name of Ejuxria. During his lonely walks he occupied himself in devising a history thereof; he fought battles, and conducted sieges, negotiated treaties and alliances, and rehearsed debates in the senate. This seems to have been the chief business of his life for years. One day, a lady observing him to be unusually depressed in spirits, asked him the reason; he then confided to her that it was because, in spite of all his advice, his people (the Ejuxrians, to wit) would go to war. Sometimes he would come to his brother with a face of grave importance, and say—"Derwent, I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria;" and then proceed to recount, in the most fluent manner, the condition of public affairs according to the last advices. His brother adds, that he was a most firm believer in his own inventions, and continued to inhabit his ideal world so long, that it assumed in his mind an equal consistency with the real, till at last he became quite incapable of distinguishing truth from fiction.

Mr. Derwent Coleridge very rightly gives us all the details of this singular propensity, not only because they are important to his immediate subject, but because they afford an interesting study for the lovers of child-nature. All children who are forbidden by their rank, education, or clean pinafores, to make dirt-pies, indulge in the building of air-castles; but we never knew or heard of so persevering an architect as young Hartley. The child is father of the man: and we have little doubt that, thirty years after, when, as we have often seen him, lazily creeping along a hedge side, and ever and anon starting off at a sharp angle for a run on the open common, he was still managing tardy negotiations, or gaining brilliant victories for the Ejuxrians. Unquestionably, such a habit proceeded from and aggravated the dreamy, wayward, flighty character, which distinguished him through life, rendering continuous thought distasteful, and hard study all but impossible. Unfortunately, his inherent

and growing defects were not counteracted by any wholesome discipline. His father, though of a most affectionate and loving nature, and tenderly attached to his children, spent little of his time at home—always roaming, as he was, in search of some chimera, such as improved health in the south of Europe, or Unitarian congregations in the west of England. So the boy was left at his own will to play truant in Ejuxria. Since 1800 he had resided, in the body at least, near Keswick. There, a few years later, Southey also came to live. The two families occupied one house (Mrs. Southey and Mrs. Coleridge being sisters). The Laureate appears to have stood in *loco parentis* to his nephews, though he could have had but scant time for the office. There is a charming letter of his addressed, in 1807, to little Hartley, full of good advice couched in fun. He was wont to call the boy "Job," on account of his impatience. This year was, as his brother tells us, the *annus mirabilis* of his life—being that in which he was taken to London to see all its wonders, and among them the most wondrous of all to an imaginative child—the theatre. "Our first play," is an epoch in life which dwells in the memory more than any other, except, perhaps, our first wedding. What Hartley there saw colored all his day-dreams for years afterwards. We cannot doubt but that he established a theatre royal forthwith in the capital of Ejuxria. At that time he was introduced to, and noticed by, Scott and Davy, and had the honor of sitting to Sir David Wilkie for the portrait which is prefixed to the memoir. It must have been a faithful likeness, for we can trace the lineaments and expression of the man as he appeared thirty years later. We recognize no resemblance whatever in the frontispiece to the Essays. He would be no common artist who, while strictly adhering to the external form, should be able to catch and stereotype the flitting ray of thought and intelligence which, ever and anon, gave dignity to that mean stature, and beauty to those irregular features. But we are anticipating. His schooldays were spent at Ambleside, under the care of a kind, but eccentric master; a man of vigorous northern understanding, but deficient in graceful accomplishments; altogether, not the person best qualified to train candidates for the Oxford race.

Hartley could not, or would not, join in the active sports of his schoolfellows; but, on the other hand, he contributed to their amusement of nights, by telling them interminable stories. He would, therefore, be alternately

the object of caresses and bullying—his natural sensitiveness making him yield to the one, and his physical weakness incapacitating him from resisting the other. Sometimes in a paroxysm of rage, he would vent his fury on himself by biting his arm—thus making himself an object of contempt and ridicule. All this would certainly not tend to increase his self-respect, or develop his powers of self-command. Perhaps the wider field and ruder discipline of a public school might have brought out his latent faculties, corrected his outward extravagancies, and prepared him for the coming struggle at the university—the struggle which has to be maintained against rivals without and tempters within. A man who has been at a great public school commences the drama of life with the advantage of a previous rehearsal.

At all events, the besetting sin of Hartley's youth—vanity, would hardly have survived the rude ordeal. As it was, he went up to Oxford at nineteen, with an overweening sense of his own powers; so that, when he failed in obtaining the prize for English verse his disappointment was intense, out of all proportion to the occasion. To this his brother traces all the misfortunes of his after life; for he betook himself to the worst of comforters, the bottle. Unhappily, also, his name and great conversational talents made him a sort of lion, and many people sought his acquaintance and asked him to wine-parties for the purpose of hearing him talk. He must, however, have read between whiles, for he finally got a second class, and, a year or two later, was elected to an Oriel fellowship, having passed the examination with great *éclat*. The election, however, was made conditional on good behaviour, and a year was assigned as the period of probation. But, alas! the habit of intemperance had become so confirmed, that the greatest of earthly inducements failed to conquer it. At the end of the year the fellowship was pronounced to be forfeited, and poor Hartley was turned adrift upon the great sea, with no adequate means, and no definite prospects.

The "Dons" of Oriel behaved throughout with delicacy and kindness; they generously made him a present of 300*l.*, which, however seasonable, was yet to Hartley a poor substitute for the life-long independence and learned leisure which he had forfeited. He retired to the scene of his childhood and youth, "to wait for an opening," as the phrase is. But the opening never comes to those who merely wait. All the feeble efforts poor Hartley made to get on in life failed to move

him a step, and each successive year left him just where it found him, with lessening hopes and growing sorrows.

The fearful disease (for disease it was) which palsied all his efforts has already been mentioned; and if we dwell upon its deplorable symptoms and effects, we do so because Truth requires it, and in the hope of drawing a useful and impressive lesson. The less we adorn the tale, the better we point the moral. Hartley was often an object of wondering pity, but never sank into utter contempt. Wine always tempted, often mastered, but never enslaved, him. He drank of the cup of Circe, and slept—but woke, a man still; for he never lost the sense of shame and remorse. Innumerable were the good resolutions which he made of a morning, to be broken ere night; now and then he had a prolonged interval of abstinence, too often followed by more reckless indulgence. Sometimes, after an unexpected windfall, he would disappear for days, or even weeks, baffling all search, and as suddenly return to his old haunts, lean, rent, and beggared. In the fragments of a diary preserved in the memoir, we find most touching and pathetic self-accusations. The mournful burden, "what I might have been," recurs again and again, and even when unexpressed, we can trace by implication the presence of the thought. The place which he had chosen for his residence threw temptations in his way. He had become one of the lions of the lake country, and the summer visitors were ever ready to give him a dinner on condition of his keeping the table in a roar. His especial allies were the Oxonians or Contabs who came to Ambleside by way of reading, young fellows flush of money, light of heart, and entertaining no very rooted antipathy to beer and cigars. He was, however, very catholic in his choice of friends. "Noscitur a sociis" was a test which could never have been applied to him; indeed he was never happier than when attending a country wake. Every boor made him welcome after the hearty Westmoreland fashion, and he had the art of adapting his conversation, and even his rhymes, to the taste and capacity of the most rustic audience. His fame stood very high among the peasantry, and we venture to say, that for one who had heard of the Poet Wordsworth, there were ten who had listened with open-mouthed delight to the Poet Hartley. Many are the stories which his humble friends and neighbors have to tell of his freaks and misadventures. One of them relates how the mischievous sprite,

John Barleycorn, once caused him to mistake a ditch hard by a cloth-dyer's mill for his own bed, and how, when he arose in the morning, the under-side of his face was dyed a rich Kendal green, "warranted fast."

Some of his admirers of all classes were heartless enough to amuse themselves by playing upon his simplicity, and ministering to his master-weakness. But these, we would fain hope, were rare exceptions. If ever there was a man whose frailty was entitled to pity, forbearance, and almost respect, that man was Hartley Coleridge. The bitterness engendered by early disappointments had joined with manifold seductions in fostering that infirmity to which persons of his temperament are peculiarly liable; those persons, we mean, in whose minds the imaginative element unduly preponderates. Such men have their fits of joyous excitement succeeded by fits of lassitude and depression, with a violence of reaction quite unknown to those of the ordinary and more sober constitution. In stormy seas, the trough of the wave sinks as far below the usual level as the crest rises above. In these periods of depression, there ensues a craving for some fictitious stimulus, a temporary relief which aggravates the evil. Add to this, poets—for those of whom we speak are poets *in esse* or *in posse*—are generally endowed with an exquisite nervous organization, and, by consequence, an eager relish for sensuous pleasure; when they are also blessed with healthy digestion and muscular strength, their animalism expands itself in some vigorous exercise, field sports, or mountain climbing; when from physical weakness this is impossible, it finds another vent. How many names among those who have worthily found a niche in our English temple of the Muses must occur to every one as illustrations of this humiliating truth. The busy fiend that tempts men to the sin of intemperance loves to take up his abode in the best garnished soul, and when he has established himself, he opens the door to all the avenging furies.

The latter half of Hartley's life was scarcely marked by change of place, or variety of incident. He resided first at Grasmere, and afterwards at a cottage on the banks of Rydal water, with some worthy people of the peasant class, who took care of him. The affectionate admiration with which they regarded him, should be recorded to the credit and honor of both parties. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wordsworth watched over him like a kindly fairy, and ministered to his comforts unseen. It was she who disbursed for him the little

income allotted for his support, Hartley never troubling his head about the matter, and, indeed, as we believe, being perfectly ignorant whether he had anything to live upon or not. One day a friend asked him how much rent he paid to his landlady. "Rent?" he repeated, with a puzzled air; "rent? I never thought of that." Whenever Mrs. Wordsworth saw that his coat was getting threadbare, or out at elbows, a new one was ordered and substituted for the old while he was in bed. Hartley would put it on without making any remark, or, indeed, observing the change. This infantine simplicity in money matters contrasts oddly with his acute perception in things pertaining to literature and criticism. He gives us a subtle analysis of the character of Hamlet, and guesses shrewdly at the creed and politics of Shakespeare, yet we venture to say that he would have been utterly puzzled to explain the words, "receipt," "endorse," &c., and would not have attempted to determine what the interest of 100*l.*, at 5 per cent. per annum, would come to at the year's end. His pocket money was doled out to him shilling by shilling, as if he were a child; and, indeed, a child he was in such matters to the end of his days. To procure a little loan on a thirsty morning, he would employ the most innocent artifices, imposing upon nobody but himself. A friend of ours, spending a summer at Ambleside, became very intimate with him. One day Hartley ventured to borrow a shilling, volunteering to repay it next day. Accordingly he came, made a long call, talking, as his wont was, of dead-and-gone English poems, steering clear of "The Splendid Shilling." At last he rose to go, had got his hand on the door: "By the way," he said, "I have brought you your shilling," (ransacking his pockets.) Then, with an air of surprise, "No! I've forgotten it." Then, hesitating and blushing, "And—and—would you lend me another?" Having got the shilling, off he went at full speed. Every successive call the scene was repeated in the self-same words. How gladly would we have bought an hour's talk with poor Hartley at the same price. His knowledge of our literature, especially the dramatic and poetical, was both extensive and profound, and he was no niggard in the communication of it. He had a keen appreciation of tenderness and pathos, and could never hear the "May-Queen" sung without shedding tears. No less keen was his sense of the ludicrous; he chuckled, shrieked, rolled, and revelled in his reminiscences of Shakespeare's Dogberrys

and Launcelots. His tastes were very catholic, and he never compared one poet *invidiously* with another. He never encouraged a battle among his books, but made Milton and Wordsworth, Spenser and Southey, dwell side by side, like brethren. His criticisms, the result of much thought, were in general strikingly just; only, in particular cases, personal affection led him to set undue value upon modern writers, and when talking for the behoof of a large company, he would be sometimes tempted away from the truth by an epigrammatic paradox. On such occasions one was always disposed to echo the praise of the Westmoreland peasant, "Eh! but Maister Coleridge do talk fine!" but when he had only a single auditor, and poured out his whole heart without any desire of display, his talk was something much better than "fine." Like his father, he required nothing but a pleased and patient listener. "Charles," said the elder Coleridge one day, to his friend Elia, "did you ever hear me preach?" "I no-ne-never heard you d-d-do anything else," stuttered Elia, in reply. Would that half of our preachers now-a-days had either Coleridge's fluency to help them on, or Elia's stammer to stop them altogether!

It should be added that Hartley's judgments were occasionally affirmed or reversed (in his own court), according to his humor. Now, he would extol Wordsworth as the equal of Milton—an opinion which he has recorded in print—now he would quiz and parody him. Once he said that the best of his father's poems were but good juvenile poems, after all; though his filial love would have been up in arms if any one else had said so.

When in the mood for fooling, he was irresistibly comic; not that his sayings would appear funny in themselves, if unaccompanied with the recollection of the tone and manner in which they were said. For instance, apropos of something or other in the conversation, he would assume a contemptuous six-foot-high air, and say, "I hate little men; they are so conceited." This is not a good story when told; it is scarcely even a joke; but to those who saw and heard little Hartley deliver himself of the sentiment, the effect was a violent, instantaneous, and universal convulsion of the midriff.

In the spring of 1837, he went for a few months to Sedbergh school, to supply the place of second master—an important event this, in his monotonous life. Sedbergh is a small poverty-stricken market-town, situated in one of the valleys which intersect the bleak,

swelling moorlands of North-Western Yorkshire. There Edward the Sixth founded a school, which, though small in numbers, has supplied Cambridge with some of her best mathematicians and her famous Professor of Geology. Hartley was well fitted for his office by his knowledge and love of classical authors. He discharged his duties with diligence, and, in other respects, conducted himself with great discretion.

Mr. Blackburne, one of the then pupils, has recorded some characteristic traits in a letter to Mr. Derwent Coleridge (page 115 of the Memoir). "I first saw Hartley," he says, "when I was at Sedburgh, and he heard us our lesson in Mr. Green's (the second master's) parlor. He was dressed in black; his hair, just touched with grey, fell in thick waves down his back, and he had a frilled shirt on; and there was a sort of autumnal ripeness and brightness about him. His shrill voice, and his quick authoritative 'right, right!' and the chuckle with which he translated '*recum repetundarum*' as '*peculation*, a very common vice in governors of all ages,' after which he took a turn round the sofa,—all struck me amazingly.

* * * I never knew the least liberty taken with him, though he was kinder and more familiar than was then the fashion with masters. His translations were remarkably vivid; of *μειραδι μειραδις* 'toiling and moiling;' and of some ship or other in the Philoctetes, which he pronounced to be 'scudding under maintop sails,' our conceptions became intelligible. * * * Out of school he never mixed with the boys, but was sometimes seen, to their astonishment, running along the fields with his arms outstretched, talking to himself. He was remarkably fond of the traveling shows that occasionally visited the village. I have seen him clap his hands with delight; indeed, in most of the simple pleasures of country life, he was like a child."

On the 29th of May, the boys having been for some reason balked of the expected holiday, revenged themselves by "stripping the hollows bare of spring," and adorning the school-room with extemporized arbors, pleasant to the eye, but as obstructive as might be to the business of the afternoon. Among other devices, the largest bough was set up tree-wise by Hartley's desk, and the exercises which awaited his perusal were suspended on the topmost twigs, well out of his reach. Hartley, however, contrived, by getting on a bench and using a hooked stick, to filch them down, and many were the jokelets

which he vented on the exercise-tree, and its unripe fruit. The mischievous boys had anticipated a storm; they found sunshine; and Hartley was a double favorite ever after.

About this time, a new church was consecrated in the upper part of the valley of Dent. The people flocked from far and near. After the canonical ceremonies, Professor Sedgwick, who happened to be there, got on a heap of stones, and addressed the crowd in that unstudied eloquence which, as it came straight from the heart of the speaker, went straight to the hearts of the hearers. Among them stood Hartley, looking up with moistened eye. He had found his way over the hills some eight miles on foot. He has commemorated the Professor and his birth-place in a sonnet each, (vol. ii. page 266.)

When his services were no longer needed at Sedburgh, he returned to his old abode, and never again, so far as we know, left it till he left for home. He died on the 6th of January, 1849, cheered by the presence and ministrations of his brother. What words so fit as his wherein to tell the tale?

He died the death of a strong man, his bodily frame being of the finest construction, and capable of great endurance. Of his state of mind it will be sufficient to say, that it was such as might have been looked for by those who knew him, and loved him well,—gentle, humble, loving, devout. His time was passed either in religious exercises, or in the most searching self-communion. A few days before his death, he received the sacrament of the Lord's supper, having named a friend whose presence and participation he desired on this occasion; and again, after the last struggle had commenced, his eye resting on another friend, with whom of latter years he had been much associated, he requested him to join with him in the last expressions of hope and faith. It was so that he bade him farewell. His sorrowing friends, with whom he had so long been domesticated, and his young friend, Dr. Green, who never left him night or day, were also present.

In these last hours he took a clear review of his past life, his words, whether addressed to me or to himself, falling distinct on my ear; his mind appearing to retain its wonted sagacity, and his tongue scarcely less than its wonted eloquence. Of this most solemn confession, I can only repeat that it justified the most favorable construction that could be put upon the past, and the consolatory hope which could be formed for the future.

Wordsworth, his constant friend and counsellor, who had stood by his cradle as now he stood by his coffin, was deeply affected. He directed that he should be buried in the grave marked out for himself. "Let him lie by us—he would have wished it."

The day following he walked over with me to Grasmere—to the church-yard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave,* he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother, immediately beyond.

"When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave," he exclaimed, "he was standing there!" pointing to the spot where my brother had stood on the sorrowful occasion to which he alluded. Then turning to the sexton, he said, "Keep the ground for us,—we are old people, and it cannot be for long."

In the grave thus marked out, my brother's remains were laid on the following Thursday, and in little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and venerated friend was brought to occupy his own. They lie in the south-east angle of the church-yard, not far from a group of trees, with the little beck, that feeds the lake with its clear waters, murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains.

The entrance to the churchyard from the north is by a lych-gate, under which you pass to the village school. Possibly this thought may have been in my brother's mind, and an image of this quiet resting-place in his mind's eye, when he penned the following characteristic observations on the choice of a grave. In an odd number of the "London Magazine," I find the following remarks written in the margin:—

"I have no particular choice of a churchyard, but I would repose, if possible, where there were no proud monuments, no new-fangled obelisks or mausoleums, heathen in everything but taste, and not Christian in that. Nothing that betokened aristocracy, unless it were the venerable memorial of some old family long extinct. If the village school adjoined the churchyard, so much the better. But all this must be as He will. I am greatly pleased with the fancy of Anaxagoras, whose sole request of the people of Lampsacus was that the children might have a holiday on the anniversary of his death. But I would have the holiday on the day of my funeral. I would connect the happiness of childhood with the peace of the dead, not with the struggles of the dying."

It was a winter's day when my brother was carried to his last earthly home, cold, but fine, as I noted at the time, with a few slight scuds of sleet and gleams of sunshine, one of which greeted us as we entered Grasmere, and another smiled brightly through the church window. May it rest upon his memory!

With all our heart, we add, Amen. And hundreds who knew and loved him will echo this his brother's affectionate farewell. We feel half ashamed at having set down anything of a light nature in juxtaposition with

the solemn passages just quoted; yet by so doing we best represent the image of Hartley as it remains impressed on our own mind—a strange compound of sad and glad; like one of the fitful summer days so frequent among his own mountains, when the blinding rack and mist gave place to brief sunshine, which by its own subtle alchemy turns the rain-drops on the church-yard grass into jewels. Now for him the rack and the mist have passed away for ever—may a like unbroken sunshine "rest upon his memory!"

For the brief sketch we have thus attempted to give, we have drawn materials partly from our own recollection, partly from hearsay, and partly from the Memoir before us. In this last, Mr. Derwent Coleridge has performed a difficult and delicate task, honestly, manfully, and well. On the one hand, there was the risk that natural affection might lead him to gloss over his brother's failings as a man, and exaggerate his merits as an author; on the other hand, to have assumed the air of an impartial unconcerned critic would have marred the whole work with affectation. Between these opposite dangers he has steered his course safely; need we say that in all future ventures, as in this, we heartily bid him God-speed? In one respect only he labors under disqualification as his brother's biographer. For the last thirty years of Hartley's life the two brothers had seldom, if ever, met, and had no confidential communication. When at last they did meet, it was at the summons, and in presence, of Death. Hence the details of Hartley's latter life are few and meager. Why did not the writer associate in his task some one who had known him and loved him in recent days,—Mr. Thomas Blackburne, for instance, whose Boswell-like letters are about the most lively and graphic passages in the book, and who, if the stanzas in page 183, signed T. B., are indeed his, is one in every way worthy to be the heart's brother to a poet?

Of the editor's judgment in selection, we cannot speak, seeing that we have not the pieces rejected to compare with the pieces published; but we have all confidence in the critical taste of a Coleridge.

The pieces now before us are to be regarded rather as disjointed tokens of undeveloped powers, than combining portions of an accomplished whole,—glittering fragments of Venice Crystal, showing what the vase might have been ere it was burst and shattered by the poison.

With the exception of "Leonard and Su-

* This arrangement was, afterwards, slightly modified.

Lying place

san," a pretty simple tale, and "Prometheus"—a dramatic fragment, whose unfinished state we cannot regret, the theme demanding an *Æschylus* not a *Theocritus*,—all the poems here published come under the head of "occasional." And few indeed were the occasions which Hartley did not seize to hang his rhymes upon. A stuffed humming-bird, a painted parrot, an old arm-chair, a cat, a cuckoo, and even a red herring, are each and all celebrated in song or sonnet. He was the laureate of the lake-country, ready to commemorate in verse the domestic joys or sorrows of every family in the neighborhood; whether it were the poet Wordsworth's seventy-fifth birthday, or "the death of Thomas Jackson, late of Low-Wood Inn, who died by a fall from an apple-tree." But chiefly he affects the sonnet, and sings of and to himself. Indeed, all his poems are intensely subjective. No matter what the original theme, when he had once taken and turned it in his own unique brain, it reappears in a manufactured state, with the impress of unmistakeable individuality. *H. C. fecit.* Be the occasion what it may, sad or cheerful, Hartley's song is always pitched in much the same key. His laments are interrupted by embryo jests, and his gratulations dashed with forebodings of evil. So the resulting poem is like the expression on Hartley's dear old face, something between a laugh and a cry. For he was a perverse condensation of Democritus and Heraclitus, inclined, on the whole, to be sad at a christening and merry at a funeral.

Yet there are exceptions to the rule. Not a few of the poems before us preserve throughout a tone uniform and consistent with their epigraph. And this we are glad to say is especially the case in the poems of a religious cast. Hartley's step was never uneven nor his course wayward when he trod on holy ground. Take for instance the following sonnet, addressed to "Martha H—."

Martha, thy maiden foot is still so light,
It leaves no legible trace on virgin snows,
And yet I ween that busily it goes
In duty's path from happy morn to night.
Thy dimpled cheek is gay, and softly bright
As the fixt beauty of the mossy rose;
Yet will it change its hue for others' woes,
And native red contend with piteous white.
Thou bear'st a name by Jesus known and loved,
And Jesus did the maid reprove
For too much haste to show her eager love.
But blest is she that may be so reprov'd.
Be Martha still in deed and good endeavor,
In faith like Mary, at His feet for ever.

And this, which, written in the last year of his life, worthily closes the book:—

"MULNUM DILEXIT."

She sat and wept beside His feet; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date,
Only the sin remain'd—the leprous state;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untress'd hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

In turning over these volumes for the second time, we find that we have marked some thirty sonnets for unqualified praise and entire quotation, but such an abuse of the reviewer's privilege the laws of *Fraser* forbid. We therefore perforce forbear, and refer our readers to the volumes themselves. It appears to us that the following are of conspicuous excellence: In vol. i., the sonnets numbered 1, 4, 7, 9, 12, 16, (though this last is too purely descriptive to square with our ideal of a "sonnet,") 18, 22, 23, 33. And in vol. ii., those numbered 2, 3, 8, (marred, however by an Alexandrine in the middle), 10, 12, 13, 19, 26, 28, 37, 38, 51, 54. The sonnets on the Seasons in the same volume are one and all quaintly pretty. Of the rest, that yclept the "Cuckoo," and that addressed "To a deaf and dumb little girl," are conceived in his happiest vein.

We are indebted to an old friend for a sonnet by Hartley, never before published, which, if not in his very best manner, illustrates the facility with which this disciple of Wordsworth put in practice the master's principle, that *quicquid agunt homines* affords theme for poetry. The occasion was this. In the summer of '40, there was a ball at the Salutation Inn on the banks of Windermere. Hartley was invited and came, but preferred spending the evening in an adjoining room, where his light fantastic muse tripped off in the following sonnet:—

Sounds have I heard, "by distance made more sweet,"
And whispering sounds more sweet that they are near,
But those glad sounds so close upon mine ear,
How had they made my younger heart to beat!
The bounding strain that rules the silken feet,
Like warbling nymph of old Winandermere
Who bubbles music through the crystal clear,
Comes softened to my solitary seat.

Yet, though I see it not, I more than dream
Of the blithe Beauty that is tripping nigh—
Mine ear usurps the function of the eye,
As, coolly shaded from the maddening beam
Of present loveliness, I love the stream
Unseen of happiness that gurgles by.

On the whole, the sonnets are more perfect works of art than the other poems, because the sonnet form is that adapted by nature, and confined by custom to the self-development of single thoughts—Hartley's habit and forte. In lyrics, on the contrary, the poet should be projected out of himself, in order to express the objectivity of passion (we cannot give our meaning briefly without these cant-phrases of pedantry); and this, Hartley seldom attempts, or, at least, accomplishes.

Of the other poems, we will give but one specimen. It is called "a Song;" it is, in all but form, a sonnet.

Say—what is worse than blank despair?
'Tis that sick hope too weak for flying,
That plays at fast and loose with care,
And wastes a weary life in dying.

Though promise be a welcome guest,
Yet may it be too late a'comer,
'Tis but a cuckoo voice at best,
The joy of spring, scarce heard in summer.

Then now consent, this very hour,
Let the kind word of peace be spoken;
Like dew upon a withered flower,
Is comfort to the heart that's broken.

The heart, whose will is from above,
Shall yet its mortal taint discover,
For time, that cannot alter love,
Has power to slay the wretched lover.

A reader who knew not the author in person, will gather from these volumes the impression that he was an egotist. And, excluded as he was by nature and circumstance, first, from the sports of other boys, and next, from the pursuits of other men, he could not but be an egotist. Yet his was not the egotism of vanity, but the egotism of self-humiliation. He fed on his own heart. And we see how earnest was his admiration, how prodigal his praise of others. Wordsworth is lauded again and again in all varieties of complimentary phrase, evidently sincere; unconscious of natural partiality, he hails his father as a "mighty bard;" no little jealousy prevents his welcoming Tennyson, a younger and greater brother in the Muses; even Joanna Baillie is saluted as

Lady revered, our island's Tragic Queen!

The language in which these poems are written is pure, clear English, yet with touches of antique quaintness, and now and then some stiffness of phrase, like the English of one who had more converse with books than men. His words are not always to be found in the current vocabularies of the nineteenth century. For example, it is only by the context that we can guess at the meaning of "*syke*." We are not quite sure at what state of existence a tree becomes "*doddered*." Nor have we a very definite idea of the operations described, respectively, by the verbs "*crankle*," "*nuzzle*," and "*grue*." We also object to the frequent use of the Scotch diminutives, "*birdie*, weedie," &c., which, to the unfamiliar southern ear, only lisp recollections of the nursery. Here and there we have to complain of obscurity, of metaphors which trip each other up, of antitheses which do not quite balance, of conceits trebly involved in parentheses; but, in general, the stream of thought flows clear and smooth, mirroring on its way the quick succession of rock, wood, and meadow, and the blue sky that bends unchangeably over all.

That these poems will attain a wide celebrity, we do not anticipate. Fit audience will they find, though few. Indeed, no poet of the present day is *popular*, in the large sense of the word, except it be the Rev. Robert Montgomery. He has found fit audience and many, perhaps owing his celebrity to the happy selection of an attractive subject. That "poetry is a drug in the market," is the stereotyped consolation of the bookseller to the bard. And we should suppose that essays are a drug, too, considering the multitude thereof poured forth upon society daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, under the name of leaders or articles. Yet what a relief it is to turn away from the smart, pert, over-peppered essays of the day, to the genial, generous, and racy feast of Elia! In bidding the public to taste Hartley Coleridge's dishes, we promise them a treat of the same kind; and it is hard if every one does not find something to his liking. One man's hobby is "church sectarianism," another's, "the fine arts;" he who cares not for "heathen mythology," may have a penchant for "black cats;" the man who cannot comprehend "the poetry of love," may yet have head enough for "pins;"—and on all these subjects, and many more, doth Hartley dissertate according to his humor; now wise and right, now wilfully wrong; now pacing steadily along the beaten road of legitimate deduction, now starting away into the common land of fancy to hunt after a dis-

tant allusion, or pick up a tempting pun. And in all these vagaries he keeps ever clear of the Slough of Dulness. Metaphor apart, we have not read so pleasant a volume for many a long day.

Hartley has caught the trick of Elia's mock gravity, and at times we could almost fancy that it was Elia's self beguiling us so pleasantly. Yet the resemblance is in manner only; the two men are widely different *au fond*. Charles knew more of men and less of nature than Hartley; and if he had read fewer books (which we half doubt, though Hartley is certainly the more learned), he had received more oral instruction.

On the whole, we like best those essays in which, consciously or not, Hartley has assumed Elia's mask; as, for instance, the "Brief Observations on Brevity," and the apostrophe to his sable Selima.

His discussions on Shakspeare pretend not to philosophic profundity; but they have the merit of being free from the extravagant idolatry which warped the judgment of the first Coleridge, and has betrayed German critics into such incredible absurdities.

His knowledge of the fine arts was necessarily limited; for he had seldom even seen a foreign picture, and the works of English artists he knew, for the most part, only through the medium of engravings. This deficiency is pleasantly acknowledged in the title—"Ignoramus on the Fine Arts;" and the three essays so called prove that Ignoramus, with his shrewd observation, wanted only opportunity to be Cognoscentissimo.

The second volume is composed of what the editor calls *Marginalia*; being brief notes on Shakspeare, sundry poets, Hogarth, and the Bible, which, condensed as they are, contain the fruit of much thought, and the germ of much more, if they only have the luck to fall on a kindly soil. But there is much more *fun* in the first volume, for the notes were written for himself, not for the public, and no man is droll alone.

Our readers, we are sure, will thank us for the following fragments on "Brevity:"—

"Brevity," says Polonius, "is the soul of wit," and twenty men as wise as he have said so after him. "Truth," says Mr. Stephen Jones, the worthy compiler of various Biographical, Geographical, and Lexicographical duodecimos, "is the soul of my work, and brevity is its body." Strange quality, that can at once be body and soul! Rare coincidence, that the soul of wit should be the body of a pocket dictionary!

Many excellent things, good reader of six feet high, partake of the property which thou dost look

down upon, or else overlook, so scornfully. To take a few casual instances, such as life, pleasure, a good style, and good resolutions, all which are notoriously, nay, proverbially *brief*, would scantily raise the matter to the altitude of the apprehension. Go then, and learn by experience; read lawyers' briefs without a fee; study the Statutes at Large; regale thyself with Viner's Abridgment: if thou beest a tradesman, give long credit; if thou dost set a value on the moments, bind thine ears to seven hours' apprenticeship to the British Senate, or the British Forum: or, if thou canst, recall the days of Auld Lang Syne, of long sermons, and the Long Parliament; when the long-winded preachers were accustomed to hold forth over their glasses, to the long-eared and long-suffering multitude; over their glasses, I say, but not such glasses as were wont to inspire the tragic sublimity of *Æschylus*, the blistering humor of *Aristophanes*, and the blustering humor of Old Ben; not such glasses as whetted the legal acumen of *Blackstone*, and assisted the incomparable *Brineley* to weep for the calamities of India. No, my jovial friends, the gospel trumpeters were as dry as they were lengthy. Their glasses were such as that which old Time is represented as running away with, though in sober truth they run, or rather creep, away with him; such glasses as we naturally associate with a death's head, a college fag, or a lawyer's office. Should a modern pulpit orator undertake to preach by the hour-glass, I am inclined to think he would be building his hopes of preferment on a sandy foundation, and would most probably see his congregation run out before his sand. At all events, he would make the world (meaning thereby the parish clerk, and charity children, who were compelled to a final perseverance) as much in love with brevity, as if they had each inherited a chancery suit, or had their several properties charged with long annuities.

I am brief myself; brief in stature, brief in discourse, short of memory and money, and far short of my wishes. In most things, too, I am an admirer of brevity; I cannot endure long dinners.

* * * * *

I am partial to short ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps, that the Greeks include size in their ideal of beauty; that all Homer's fair ones are 'large and comely,' and that Lord Byron has expressed his detestation of 'dumpy women.' All this is very true, but what is it all to me? Women are not ideals, nor do we love or admire them as such; Homer makes his heroes tall as well as his heroines; there cannot, as *Falstaff* says, be better sympathy. And as for his lordship, when I am the Grand Turk, he shall choose for me. I revere the sex as much as any man, but I do not like to look up to them. I had rather be consorted 'with the youngest wren of nine,' than with any daughter of Eve whose morning stature was taller than my evening shadow. Whatever such an Amazon might condescend to say to me, it would sound of 'nothing but low and little.' Those pretty diminutives, which in all languages are the terms of affection, from her lips would seem like personalities; she could have but one set of

phrases for fondness and for scorn. If I would whisper soft nonsense in her ear, I must get on my legs, as if I were going to move a resolution; if in walking I would keep step with her, I must stride as if I were measuring the ground for two duelists, one of whom was my very good friend, and the other a very good shot. Should I dance with her, (alas, I am past my dancing days,) I should seem like a cock-boat tossing in a storm, at the stern of a three-decker. And should I wed her, (proh dolor; I am declared by signs infallible an old bachelor elect; cats, the coyest of the breed, leap on my knees; that saucy knave,* called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the omen; candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff them, and no sweet voice will chide my awkwardness): but should I wed her, I must 'stand the push of every beardless vain comparative.' The young Etonian jackanapes would call us Elegiacs, (carmen lugubre!) the Cantab pedants would talk of their duplicate ratios; yea, unbreeched urchins, old ale-wives, and cobblers in their stalls, would cry out after us—There goes eighteen pence; and prudent punsters would wish the match might prove happy, but it was certainly very unequal."

Again, how characteristically, apropos of cats, he speculates on time—"which is so friendly to wine, and so hostile to small beer; which turns abuse to right, and usurpation

* It is needless to mention that this alludes to a Christmas gambol, wherein a particular knave in the pack is called the old bachelor, and the person drawing it is set down as a confirmed Cælebs.

to legitimaey; which improves pictures, while it mars their originals; and raises a coin no longer current to a hundred times the value it ever went for," &c.

We might cull hundreds of such morceaux, always pleasant, if not always profound; but we can find no portion which does not require its context, to be fully appreciated. A few detached links will never fall into the graceful folds of the entire chain.

Hartley's most serious literary effort, the *Biographia Borealis*, consisting of lives of thirteen famous north countrymen, is preparing for republication. We read it with much pleasure once on a time, but so long since, that we dare not trust our recollections sufficiently to base any criticism thereon.

We now close what has been to us a labor of love. We trust that our old liking for the man has not unduly biassed our estimate of the author. From what we have said, our readers will conclude that though we do not rank Hartley Coleridge with the greatest poets, the most profound thinkers, or the most brilliant essayists, yet we know of no single man who has left, as his legacy to the world, at once poems so graceful, thoughts so just, and essays so delectable. And we believe that, while his personal memory will long linger among the hills of Westmoreland, his literary fame will have a wider range and a more lasting existence.

THE LOST TRAVELER.—Among the numerous victims, distinguished travelers, whose lives have been sacrificed to the perils of African discovery, the world has almost forgotten that of the unfortunate Jacques Compagnon, who, under the auspices of the Duke de Choiseul, left Senegal in 1758 to explore the country to the north and east of Senegambia, penetrating as far as the wooded desert of Simboni, where he was heard from in 1760, and then disappeared, never, it was supposed, to be heard from again. After ninety years of mystery and oblivion, however, the veil has been removed, and the secret of his fate has been disclosed by M. de Gaysa, a Hungarian explorer in Africa, from whom a letter has been received by the Imperial Society of Vienna, disclosing the discoveries which seem to place the fact beyond question, besides giving it a very interesting aspect. M. de Gaysa writes from the country of the Kommenis, a semi-civilized tribe, who have some religious notions "possessing a certain analogy with

the Christian tradition, a regular language an alphabet, and a mode of writing," all or most of which they appear, from their own account, to have derived from a stranger, a European, who died among them in 1775, and whose memory was revered as that of a sage or good genius. That this stranger was Jacques Compagnon was proved by a number of circumstances, not the least conclusive of which were several personal relics, regarded by the people as sacred, one being a quadrant with his name engraved upon it in full. It would seem, from such accounts and traditions as M. de Gaysa was able to gather, that Compagnon was detained by the Kommenis, and, being reconciled at last to his captivity, devoted himself to instructing them in the useful arts. His tomb, consisting of "a little stone monument of a conical form, covered with an inscription in hieroglyphical characters," was pointed out to the Hungarian visitor in one of their principal villages.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

ANOTHER book on the interminable and never wearying theme of Horace Walpole, the acknowledged Emperor of Gossips, and King of Letter-writers. "Age cannot wither, nor custom state the infinite variety" of reminiscences connected with this name. Unlike to Newton, whose mighty faculties achieved their great discoveries in science at a comparatively early period of life, and then reposed, as if worn out or wearied, the lord of Strawberry Hill (though in a much inferior grade) continued to lead in his peculiar walk with undiminished spirit, until the full term allotted by the Psalmist; as lively in old age as in vigorous manhood, with imagination as fresh and green in the winter of seventy, as in the budding spring of seventeen. Not even the "arthritic tyranny"† of gout, so remorselessly exercised over him in his latter years, could totally subdue his patience, or extinguish his love of elegant society, until just before the curtain was ready to drop, when, as the present writer informs us, "he became a fretful valetudinarian, verging on imbecility, complaining of those who were kindest, and blaming those who had never been in fault." The querulous helplessness of this "last scene of all," with the neglect that too often accompanies existence, protracted to the extreme period when strength becomes labor and sorrow, verify the saying of the ancient Greek, as echoed again by our modern poet, "whom the gods love die young."‡

When we first glanced at the title-page, from constant familiarity with the subject, we took this for a new or enlarged edition of

some preceding book, rather than an original one, and were a little startled when assured by the editor in his preface, that with the exception of a few meager sketches prefixed to his works by Pinkerton, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Dover, the biography of Horace Walpole is now for the first time presented to the public.

The life of a wealthy, fashionable man of letters, such as the Earl of Orford, indulging in perfect idleness (the *dolce far niente*), when not choosing to canter a little on a favorite hobby-horse—a "voluptuous virtuoso" as he has been called, more disposed to sedentary than to active pursuits,—is not likely to abound in stirring incidents by flood and field; although he once captured a housebreaker, and another time was nearly run over by a coach-and-six while attempting the chivalrous feat of carrying a young lady over a wet style. The latter catastrophe was superseded by rather an equivocal tableau, not very delicately described in his own letters. But want of delicacy, even among the highest classes, was one of the smaller vices of the last age. Twice, also, Walpole was in danger of being drowned while acting "Squire O'Dames," a character he was partial to, although not formed by nature for a hero. The drawing-room of a predominant duchess, or the snuggery of a select literary circle, were his more legitimate fields of distinction. The character of his mind will be traced, not in deeds, but in words. His genius displays itself in his conversation, writings, and epistolary correspondence.—From these sources, and many similar ones, emanating from his chosen companions, we feel ourselves as intimately acquainted with Horace Walpole, as familiar with his costume, slight effeminate figure, style of talk, turn of humor, and other personal peculiarities, as if we had known and associated with him all our lives. We accompany him from Arlington-street to White's, where we meet George Selwyn and "the wits" of the day; back again to Arlington-street, and the next morning in his well-appointed coach to Strawberry

* Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries; including numerous original letters, chiefly from Strawberry Hill. Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., Author of "the Crescent and the Cross," &c., &c. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Henry Colburn, Publisher, 18 Gt. Marlborough street. 1851.

† Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny confines.—

Dr. Johnson's Poems.

‡ Herodotus, as quoted by Lord Byron; but the line belongs to Menander—

"Ὁν γὰρ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νεός."

Hill, where we are sure to meet our merry old acquaintance, Kitty Clive, before whose resolute independence of spirit Garrick trembled in the plenitude of his autocracy. The Clive who informed Roscius that she was richer than he, as she knew when she had enough, which he never would; who, when he played the crocodile at parting, told him to his teeth, he hated and was glad to get rid of her, and would light up candles for joy, only it would cost him sixpence; who never was absent from the Strawberry Hill parties, loved and honored by the lord of the castle; who enlivened the whole circle of her acquaintance by her exhaustless fun and anecdote, while she kept retired countesses in order, and frightened them from cheating at whist.

Without much stretch of imagination, we can embody Horace Walpole in the flesh, seated on the sofa before us, opposite to the table at which we are writing. We fancy nothing new can be told us of one whom we already know so much. He wants no smirking obsequious Boswell, with busy, diurnal notebook to perpetuate the memory of a cough or a sneeze which otherwise would be lost. On closing these two very agreeable volumes, the impression left on the mind scarcely does justice to the author. We feel as if we had been refreshing memory on matters we knew before, rather than adding to our stock of information. But all to be found previously in many places, is here for the first time collected together and brought again before us at one view, in a condensed, perspicuous, and animated narrative. The introduction of other characters and incidents blending with the individual biography, is skillfully managed, rendering the picture more complete, and greatly adding to its interest and variety. When we consider the number of the *dramatis personæ* introduced, and the many subjects discussed, the book appears unusually short, and in no degree deteriorated by the leaven of dullness. This is saying a great deal in favor of two portly octavo volumes in these abbreviating days, when anything beyond an ordinary pamphlet terrifies the reading public into a bibliophobia. But we must take leave, before we proceed further, to enter a gentle protest against a mysterious practice becoming frequent and fashionable; namely, that of ushering new publications into the world with the name of the author hidden under the regis of an editor of established reputation. The "stat nominis umbra" of Junius is preferable to this demi-anonymous substantiality. It reminds us of Teucer

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sending forth his arrows from behind the seven-fold shield of Ajax Telamon, while he watches their effect and prepares himself for another discharge. A temporary blind, to be withdrawn as it suits the inclination or convenience of the parties concerned, and which, when lifted, has in more cases than one disclosed the imaginary co-partnership represented by the same individual.

In the present instance we are puzzled to draw the line of demarkation. We are unable to separate, to our own satisfaction, the concealed author from the avowed editor, and probably bestow praise or censure on the one which may with more propriety belong to the other. We cannot divest ourselves of the idea that the glowing, pointed sentences of the author of "The Crescent and the Cross" are scattered more liberally through this work than he acknowledges; and we fancy, although perhaps erroneously, that he has had a greater share in its composition than he modestly admits in his preface, wherein he assures us he has "furnished nothing towards it except such doubtful advantage as his name could give, and such corrections as were freely offered and as freely accepted."

Notwithstanding the spirit and gracefulness which breathe in these volumes, and the varying interest of the subjects touched upon, when we had finished their perusal we felt jaded and unrefreshed. Why was this? Because they exhibit in the mass such an unfavorable view of human nature; such a predominance of evil over good; such overwhelming portraiture of animal depravity; of utter sensualism in the highest classes of society, in the most influential sections of civilized life.

The nation drove out the elder branch of the Stuarts, and gained something in civil and religious liberty—valuable acquisitions, certain to take root and fructify with time when solidly planted in a nourishing soil. But neither morals nor manners appear to have changed for the better during the reigns of the two first kings of the substituted family. Vice under the Stuarts was high in the ascendant; intrigue held "sovereign sway and masterdom;" but it was at least gay, social, and well-bred. So, perhaps, the more dangerous and seductive. Under the first and second George, the quantity of the commodity still went on increasing, but the texture became gloomy, coarse, and avaricious. There was even more of vice, but now well-seasoned with vulgarity. The elegant voluptuousness of Circe and Armida trans-

formed into the low debauchery of Silenus and Trimalchio.*

George the First kept his wife far away from England, immured in a continental dungeon, while the two Hanoverian ogresses of his harem, the "Schulenberg," and the "Kielmanseck," the "May Pole," and the "Elephant and Castle," as they were nicknamed, openly disposed of place and pension, selling rank and honor to the highest bidder. He hated his son and successor, who returned the compliment with interest, and destroyed his father's will as a last act of filial reverence.†

George the Second selected his wife as the special confidant of his various connubial peccadilloes, all his *liaisons* being by kind permission of his better half ; an agreeable and respectable domestic arrangement. As he and his father detested each other mortally, so did he and his queen continue this family affection in the direct line, by a cordial abhorrence of their own eldest son, which occasioned many scenes, and much expenditure of passion ; to the scandal of the few who thought correctly, and the amusement of the many who preferred mischief above everything.

The King inquired of his wife, as the safest authority, whether "the beast," meaning the Prince of Wales, was really his son. Her Majesty assured him he was ; and then expressed her maternal feelings as follows :—"My dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille* in the whole world ; and I most heartily wish he was out of it."‡ There was at least no mystification in these little family dissensions. The edifying examples were not thrown away on the public, who look to the high authorities set over them for guidance and instruction, as the traveler is directed by his road-book, and the subordinate members of an orchestra take from the leader the key-note by which to tune their own instruments. Frederick, Prince of Wales (the father of George III.), who died in 1741, was undoubtedly a very objectionable person, and his demise a public benefit, as it made way for the succession of a much better man. The following Elegy, which appeared at the

time among many others, is quoted by our author, and interprets, as he says, "the common opinion of the day as to the general merits of the family ; and while it places him rather above the rest, rates him still at an extremely moderate valuation :"—

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather ;
Had it been his brother,
Much better than another ;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her ;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation ;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There is no more to be said."

In speaking of William, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Fontenoy and Culloden, as he has been called (why do they omit Closter-Seven ?), but better known as "the Butcher," this author denies his claim to the latter enviable title ; and with reference to his cruelties in Scotland, says :—"Those who look carefully into the authorities for these atrocities will not find them deserving of faith." This opinion is more easily delivered than proved. There is no fact in history better established than the frightful and unnecessary barbarities committed after Culloden, by the army under the Duke of Cumberland ; a full and very interesting detail may be found in the Pictorial History of England, where the authorities are named, and the concurrent testimony of friends and enemies produced in evidence. The campaign was inglorious, although decisive ; and the battle itself a paltry affair, in which there was no display of military skill on either side. The wretched Highlanders were disunited, badly officered, and exhausted by a ridiculous and harassing night march, in a still more absurd attempt to surprise the British army, which amounted to nearly 8,000 well-appointed, experienced troops. The rebels hardly mustered 4000, ill-disciplined, half-armed, and more than half-starved. It was a case of bad generalship succeeding against worse : "*les bornes qui battaient les aveugles*," as Frederick the Great said of a battle between the Russians and the Turks. We agree with our author when he says, the rebellion was a formidable one, and that the Duke put it down completely, thereby rendering good service ; but we leave him when he argues that the severity resorted to after success, was either good policy or mercy in disguise. It may to

* For the suppers of Trimalchio, see Petronii Arb. Satiricon.

† This has been disputed, but no will was forthcoming, after Archbishop Wake handed it over to the new king, who put it in his pocket, and thus the royal goods and chattels fell to the last person to whom the owner would have left them.

‡ Quoted in the book we are reviewing, from Lord Harrey's Memoirs.

some extent have been *expedient*; but that has little to do with either wisdom or justice. Heading and hanging men taken in open rebellion seems like legitimate retribution. It is precisely what the vanquished would have done to the victors, had the fortune of war reversed their positions. Attainder of title and forfeiture of property are also natural consequences. All this applies to ringleaders, fomenters, and warriors with arms in their hands; but nothing can extenuate brutal outrage against helpless women and children, burning villages and cottages, in the mere wontonness of power, and general plunder without measure or distinction. That all these excesses were perpetrated systematically throughout the Highlands, is undeniable. North of the Tweed, they have been too long familiar with such eulogistic couplets as the following, to change their opinions on the merits of the party celebrated:—

"Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Ken ye the news I hae to tell?
Cumberland's awa to h—,
Charon grim came out to him,
Ye're welcome here, ye deevil's limb!
He tow'd him o'er wi' curse and ban,
Whiles he sank and whiles he swam;
They took him neest to Satan's ha',
There to lift wi' his grandpapa;
The deil sat girnin in the neuk,
Riving sticks to roast the Duke;
They put him then upon a speet,
And roasted him baith head and feet;
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
And that's the gate they serv'd the Duke!
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie!"

When we find the "humors" of William, Duke of Cumberland, justified, we shall expect next an apology for the massacre of Glencoe. As this same author says in a subsequent portion of his book, on Walpole's attempt to purify Richard the Third:—"It is but attempting to wash the black-a-moor white." Posterity will never be brought to think Richard was a "much-injured individual," or that Cumberland had "butcher" added to his titles, without good claim to the distinction. Hear Horace Walpole himself, in a letter to Sir H. Mann, at Florence:—"The King is inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Caesar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud—

* See "Hogg's Jacobite Relics," &c., for other similar canticles.

"Then let it be of the Butchers.'" Cumberland and Caesar!—Culloden and Pharsalia! Flattery will scale Olympus at last. As Hamlet says, "Oh, shame, where is thy blush?" When Walpole drew his parallel, he should have joined to it another; Alexander and Hawley. Each fired a royal palace: the one Berserpolis, in the pride of victory; the other, Linlithgow, in the shame of defeat. General Hawley rested his laureled head in the Palace of Linlithgow, on the night when he fled, hatless, from the glories Falkirk. On the following morning, as he hurried off to Edinburgh, his dragoons wantonly set fire to the straw that had littered their horses, and burned down that ancient dwelling place of kings.

A favorite object in the present day appears to be, to uproot all preconceived opinions on matters of history, and supply the vacancies with new ones. A sturdy paradox never fails to excite curiosity. There have been already several justifications of Shylock, an elaborate essay on the daring courage of Falstaff, an apology for the character and conduct of Iago, with profound metaphysical inquiries tending to prove that Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were philanthropists on a grand scale. We have in our own possession, in manuscript, a very convincing and unanswerable "Exaltation of Regan and Goneril," which will be given to the world whenever the author and his publisher agree upon terms.

At page 182, vol. i., an amusing anecdote is told, which shows the extreme unpopularity of George II. in 1736. He had stayed rather longer than usual in Hanover, detained by the charms of Madame Walmoden. A placard was posted on the gate of St. James's Palace, with the following announcement:—"Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish. Whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive *four shillings and sixpence reward*. N. B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown."

While the Hanoverian Kings, with their immediate courtiers, satellites, and dependents, regulated their lives after the fashion described, the bulk of their subjects fell naturally into a similar course. There was everywhere much laxity of principle, whether social or political; an increasing disregard for all forms of religion, derived chiefly from France, that flourishing hotbed of infidelity, where the improving sophistries of Voltaire

and Rousseau were beginning to enchant all circles; with a coarse, and even obscene freedom in conversation, not unrestrained in the presence of accomplished women, which had never before been indulged in to the same extent, and is now very difficult to be believed. If the stage be taken as a reflex of the prevailing manners, the comedies of this era exceeded in licentiousness and irreligion those which flourished previously, under the congenial patronage of the Merry Monarch. The court of the Sovereign, the private apartments of the reigning Sultana, the drawing-rooms of the nobility, the boudoir of the fashionable demirep, the boards of the theatre, the clubs and gambling-houses, with the temples of the midnight symposium, all, with few exceptions, present the same features of the same repulsive picture, viewed only in a different light, and occasionally with a slight change in the coloring. The scene may shift from England to France, from the grosser wickedness of London to the more refined iniquity of Paris, and so on, backwards and forwards; the moving panorama varies in nothing but the place, retaining all the essential attributes of one uniform character.

In France, this cauldron of abomination went on bubbling and foaming, scorching and consuming, until at last it boiled over furiously, in the madness and misery of the first revolution; all which (by the way) Horace Walpole foresaw and foretold; but, as usual, nobody heeded the voice of the warner, before the explosion took place.*

Many were the mistakes as to the causes of this astounding event, and wide and wild were the speculations in regard to its immediate influence and remote consequences. An acute modern author says, "It is the fashion to ascribe everything to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to everything but the real cause. That cause is obvious. The government exacted more than the people could bear, and the people neither could nor would bear any longer." Here is a true and simple answer to a very complicated question. For some time every established government in Europe was shaken to its centre. How England escaped is

still a subject of wonder, and ought ever to be one of lasting gratitude to the pervading Providence which saved us from the engulfing vortex, and, as we hope, for better purposes. Disparaging and cynical writers of the present day occasionally insinuate that we are not one jot better than our great-grand-fathers, except in outward observance of the proprieties, and that beneath that convenient cloak the pliant folds of hypocrisy lie snugly coiled. Also that in the highest and best-informed classes all is hollow, empty, and deceptive. A comfortable view of things, which we trust is a mistaken one. But should it be correct, we have far less excuse than our progenitors. Utilitarianism and centralization, *Agapemone* communities, Chartist and Socialist debating clubs, are not likely to prove sound pedestals on which to erect the structure of moral or religious advancement; but all these evil tendencies are counterbalanced by the rapid spread of education, the removal of taxes on knowledge, the untiring eloquence of zealous teachers, and, above all, by the bright example of our present gracious Sovereign and her consort, whose public and private lives elevate humanity, and give an added grace to royalty itself.

Among the contemporaneous portraits sketched in the work we are considering, stands out in bold relief the imposing figure of the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, father of Horace, much vilified during his life, and for nearly a century after misrepresented and misunderstood. To him, as in the case of greater men, including one among the greatest of all, Cromwell, posterity is at length rendering tardy justice. Sir Robert was a true Englishman, who loved his country, and served two monarchs faithfully for many years. His opponent, the plain-spoken Shippen, said of him,—"Robert and I are honest men; he is for King George and I for King James; but as for those fellows with long cravats (Sandys, Sir John Rushout, and others) they only desire places under one king or the other." (Vol. i. p. 305). Often suspected as a corruptionist and time-server, an embezzler of public money and self-aggrandizer, it now appears that all these accusations were the mere overflowing of party gall, which fell to the ground when brought to the test of inquiry. Time, the purifier, exhibits his character freed from the dross and alloy which has been unjustly mixed up with it. A strenuous advocate of peace and opposer of expensive wars, he held his steady course, relying

* These lines from Dr. Johnson's *Irene*, on the fall of Constantinople, apply strongly to the destruction of the French monarchy:—

"A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it;
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states."—Act. i. s. 1.

on his own resources, and surrounded generally by colleagues of third-rate talent and less than fourth-rate integrity; men ready to be bought or sold according to the amount of the purchase-money. As minister of two weak, capricious, self-willed monarchs, who knew nothing of England, could scarcely speak her language, and neither understood nor valued her institutions, he maintained his post, and upheld the national honor, despite the efforts of parliamentary opposition and *camarilla* conspiracies. When at length uprooted by the force of a long-organizing cabal, he gave way before the storm, and presented himself to tender his resignation to his sovereign, that aged master, instead of holding out his hand to be kissed in the cold ceremonial of etiquette, for once gave way to natural feeling, and flung himself upon the neck of his faithful servant, embracing him in an agony of tears.*

One of the vulgar arguments against Sir Robert Walpole's integrity has been constantly repeated, and rests on words put into his mouth which he never used. "All men have their price," including of course himself, is said to have been his publicly declared opinion of public virtue. But he never said anything so universally comprehensive. His sentence was, "All *those* men have their price.†" The insertion or omission of a single word makes all the difference. By *those men* (many of whom in the sequel justified his observation), he meant the loud-tongued orators, who were as numerous in his day as ours, raving of their country's wrongs, threatening hourly impeachment of every measure and every ministry, opposing everything they did not suggest themselves, until they bullied their way by sheer dint of mouth into some comfortable sinecure, and then suddenly became as quiescent as the ocean after a tempest. Your demagogue of 1840-50, is lineally descended from his ancestor of 1730-40, with all the family features clearly identified, each being a true type of the genus which Pope characterizes in the line,

"He foams a patriot to subdue a peer."

Recent ministers have rejoiced in inefficient condjutors, but we know no modern premier with such a Secretary of State to help him as Sir Robert Walpole was blessed with in the sapient Duke of Newcastle, of whom it is recorded in responsible print, that when

informed Cape Breton was an island, he stood aghast at the amazing discovery, and said he must run and tell the King directly, who, he was quite sure, would be as much astonished as himself. Of this illustrious pundit, Lord Campbell says, in his "Lives of the Chancellors" (the passage is quoted by our author):—

"Hardly gifted with common understanding, and not possessing the knowledge of geography and history now acquired at a parish school; from the rotten borough system, then in prime vigor, the Duke was in high office as a minister longer than Burleigh, and had much more power and patronage than that paragon of statesmen."

How often do these instances of official nothingness occur in the history of nations, and yet we wonder that enlightened governments commit gigantic blunders and meet with terrible reverses. Profound was the saying of Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son, but which is usually cited for its pithiness without applying its wisdom: "*Vides, mi fili, quam leve sapientia homines gubernantur.*" Of this we crave privilege to offer the following free translation—*A small quantity of brains will suffice for a large salary.*

The public character of Sir Robert Walpole is ably summed up by the author of these Memoirs in the following passage:—

"Unfortunately for the reputation of this great man, contemporary chroniclers were too deeply prejudiced against the name of Walpole to do justice to the very superior talents he possessed as a statesman; and, influenced by their party-colored views, succeeding writers have satisfied themselves with echoing the cry against him. It is only within the last few years that due inquiry has been instituted into the measures of Walpole, and the more carefully it has been prosecuted the stronger has the impression become, that he was one of the most intelligent rulers this country ever possessed. Of the accusations that were lavished upon him, there seems to have been no proof produced; and as he died not only poor but very much in debt, the insinuations confidently thrown out of his having accumulated immense riches at the expense of the public, and the more daring charges of corruption on the most comprehensive scale, circulated by his enemies, of course fall to the ground."

Of his domestic and social attributes he says:

"He never put forth any pretensions to wit, but his conversation abounded in humor; and though this sometimes was too free, it was at least free from ill-feeling. . . . His cordiality of manner and the charms of his conversation few found it

* Vol. i. p. 328.

† Cox's Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole.

possible to resist. Whether as host or guest, his countenance beamed with a cheerful sunshine that warmed every heart around him. The King and Queen experienced the influence of his good-humored pleasantry quite as much as the humblest acquaintance who was honored with a place at his table; and in his own peculiar circle of intimates it is not easy to do justice to that enthusiastic affection of which he was so long the object. . . . He was easy of access, affable to strangers, indulgent to his dependents, and generous in all his habits; affronts that were put upon him when out of power, in power he never cared to remember, and though embarrassed by the treachery of those who deserted him when they fancied him growing weak, as soon as he re-established his strength, the traitors generally escaped the punishment it was then in his power to inflict."

This is an agreeable portrait, a little highly colored on the side of partiality, but at all times praise is preferable to abuse, and by no means as easy. Sir R. Walpole's "table talk" in promiscuous company, by his own avowal, bordered a little on the gross and licentious, which he defended by saying that it suited every intellect and understanding. If he took a cynical view of human nature, and, with our friend Malvil in the play, pronounced "mankind a villain," he did it good-humoredly, and more as a joke than as a sarcasm or a practical fact. He proved the contrary conviction by his forgiving temper and slowness to suspect. He thought, perhaps, with Corporal Nym, "things must be as they are," in spite of philosophers or reformers. He was not ambitious of acting Diogenes with his lantern, well knowing, from long experience, that the chance of profitable discovery was much outbalanced by the labor of the search. He took the world as he found it,—and so he died, having played a conspicuous part, and left it for a future generation to find out that he was a much better and abler man than the majority of his contemporaries.

Horace Walpole, the leading subject of these memoirs, figured conspicuously in society during a long life, and in many characters. As author, wit, virtuoso, fine gentleman, man of letters, and brilliant correspondent. He possessed an ample income, which gave him means to gratify his prevailing tastes, and indulge his love of indolent enjoyment. He had no ambition to figure in public life, for which his habits unfitted him; but he showed no objection to finger public money, having possessed for many years, through the interest of his father, and without scruple of conscience, two snug offices,

with merely a nominal duty attached to them.* From the funds supplied by these sources arose the mansion and museum of Strawberry Hill, originally built by the auspicious overflowings of a retired coachman, and christened by the neighbors, with sly insinuation, "Chopped-straw-hall;" afterwards occupied by Mrs. Chevenix, of toy-shop celebrity.† Although Walpole long held a seat in parliament, he made no figure there; when he spoke, it was ineffectively; his party considered him one of the "light weights," useful on a division, but with little personal importance. His best effort at public oratory was perhaps his first, in defence of his father, when threatened with impeachment soon after he was driven from office. As this author tells us, "he allowed the greatness of the occasion to overpower his natural timidity."‡ William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, at the time, and Lord Holland since, have bestowed commendation on this maiden effort. His constitution was too feeble to endure the recurring drudgery of long sessions, which requires the strength of an elephant. A series of campaigns in the Peninsula, on the Sutlej, or in Kaffirland, are child's play in comparison. How any human fabric can endure it, as Joseph Hume's, for an instance, has done, is an anatomical miracle, which can only be solved (when he dies in the middle of the next century,) by a *post-mortem* examination.

As an author, Horace Walpole is entitled to a respectable rank, while as a letter-writer he is unrivaled. His correspondence will live while the English language lasts, and beats that of the Grimms and Sevigné's out of the field. His conversation died with him, or survives only in traditional anecdotes; his printing press is broken to pieces, his *collectanea* dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, and his Gothic castle of lath and plaster is tottering to its foundation. Ere long it will share the fate of Pope's grotto and subterranean avenue.

It has often been charged against Walpole, and apparently with justice, that, considering his influence and position, with his ample fortune—his patronage of struggling literary merit was trifling and disproportionate. Although mild and sociable, bland in manner and gentle in speech, he was also cold and

* Usher of the Exchequer, £2,000 per annum; Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Foreign Estreats, £500 ditto. Total, £2,500! They were as nearly sinecures as possible.

† Vol. ii. p. 4-6.

‡ Vol. i. p. 343.

somewhat selfish. All virtuosos and collectors become so more or less. They bestow on dumb curiosities or living lap-dogs the affections which warmer natures occupy with love or active friendship. The passion of accumulating anything, money, books, statues, paintings, old china, suits of armor, antiquated furniture, relics of celebrated individuals, no matter what,—all springs from a longing for exclusive possession; and when the proprietor exhibits his wonders, he says or feels, "See how many fine things I have which nobody else can obtain," rather than, "How much pleasure I convey to you all by showing these rarities." There are exceptions, of course, but we apprehend this to be the general rule, and that the rage of collecting contracts rather than expands the sympathies. The celebrated Grolier used to write on the first leaf of his books, *Johannis Grolieri et amicorum*; an extent of liberality which has found few imitators. We have no doubt his library soon had many vacant shelves. The ardor of lending is much checked by the frequency of not returning the borrowed article at all, or sending it home remorselessly dilapidated.* The favorite practice of reading at the breakfast table, or over the fire, will produce the latter effect very effectually. Garrick was reproached for not giving Dr. Johnson free access to his valuable quartos while employed on his edition of Shakespeare; but he defended himself by saying he had great trouble in getting them back, and when recovered, their state was grievous to the eye and heart of the owner. In Steevens's copy of the first folio Shakespeare, there is a note signifying that it had been lent to the great lexicographer, who by no means improved its condition.

The best of Walpole's original writings, and on which his claims as author rest, are "The Castle of Otranto," "Royal and Noble Authors," "Historic Doubts," and the tragedy of "The Mysterious Mother." His other productions are numerous and varied, but they are little known to the existing generation. His letters have retained their charm, but even the works we have named above, once so popular, are now seldom looked at. They are to be found reposing on the shelves of the curious, among the desiderata of the Strawberry Hill press, generally bound in old-fashioned red morocco,

* This applies generally in the case of umbrellas, on the restitution of which very important articles, many people of otherwise respectable conscience entertain vague ideas.

but with few tokens of active service. The following eulogium in Lord Byron's preface to "Marino Faliero," appears to us considerably exaggerated:—"It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman, and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and 'The Castle of Otranto,' he is the 'Ultimus Romanorum,' the author of 'The Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may." A high panegyric from such authority; but we cannot find that Horace Walpole was ever underrated, and assuredly an aristocratic parentage on the title-page is no detriment to a new-born publication. Lords (and ladies, too,) of late have become as numerous in the fields of literature as commoners, and this could scarcely happen if they were held cheap, or neglected. Perhaps the noble poet, when he recorded the opinion, was still writhing under remembrance of the unsparing severity with which the tomahawk of the *Edinburgh* mangled his first juvenile "Poems by Lord Byron, a minor."

The "Castle of Otranto" came upon the public as a perfect novelty; an experiment in a ground which had not yet been trodden on, though destined to find so many followers,—and the success was commensurate. Our present author rates its pretensions at too low a mark. He says:—

"The public taste has very much improved since 1765, and Walpole's 'Gothic Story' has fallen into neglect. In the composition of the narrative the author has not studied the characteristics of time and place. The characters are not Italian, and a striking deficiency in natural interest pervades the entire work."

Contrast this with the criticism of Bishop Warburton, (no friend of Walpole's,) which the author of these memoirs has quoted in a note, and the difference of opinion will be found a very wide one:—

"Amidst all this nonsense, when things were at the worst, we had been entertained with what I will venture to call a masterpiece in the Fable; and of a new species, likewise. The piece I mean is 'The Castle of Otranto.' The scene is laid in Gothic chivalry; where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the author to go beyond his subject and effect the full purpose of the ancient tragedy

that is, to purge the passions by pity and terror, in coloring as great and harmonious as any of the best dramatic writers."—(Vol. ii. p. 213 *Memoirs*.)

That a work, both original and clever, should now be neglected, is less an evidence of improved taste than an instance of the ingratitude with which the labors of the engineer are passed over by the multitudes who walk pleasantly on the road he has smoothed for them. The world assuredly can do without romances or works of fiction, and there are better things in it, and better ways of employing time. But they have their charms and their utility. The mind cannot always employ itself in serious contemplation or abstruse science. Gray declared that he could conceive nothing more exquisite than lying on a sofa and reading perpetual new tales by Marivaux and Crébillon. A higher authority, and a grave philosopher, says,* "there are good reasons for reading romances; the fertility of invention, the beauty of style and expression. We, and thousands with us, have watched sedulously, in our young days, the announcement of a new novel by the author of *Waverley*, and counted the hours till it was published. Many romances have been written since "*The Castle of Otranto*," of superior interest, and a much higher order of merit; but the tribute of praise is not the less due to the founder of a school which has had so many imitators, and has given so much pleasure to society. The master who invents ought not to be depreciated because he has enabled a pupil to exceed him. The improver should not be placed above the originator, from whom he derives his excellence. If some adventurous spirit had not first braved the ocean in a boat, and ventured out of sight of land, Columbus would never have crossed the Atlantic and discovered the New World. The rude hand which sketched the original outline of a shadow on a wall,† led to the perfection of the art with which Zeuxis and Apelles, Correggio, Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael have astonished and delighted the world.

The "*Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*" will always be interesting to the inquiring few, from the general accuracy with which it is compiled, and the evidence it affords of the very small talent exhibited by the illustrious brotherhood. We think it is

Sir Walter Scott who says, it would be difficult to select from the ranks of authorship an equal number of commoners, with the same slender amount of capability.

The "*Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third*," we have always considered the best of Walpole's original efforts, and cannot agree with the present author, that the question is decided against him. He has not cleared his client, certainly, but he has shaken the hostile evidence, and shown that, in more instances than one, it was against his interest to commit the crimes imputed to him, and much more probable that they were perpetrated by others. The murder of Henry VI. is the least likely of all to have fallen to his share. The death of the two young princes will continue to lie at his door, although his successor was quite as much interested in having them out of the way. The mystery of Perkin Warbeck will never be entirely unraveled. If he was an impostor, there was more perfect coherence in his case than in any other we know of. His reputed confession is not more admissible in rational evidence than that of a criminal on the rack. Perhaps he was a natural son of Edward the Fourth, which would account for his extraordinary resemblance to the Plantagenets, and his accurate knowledge of early transactions in the family. We are not so sure that Richard will never be relieved from his hump, although Shakspeare intended him always to wear it. So did he mean Othello to be black, who has, nevertheless, become brown, in spite of the clearness of the text. The crooked back may dwindle into the high shoulder, as the more accurate measure of deformity. It is impossible that an able man-at-arms could have been so utterly misshapen as Richard is represented. Such an object could never have killed Sir William Brandon, and unhorsed Sir John Cheyney, in single conflict. Our author, when enumerating the advocates of Richard, forgets Sir George Buck, who put forth his life in folio, with a portrait, in 1647, and deserves mention, as having been the first to draw a pen in his favor, and that within fifty years after the death of the great Tudor lioness, Elizabeth.

The "*Mysterious Mother*" is, altogether, a composition of great power and merit, and shows more vigor in the mind that produced it, than anything else proceeding from the same source. As Lord Byron says, and we have quoted above, it is certainly not a puling love-play, but still a love-play, and on a very

* Dr. Johnson.

† "Perhaps the shadow taken on a wall
Gave outline to the rude original."—DRYDEN.

unnatural and disgusting subject. Another instance of talent unprofitably wasted. That a morbid imagination, such as that of Alfieri or Shelley, should light on these revolting subjects is comprehensible;* but that the courtly, well-regulated temperament of Horace Walpole should do so, is bewildering.

This author says, the play owed its origin to one of the Queen of Navarre's tales; but Walpole, in his preface, tells us, he took it directly from a story he had heard in early youth of a lady, who, in the agony of remorse, disclosed to Archbishop Tillotson the incestuous passion, with its consequences, which forms the plot of his tragedy. It was not until he had finished it he found the same story in the novels of the Queen of Navarre.† But it may be traced higher still, and comes down lineally from the respectable family of *Œdipus* and *Jocasta*. The subject seems to have been a popular one. Before Walpole handled it, there were four English versions, two of them being in a dramatic form. It is to be met with in the works of Perkins, a Puritan divine of the seventeenth century, and thence transcribed into the *Spectator*. In 1698 it appeared as a tragedy, called "The Fatal Discovery, or Love in Ruins," which was acted at Drury-lane, and afterwards printed anonymously; the author is not known, and the work is utterly contemptible. In 1737 came forth "Innocence Distressed, or the Royal Penitents," by Mr. Robert Gould, a country schoolmaster—another worthless tragedy on the same subject, with a few variations; but this time the infiction was confined to printing only. It was published by subscription for the benefit of the author's daughter, and dedicated to the Duchess of Beaufort.

Walpole's tragedy will repay the reader. The author we are reviewing says:—

"As an imaginative work, the 'Mysterious Mother' may be regarded as the greatest of Walpole's productions. It indicates the possession of higher powers than were required for the composition of the 'Castle of Otranto'; and, though neither sufficiently dramatic nor characteristic for the theatre, reads better than many plays that have kept possession of the stage."

The objections to representation do not

* See the "Mirra" of the first, and the "Cenci" of the last of these two poets. We have seen the "Mirra" of Alfieri acted in Italy. The subject is a little softened by being classical, and there is no actual crime, only the desire of committing one.

† It is to be found also in the original edition of "Luther's Table-Talk."

lie where they are here pointed out. It would be by no means difficult to show, that of character or dramatic essence there is enough; the chief obstacle is, the revolting nature of the subject, which no excellence, either in writing or acting, could render palatable to English spectators. Walpole himself admits that his play is fit for the closet only. "The subject," says he, in his preface, "is so horrid, that it would shock rather than give satisfaction to an audience." But, in a subsequent letter, he evidently varies in his opinion, and wishes to risk the experiment. He writes thus:

"I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted; but, as Mrs. Pritchard leaves the stage next month, I know nobody who could play the Countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinence of that jackanapes, Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue in character for the Clive, which she would speak admirably; but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it."

When Lord Byron decreed that Walpole's tragedy entitled him to rank above all living dramatists, the genius of Knowles had not burst into effulgence, and the able writers who have followed him, formed on the same model, were as yet "unknown to fame."

In 1757, Walpole established a private press at Strawberry Hill, and commenced his labors in this new walk with the publication of "Gray's Odes." On the whole, the contributions to literature from this celebrated source were much inferior to what might have been expected, and many quite unworthy the pains and expense bestowed on them. But this new hobby-horse added much to his notoriety, amused him for several years, and occasioned no small vexation in the controversy with Chatterton, wherein he was more censured than he deserved, although not perfectly clear on two or three points. He was, at first, a profound believer in the genuineness of the Rowley poems, and when he, with others, became convinced of the imposture, a little ashamed of having been so thoroughly duped. His vexation was increased by its being the second successful experiment on his credulity, Macpherson's *Ossian* having equally imposed on him. Walpole at the outset was exceedingly anxious to print the supposed poems of Rowley at Strawberry

Hill, and entered into a patronizing correspondence with Chatterton, but as soon as he became satisfied of the imposition, changed his tone, and dropped him as readily as he had taken him up; yet he required some pressing, with an angry accusation of unfair dealing, before he returned the manuscripts which had been entrusted to his care.

When speaking of the Strawberry Hill press, our author should have mentioned Thomas Kirgate, the last printer employed by Walpole, who remained with him many years, and was, as he said, the only honest one he ever had. This Kirgate was a character in his way, who, in some respects, tried to imitate his master, particularly in collecting on the small scale. He left a very respectable library, which was sold by auction in 1810. The large catalogues have a portrait prefixed. The list contains many of the rarest Strawberry Hill editions; whether or not obtained as free gifts, or perquisites of office, or by surreptitious means, it is useless to inquire. Many of them sold for large sums, particularly a copy of the "Hieroglyphick Tales," of which it was said only twelve were printed, and of which, strange to say, there was not one in the Strawberry Hill catalogue, when that collection was sold in 1842.

Our author is rather severe on Horace Walpole, for certain literary deceptions he practised himself, such as publishing anonymously, under a fictitious name, or with a preface assuming facts which never had occurred. He says:—

"Walpole quite forgot his own offences in the greatness of his anger at the offence of the Bristol apprentice—possibly imagining, that what was the most natural thing in the world when done by a gentleman of family, was altogether unpardonable when attempted by a boy just emancipated from a charity school."

Under submission, the inference is not fair, neither are the cases parallel. The one, to speak mildly, was, at the best, an attempt to live by conscious imposition; a plan to raise money under false pretences. The other, a mere whim, which aimed at nobody's pocket, and has been practised by many without impeachment of character. No one impugned Sir Walter Scott's literary rectitude, because he created an idolon in the "Author of Waverley," or tried to mislead public curiosity in the poems of "Harold the Dauntless, and the Bridal of Triermain;" neither did Southey lose caste for endeavoring to persuade the world that the letters of Don

Manuel Esperiella were actually written by a Spaniard. The comparison tends to make out a case where none exists, and would implicate more than can be easily enumerated.

The three famous literary impostures of the last age, by Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland, are here brought together, and discussed in a lively manner under one head, although they occurred at distinct intervals. This forms one of the most amusing chapters in the book. Of the trio it is remarkable that the two last should have been mere striplings, one of them little more than a boy. Macpherson took the lead, in 1762, with the "Poems of Ossian," and carried many along with him. For aught we know to the contrary, there may be believers still in this Celtic Homer. It has been often said, Ossian was the favorite study of Napoleon, in his few hours of relaxation from active business. It seems strange that a mind so essentially practical could have found pleasure in these imaginative rhapsodies. Macpherson broke down when Dr. Johnson called on him to produce his manuscripts, which he was unable to do. Had he confined himself to the single ground of oral tradition, he might have held out much longer, and would have taken from his most formidable antagonist his strongest argument. He was exactly in the predicament of the Marquis Carraccioli, the editor of the so-called letters of Pope Ganganelli (Clement XIV.), when Voltaire asked him, "Where are the originals?" which question he was unable to answer.

The boy, Chatterton, knew perfectly well that he was the imaginary Rowley, and so, in all probability, did Messrs. Cateot and Barrett, his first patrons and accomplices. They made a step or two in the production of manuscripts of Rowley, but they were scanty, and so badly executed as to be detectable with slight examination. And so their scheme fell to the ground. But both Macpherson and Chatterton were impostors of extraordinary talent, and their productions abounding in genius. Mr. Forster, in his recent life of Goldsmith, pronounces the Rowley poems of Chatterton to be "the most wonderful invention of literature, all things being considered."

The mention of Mr. Forster's very able and entertaining "Life of Goldsmith," reminds us that he has fallen into some inaccuracies, particularly when speaking of Horace Walpole, and his press, which, although of minor importance, should not appear in a standard book. Professed critics, who sometimes catch at a straw, in the exercise of

their vocation, ought to be very careful not to fall into the errors they castigate. Any one may be mistaken in an opinion, but none should err in stating a fact, however insignificant. At page 95, he says, that six years before 1757, Horace Walpole printed, at Strawberry Hill, "Gray's Elegy," and "Eton College Ode;" and that in July, 1757, he selected his two new odes for another pet publication. Whereas the facts are, that the Strawberry Hill press did not commence work before 1758; its first fruits were "The Bard," and "The Progress of Poesy," and the "Eton College Ode" and "Elegy" were never printed there at all. Mr. Forster also says, that Garrick's alterations of *Hamlet*, although disapproved of by the public, kept possession of the stage for eight years. It was produced in 1771, and Garrick retired in 1776. Supposing he continued to thrust down this unpalatable dish, during the whole of that time, of which there may be evidence, here are not quite five years, and it is scarcely probable that his successors in management would persevere in a failure. The author of these memoirs differs from Mr. Forster in his estimate of "Chatterton's Poems;" he says:—

"They may be regarded as extraordinary productions from a boy of Chatterton's age, but their merit is not greater than has been exhibited at a similar period of life by Pope, and other juvenile poets. Their claims on the score of invention will not bear a very close examination; deprived of their antique dress, they lose at least half their effect upon the reader; and they cannot be regarded as a true expression of the poetical feeling which existed at the period to which they profess to belong."

This appears to us as much below, as the other is above, the true mark of their pretensions. The Bristol attorney's clerk, "the inspired boy," as he has been called, had even less advantage from circumstances and education than Pope, or Cowley, and other precocious spirits. His early and tragic end by suicide is too well known to be dwelt on in detail. What a different career might his undoubted talents have opened to him, had they been directed in a better path, or had he fallen into better hands than those of the antiquarian pewterer, and literary surgeon, who treated the whole matter as a speculation, and perhaps connived at the imposture. Chatterton died on the 24th August, 1770, not having completed his eighteenth year. In 1776, Dr. Johnson, and his inseparable shadow, Boswell, being then on an excursion to

Bristol, examined, at the house of Barrett, some of the *originals* of Rowley, and found them to be clumsily executed, and sufficiently indicative of imposture, even without internal evidence.* Honest Cateot, the pewterer, persuaded them to accompany him to the tower of Redcliffe Church, where he pointed out "Canynge's Cofro," "*the very chest itself*," in which the pretended poems had been discovered by Chatterton, whose father was the sexton. But in spite of this conclusive evidence, the stubborn sage remained incredulous, while he acknowledged the perverted genius. "This is the most extraordinary young man," said he, "that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."

This legend of St. Mary Redcliff has gained considerably since 1776. *Vires acquirit eundo*. In 1841, we were in Bristol, and visited that venerable edifice, as one of the most interesting sights in the city. A noble pile it is, far superior to the cathedral. The attendant verger led us proudly to the tower, and called our attention to "the chest," as the *genius loci*, the tutelary divinity of the temple, and then added solemnly, pointing to the opposite corner, "and in that corner of this very tower Chatterton starved himself to death." The company looked on the spot with becoming awe, as if they expected to see the skeleton at least, and some began to feel pathetic.

"And where is he buried?" inquired we, after a decent pause.

"Why here, in our churchyard, of course; I don't know the exact place, but my grandfather was at the funeral."

"My good friend," we ventured to remark, hesitating, "that's impossible; Chatterton destroyed himself with a dose of arsenic, to escape from starvation. This occurred in London, not in Bristol, and he was interred in the burial ground of an adjacent work-house."

"A likely story," replied the dogged official; "wasn't he born here? and haven't we a right to know best?"

There was no combating this Socratic mode of argument; the sense of the listeners was evidently in its favor; so we held our peace and submitted. What use was there in depriving the worthy man of the best half of his story, or in disturbing such authentic and profitable traditions? Besides which, there were a score or two of ill-conditioned urchins

* They are now in the British Museum, and not to be compared to Ireland's subsequent achievements in the same line.

hanging about, ready, on a hint, to pelt the audacious foreigner who dared to throw doubt on the records of their church.

Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," says, that when he visited the Church of Stratford-on-Avon, and stood gazing, with deep interest, on the stone, with the memorable anathema against disturbance, which covers the grave of Shakspeare, the aged sexton informed him, that a few years before, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault,* the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space, almost like an arch (this is not very intelligible), through which one might have reached into the grave. The old man kept watch for two nights, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed up again. He had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. The traveling author evidently contemplated his informer with increased reverence, when he concludes thus: "It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare." To all this, the worthy Mr. Burchell would have responded, by the expressive monosyllable "Fudge!" "Every fool knows," as the grave-digger says to *Hamlet*, the bones being compounded of pure carbonate and phosphate of lime, will not resolve themselves into dust in two hundred years, no, nor in twice two hundred years,† whatever wooden coffins and still more perishable flesh may do; so that if there were no bones, the dust may go to blind the credulous. About ten years after Washington Irving's visit, we went to ponder over the grave of Shakspeare, which we never fail to do when in the neighborhood of Stratford, and found the old sexton had been succeeded by his grandson. On questioning him as to what had been printed, and read by so many thousands, he replied that his grandfather had never been present at the opening of any vault adjoining the grave of Shakspeare, no such thing having occurred during his long period of office; and that when we told him

the reported conversation, he said, "there is no truth in it." Either his memory had failed, or the ingenious author was deceived by a surreptitious sexton, as Sir Walter Scott, and other historians of Waterloo, were mystified by Jean La Coste;* or yielding to the temptation of a well turned period, he has suffered his imagination to become poetical. We have no doubt, enthusiastic tourists, with the "Sketch Book" in their hands, have often sacrificed an additional half-crown in honor of the man who had looked on the dust of Shakspeare.†

Ireland, and the Shakspeare forgeries, came on at a later date, in 1796, when Walpole had ceased to trouble himself with such subjects, and scarcely a year before his death. They belong not to his epoch, and are merely brought in, in these volumes, to complete the series. Ireland dealt more boldly in original documents than his predecessor; his imitations were executed with great labor and consummate skill. They almost equaled, in fidelity, the curtain which deceived the old Greek painter. Even Ritson, the astute and cynical, although not among the duped, says, in a letter to one of his correspondents:—

"The Shakspeare papers, of which you have heard so much, and which I have carefully examined, are, I can assure you, a parcel of forgeries, studiously and ably calculated to deceive the public; the imposition being, in point of art and foresight, beyond anything of the kind that has been witnessed since the days of Annus Verbiensis."—Vol. ii. p. 357.

With the exploded precedents of Macpherson and Chatterton before their eyes, the public again swallowed the bait; the believers, for a time, were numerous and respectable, and became proportionately savage when the trick was acknowledged.

Horace Walpole was very fond of visiting Paris. His mind, in many respects, was essentially French. The unrestrained laxity of French society accorded with his tastes. He took great delight in French literature, which he closely studied, adopted French manners, looked keenly and prophetically

* This is clearly impossible. On each side of Shakspeare lie members of his family, who have occupied their places, without disturbance, for nearly two centuries. There is not, and was not, any interval for an adjoining vault.

† The bones discovered in Kirkdale cave, Yorkshire; Banwell, and Hutton, Somersetshire; Kent, and Oreston, Devonshire; Goats Hole, and Paviland, Glamorganshire; Gailenruth in Franconia, and many other districts on the continent, are not hundreds, but thousands of years old; and they are not fossilized, but strictly osseous. They are bones of animals, not men (with some exceptions), but the components are identical.

* This Jean La Coste traded most profitably on his "Buonaparteana," until Major Silborne, who lived several months on the spot, and others, since proved to a demonstration, that he was an impostor, and had never been within several miles of the field of Waterloo during the whole day.

† Washington Irving is a smart, lively writer, but he should not borrow without acknowledgment. He has lately plagiarized wholesale from the *Life* of an Irish poet, written by an Irishman (Prior Goldsmith), and without adequate admission.

into French morals, and formed many French connections. With the celebrated Madame du Deffand he established an intimacy, which lasted till the death of that venerable Aspasia, in 1780, at the age of 84, an extended cycle of existence, moving round in one unvaried course, without an interval of religious reflection, or an hour of profitable employment; continually occupied in intriguing, card-playing, bon mots, gossiping, small talk, dabbings in literature, and indiscriminate scandal. She died as she lived, surrounded by triflers, butterflies, and sycophants, refusing the offices of religion, and passing into the next state of existence with the sound of the *Loto* table tingling in her ears.

These were the circles Horace Walpole frequented when in Paris, and we suspect he must have been too much under their influence when he wrote as follows:—

"I have never seen or heard anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, Philosophers, Politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, the Humes, the Littletons, the Grenvilles, the Atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt,* are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all this parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honestier than any of them."

Our author calls this a startling paragraph, evidently written to surprise rather than convince. To us it reads very like elaborate nonsense; an attempt at something smart and original, an effort to keep up the character of a lively correspondent, without regard to reason, or any care for moral or logical truth. Better if the writer had expunged it; and better still if the biographer had not transcribed what he scarcely considers a faithful picture of the mind it springs from. Whether Walpole escaped undefiled from the ordeal of French profligacy to which he voluntarily surrendered himself, may be suspected; but he clearly foresaw what everything in that country was fast tending to, and lived to see his prognostics verified in the pleantries of the guillotine, and the enthronement of a common prostitute as the Goddess of Reason.

The social depravity of the Parisian world, in every department, from the death of

Louis XIV. to his decapitation of his great-grandson, would be perfectly incredible, were it not proved beyond doubt or question. Religion, loyalty, law, decency, and natural affection, all gave way before the sweeping tide. Sometimes it advanced too quickly for vice itself. Even the "head and front" of all imaginable wickedness, the Regent, Duke of Orleans, was once shocked, and his eyes opened to the absolute dominion of "the evil one" which prevailed, when his favorite minister (public and private), the *atheist* Dubois, insisted on being made a cardinal, and on being inducted into the archbishopric so long and lately graced by Fenelon. The Regent really trembled at the outrageous scandal, and hesitated until coerced into compliance by political gratitude. Dubois had made a good commercial treaty with George I., and this was to be the price for his service. The Regent consented. "Then all is settled," said Dubois, triumphantly. "Not yet," observed his master: "where the devil shall we find *even* in France, a *sacré coquin*, who will venture to consecrate a still more *sacré coquin*, such as thou art?" "Leave that to me," replied Dubois; and we sigh to remember that he actually persuaded or compelled the virtuous Massillon to assist at the disgusting profanation.

At page 276, vol. ii., we have a very characteristic letter from Walpole to his friend Gray, in which he gives an agreeable account, after his peculiar manner, of his new French alliances, and the popularity he had attained in Paris. We fancy we have seen this letter before, but as no reference is given, probably it now appears for the first time. If so, it is among the best original contributions to be found in these volumes, and which, we may as well remark here, we find it difficult to distinguish. If the letter is not original, this should have been distinctly stated.

Walpole, during his visits to Paris, exchanged literary compliments (very hollow ones) with Voltaire, and perpetrated a hoax on Rousseau, and which, as usual, led to some misrepresentations and more quarrelling. This was his forged letter, pretending to be an invitation from Frederick the Great to the mountebank of Geneva, to accept an asylum in his dominions, when bigotry and ignorance had repudiated him from the rest of the civilized world. The enemies of Rousseau thought the joke a delicious one, and lauded Walpole to the skies when he was found to be the real author. On the other hand, the partisans of Rousseau opened

* The first Lord Chatham, not his son, "The Pilot who weathered the storm."

their mouths in furious recrimination, and attacked Walpole, who foolishly lost his temper, and waxed angry at the storm he had himself raised. Rousseau was fair game, and there was very little moral delinquency in what Walpole had meant as a mere *jeu d'esprit*; although Warburton, who disliked him, without caring for his antagonist, and was himself not very tender of private feelings, said, "his pleasantry had baseness in its very conception," and added, "I should be well pleased to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole." The bishop had no objection to sound the charge, although his gown and lawn sleeves restrained him from rushing into the dangers of the fight.

Rousseau was at this time in England, under the patronage of his Pylades and brother philosopher, Hume, who for a long time had reigned "the observed of all observers" in Paris. He suspected his friend of being a party in the conspiracy against him, and a furious war was declared between the quondam allies, which worked up to this climax of compliment—"You are a scoundrel," said Hume; "You are a double traitor," replied Rousseau; and so they dissolved partnership, and fell to mutual abuse. Even philosophy, real or pretended, cannot bridle that unruly member, the tongue. When Dr. Adam Smith and Dr. Johnson met at Glasgow, they disputed on Smith's famous letter on the death of Hume, which Johnson loudly proclaimed his dissent from, and then proceeded to wrangle in foul language. "He called me a liar," said Smith, in his subsequent account of the dialogue, "and I called him a son of a —!" Smith was the worse logician of the two, as he could not possibly prove his premises, which the other might. "On such terms (remarks Sir Walter Scott, who retails the anecdote) did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between the two great teachers of philosophy."

These instances are almost as instructive as the conversation between Partridge and the recruiting sergeant in "Tom Jones." "Craving your pardon," said Partridge, "that's a *non sequitur*." "You're another, if you come to that," retorted the learned sergeant; "I'm no more a *sequitur* than yourself, and I'll fight any man for a crown." There is a clear, clinching conviction of being right, in the last sentence, worth all the roundabout sophistries of either Hume or Rousseau.

Walpole, like most jokers, preferred hav-

ing all the fun to himself, and writhed under a retort. But he threw the first stone, and ought to have submitted patiently when one or more were hurled at him in return. If you volunteer the blow which commences a battle, you have no right to complain should you find yourself roughly handled in the sequel. Abuse and vituperation augment as insensibly as a rolling snowball. Fox once opened a sharp fire of sarcasm on a political opponent, who replied with a full-mouthed battery of scurrilous invective. The aggressor was obliged to call for quarters. "Stop, stop, sir," cried he, "I was impertinent, but you are brutal."

Towards the end of the second volume of these Memoirs, is a long chapter entirely devoted to original selections from the correspondence of the Rev. William Cole with Horace Walpole. We pass this rapidly over, as the least interesting portion of the whole work. The letters are dull and vapid in themselves, and we think they might have been spared without detriment. Being written to Walpole, and not by him, they are little illustrative of his character, and supply no new information on any topic of value. The publication of correspondence, merely because it exists, and has not been disclosed before, may serve to swell a volume; but if at the same time it wearies the reader, and draws his attention from the more brilliant chapters, it had better have remained in the drawers or on the shelves from whence it is transferred. This Rev. William Cole was one of Walpole's oldest friends, they having been acquainted from boyhood. He was the son of an opulent farmer in Cambridgeshire, a well-beneficed, well-educated country clergyman; a kind of literary grub, well versed in antiquarian lore, tedious and precise; very anxious to give information on any subject he was acquainted with, when asked, and insufferably prosy in his manner of doing so; mixing all up with a good proportion of himself, his unimportant doings, his terrible escapes from scarcely any dangers, and his sufferings from the gout. He seems to have been, what Dr. Johnson defines a lexicographer to be, "a harmless drudge." A plodding, heavy, zealous individual, burrowing like a mole in the subterranean cells of learning, with, as our author describes him, "an extraordinary facility for writing a great deal about nothing, and a power of filling several sheets of paper without anything to say;" altogether a person more to be used than enjoyed. Consequently Walpole found him very serviceable in the various stages of his collecting mania,

whether as regarded old paintings, old prints, rare manuscripts, or early printed volumes.

Walpole, like all others possessed by the same fantasy, paid dearly for his requisitions, and was sometimes completely taken in. There is no one so readily gulled, or sold, in modern classical phraseology, as your professed antiquarian. The character of Cockletope* is not much exaggerated. Between his Gothic baby-house, and the curiosities amassed within its chambers, an enormous sum had been squandered away. When the latter were sold, although the celebrity of the collector had given them an adventitious value, the sum produced amounted not to a third of the original cost,—a lesson to the existing and future race of virtuosos, which they will neither study nor profit by.

At the well known Dr. Mead's sale, Walpole was nearly let in, by want of caution, to give forty-nine guineas for a book not worth more than one. This escape frightened him not a little, and deterred him from unlimited commissions. This Dr. Mead was equally renowned in his day as a physician and collector. He amassed a large fortune by his practice, and employed it in purchasing statues, pictures, and books. He furnishes one of the rare instances in which the money was well laid out, and produced a remunerative return. He had also wit and courage, two qualities not always combined. Both Rochester and Wharton were suspected of showing the white feather. Dr. Mead fought a duel under the gate of Gresham College, with another celebrated brother Galen, Dr. Woodward. They combated with small swords, and in full dress. "Take your life," said the magnanimous Woodward, when he had disarmed and overthrown his antagonist. "I will take anything from you," replied the prostrate Mead, "except physic."

As Walpole began to grow old, and saw his early friends dying round him, he endeavored to supply their places by forming new connections. His latter years were much soiled by the correspondence of Miss Hannah More, and the constant society of the two Miss Berrys. These last amiable and accomplished ladies are still alive. Some said he was in love with one or both, and he gave himself little trouble to contradict idle reports which by this time he had ceased to care for. That he entertained a very sincere friendship for the two sisters, is certain. Mr. John

Taylor, author of the tale of *Monsieur Tonson*, and proprietor of the *Sun* newspaper, who published records of his life in 1832, says, Walpole proposed to marry the elder Miss Berry, that he might leave her a title and fortune. We know not the value of Taylor's authority; he was well received in literary society, and may have heard the story as the gossip of the day, but as the present author makes no allusion to the circumstance, we may suppose he is either unacquainted with, or disbelieves it.

Towards the close of the year 1791, Horace Walpole succeeded, on the death of his nephew, to the title and estates of Earl of Orford, an increase of rank and importance which afforded him little gratification, while it added much to his anxieties, and involved him in accounts, cases for lawyers, disputes upon leases and mortgages, and other usual attendants on an encumbered property. All these occupations he loathed; they broke in on his favorite pursuits, occupied his time, ruffled his temper, and injured his health, already failing under gout and years. So slightly did he value his nobility, that for many months he merely subscribed his letters, "Uncle to the late Earl of Orford." In the midst of increased vexation and infirmity, it is pleasing to discover that he sought to do good, and was active in benevolence. He was never married, nor does he seem ever to have contemplated seriously the life connubial. The cares of a family would have sadly interfered with his long cherished habits, his gossiping and collecting propensities, while they would have drawn heavily on an income he loved to employ in matters much nearer to his heart.

At page 560, vol. ii., there is a mistake which the author would do well to correct with the earliest opportunity. Speaking of the concluding portion of Walpole's life, from about 1793, he says, "He loved to have around him a few of his ancient friends, who still survived; Garrick was of the number." This is impossible. Garrick died in 1779, and could be no visitor at Strawberry Hill, fourteen years after. Neither does it appear that Walpole was ever very intimate with, or partial to him. We have seen before that he called him an impertinent jackanapes, and spoke slightly of his pretensions as a dramatic author. This does not sound much like friendship or esteem, and his close alliance with Kitty Clive would hardly lead to any increased admiration of Garrick.

Our author does but scanty justice to the literary pretensions of Hannah More, whom

* In O'Keeffe's well known farce of *Modern Antiques*.

he looks upon as overrated, and places below the celebrities in female authorship of the present day—an open question, the discussion of which is scarcely worth the labor. Many of her works are agreeable and instructive, although they may be less brilliant than those of Harriet Martineau. She obtained great popularity during her life, and may still be read with pleasure. Her merit is not lessened although it has been exceeded. We need not love Cæsar less, because we love Rome more. We find inserted, towards the close of this work, an extremely clever letter, sent by her, anonymously, to Horace Walpole, in 1785, ridiculing a practice then in its infancy, but since carried to mature perfection—that of substituting French phrases and idioms for English ones. The letter is dated from Alamode Castle, June 20, 1840, and is called “a specimen of the English language as it will, probably, be written and spoken in the next century; in a letter from a lady to her friend, in the reign of George V.” It is rather too long for insertion, but full of point and humor, and will reward the reader with a hearty laugh at the extraordinary ingenuity of equally avoiding French words or English idioms. The author of these Memoirs says justly:—

“The abuse at which it was aimed was, however, then only beginning; it remained for the nineteenth century to play such tricks with our language, either by making it a medley of all continental phrases, or, by a labored imitation of Teutonic sentences, to render it as unlike as possible to

“The well of purest English undefiled,”

with which our older classics were wont to refresh the intellects of their readers.”

The abuse has now resolved itself into a rooted disease—an ulcer, a gangrene—eating hourly into the constitution of a manly, honest tongue, and sapping all its characteristic energies. The English flower-garden is choked up with French, Italian, and German weeds, until little else can be discovered. The system of engrafting exotics has destroyed the trunk of the original tree. The language in which we clothe our thoughts is no longer a stately raiment of uniform color and texture, but a variegated harlequin's jacket, made up of many shreds and patches. Unless parliament interferes with a legislative enactment, and a heavy penalty, we shall soon have to study what was once English, through the medium of foreign dictionaries.

In a condensed sketchy notice, such as the present, it is impossible to find place for all the characters introduced in the memoirs of a celebrated individual and his contemporaries, which embrace more than half a century of action and notoriety. The chapter, headed “The Wits,” in vol. ii., contains some agreeable anecdotes and reminiscences of George Selwyn, equally renowned for his love of wit and public executions; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, unrivaled at satirico-quizzical verses, an anticipation of Hook and Hood; Charles Townsend, the most elegant beau, and one of the accomplished statesmen of his day; Bubb Doddington, trifling and pompous, with no redeeming quality but money; the Duke of Queensbury, afterwards, and even lately, known as old Q., rich as Dives or Cræsus, and more debauched than Heliogabalus; the late Marquis of Hertford, his heir and pupil, nearly as rich and fully as profligate; the last of the line, with one or two still animated exceptions, who linger on the skirts of society and the last verge of existence. As our author, from delicacy or forgetfulness, has abstained from naming them, we have no wish to jog his memory. As a class they can never exist again. Even wealth will not give them currency. In this chapter the author has introduced some specimens of Selwyn's recorded jokes, which he, apparently, considers the best he can find, and of these he expresses no very high opinion. We subjoin two or three, which are not quite so well known, and, perhaps, may be considered better. Bubb Doddington was the constant butt against which the remorseless wit was continually directing his keenest shafts. Whether at White's Club, or in private society, he seldom spared him; yet, his victim clung to him, as Falstaff did to Poins; he was bewitched with the rogue's company. But once he thought an occasion offered to have his turn. Being asked by Selwyn to introduce him to the Duchess of Gordon, he did so in these terms:—

“Will your Grace permit me to present to you my friend, George Selwyn, who is not so great a fool as he looks?”

“I feel much obliged, your Grace,” retorted Selwyn, “by my friend Bubb's flattering observation, and I wish I could say as much for him!”

One day he rushed triumphantly into the club-room, and, seizing Selwyn by the button, exclaimed, “George, congratulate me, it is all settled, I am to be made a lord; what will you say to that?”

"Say?" replied Selwyn, "Why, I shall say, Oh, Lord!"

When only Mr. Bubb, and before he had succeeded to the more important patronymic of Doddington, he expected to be sent as envoy to the court of Spain. Speaking with his tormentor on the matter, he regretted the shortness of his name:—

"The Spanish grandees, I understand," said he, "have a great number of names, and usually very long ones. They think little of such short names as mine—Bubb! Bubb! I wish I could lengthen it in any natural way; George, can you suggest anything?"

"Certainly," replied Selwyn; "call yourself Silly Bubb" (Sillabub).

When Bubb succeeded at last, through his money and its reflected influence, in getting himself pitchforked into the peerage, he assumed the euphonious title of Baron of Melcombe Regis. He thought differently from Shakspeare, who says, "What's in a name?" Though not learned, he, perhaps, had read Camden's *Annals of Elizabeth*, in which an insignificant name renders ludicrous a well merited eulogium. In the great sea-fight against the Spanish Armada, the only Englishman of note who fell was a certain Captain Cock, whose memory is thus preserved: "In sub, inter hostes, navicula, cum laude perit solus Cockus, Anglus."

A joke in 1740–50 went much farther than it does now. Perhaps our modern Hooks and Hoods are not more brilliant than the Selwyns and the Hanburys of the last age, but they are quicker, their practice is more rapid, and they fire three rounds where their predecessors could only discharge one. In the present altered state of social habits, mere conversational wits have not the same chance they had formerly. Not half the time is occupied at table. The long hours of drinking and talking are exchanged for three courses of heavy, rapid eating, with slight potations. Digestion has become slower, and imagination torpid. Music and dancing have supplanted anecdote. Euterpe and Terpsichore have driven Bacchus from the field. Your professed dinner-out will still obtain his dinner, but he finds it very hard to get time for his stories, while the social supper has faded into a tradition. Mere brilliant parts, as they were called, will seldom now help a man into place or prominence. To be thought anything of, he must be noisy, uneasy, prying, above all, useful; or, what will often do as well, he must assume the appearance of utility, in the

shape of bustling officiousness. A good way to begin in public life is to pretend that you are the trusted organ of an influential party; by continually asserting this, you will get at last listened to, and listening is the first step to conviction. The very party you have adopted will, at last, adopt you in return, out of common gratitude, saying, "hang him, he has worked hard for us, we must acknowledge and provide for him." An experienced trimmer once imparted to us this plan of tactics, and declared that, though sometimes slow, he invariably found it, in the long run, sure and profitable.

Horace Walpole died on the 2nd of March, 1797, having nearly completed his eightieth year. With him expired the race of "fine gentlemen scholars," which we are never likely to see revived. We are become too essentially mercantile, even in literary and scientific pursuits, to breed again a similar species. We are, perhaps, less witty and accomplished than our forefathers, less formally polite, and less particular in the minutiae of social intercourse; but let us hope that we are more solidly useful, and a trifle less insincere, whether in morals or religion. We do not bow as low or gracefully, neither do we write as many pleasant letters about nothing, in spite of the penny postage. The present generation do not drink five bottles at a sitting, fight a duel once a week, or "swear prodigiously," as our armies did in Flanders. They still do a little in the gambling line, and smoke to an excess that would have sickened Sir Walter Raleigh himself. But, then, they think, and calculate, and make money, and sometimes lose it. They bend to public opinion, which they dare not brave; they "assume a virtue if they have it not;" they talk decency if they do not love it; and tremble before virtue, which controls, if it does not convince them. We ought to be far in advance of preceding races, and if we are not, heavy will be the responsibility when the final reckoning must be made. We have glided insensibly into a moralizing strain, and have entirely lost sight of our book, but must now draw bridle, and take our leave. Its great and leading merit consists in connecting in one link, within small compass, and in a telling, lively style the history of many persons, and numerous incidents, which we could not otherwise make ourselves familiar with, except by wading through innumerable volumes, and occupying more time than most of us can afford to bestow on light or ornamental literature.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MONTROSE AND HIS TIMES.*

MR. NAPIER is already known as the author of two works on the civil troubles of Scotland. In the first, entitled *Montrose and the Covenanters*, he laid open the secret machinery employed by the revolutionary leaders, who masked their astute designs with the specious appearance of pious or patriotic impulses. In the second, under the name of *Life and Times of Montrose*, he re-cast his previous volumes in a more popular shape, making the disquisition subordinate to the narrative, and interweaving some new materials of curiosity or argument which had been imparted to him in the interval. A minuter investigation of private repositories subsequently disclosed additional sources of information, and Mr. Napier, undismayed by the monotony of the familiar task, undertook to incorporate in the most authentic and systematic form the whole series of his discoveries, which are now submitted to us by the "Maitland Club," in two vols. 4to, with the designation of *Memorials of Montrose and his Times*.

The first volume of this elaborate compilation is devoted to documents illustrative of Scottish councils and statesmen before the Great Rebellion, to the particulars of Montrose's youth and education, and to the correspondence explanatory of his accession to the first "Covenant" and subsequent alienation from the fanatical party. The second volume exhibits a collection of original papers, which elucidate the principles on which Montrose and his confederates raised the standard of the king, the romantic successes of the royal arms, the cause of the hero's retreat abroad, his intercourse there with the exiled family, his last invasion of Scotland, his defeat and execution.

Mr. Napier has not only printed many contemporary authorities for the first time, and assembled many more which were dispersed in obscure or voluminous publications, but he has prefixed to the several sections under

which his materials are digested, introductions full of amusing citations or desultory controversy; and he has accompanied the whole with annotations which manifest his extensive researches and powers of satirical analysis. Few writers have embraced the defence of Charles with deeper or less discriminating fervor. It seems probable, indeed, that the cavalier predominates in our author above the churchman, and that the prerogative lies nearer his soul than liturgy or surplice. His loyalty is rather of the secular than the ecclesiastical dye, and his zeal for the episcopal order is chastened, if not by liberality, at least by calculation; but he repudiates the ungracious task of enforcing the venial errors committed in a sacred cause,—errors, in his mind, more than redeemed by prompt revocation and generous concessions. The guilt of the Covenanting party is, on the contrary, aggravated by every art consistent with honesty, and sometimes denounced in terms repugnant to the courtesy and refinement of history. Their public professions are traced to sordid motives, their personal vices are explored with scandalous success, the cruelty of their triumphs is proved with indignation and heightened by contrast, and even the misery of their merited fall is commemorated with exultation. Such a lively animosity, however well founded, rarely commands the hearty concurrence of the reader, who rapidly peruses, in a spirit of indulgent skepticism, the narrative impregnated with all the laborious intensity of the author's convictions. Mr. Napier cannot expect that we should extemporize affections and resentments with a vivacity equal to his own, yet we may admit that his assertions are founded upon a commensurate production of facts, and the accuracy of the impassioned "malignant" may appear to be confirmed by the reluctant silence of the kirk.

Among the most amusing revelations of private history will be reckoned the recovery of the household accounts and diaries of personal expenditure belonging to the fourth Earl of Montrose, and to the minority of his son, the future Marquis. The former, at

* *Memorials of Montrose and his Times*, edited by Mark Napier, Esq. Two vols. 4to. Edinburgh, 1844, 1845. Printed for the Maitland Club.

a youth spent in the broils of the period, retired to his houses of Mugdock and Kincardine, where he enjoyed the idleness and practised the economy of a country life. Ten entries in his domestic register attest his attachment to tobacco; a solitary item infers his indifference to books. The same chronicle records his thrift in life and his posthumous hospitality. His lordship expires on the 14th of November, 1626. The burial is not "accompleisit" till the 3rd of January. During the interval, the castle is held open by the heir, and is occupied by a company of his lordship's "honorabill friends." The unusual protraction and abundance of the funeral festivities induce us to believe that they may have been enlarged by the grateful coincidence of Christmas cheer. Mr. Napier has supplied us with the disbursements of the "pantry," the "wyne sellar," and the "ail sellar." Two puncheons of "claret wyne" and one puncheon of "gulyt wyne" are incompetent to "steep" the "thirsty grieve" of this mourning revel. The consumption of "ail" is at least proportionate. Our author, judiciously suppressing "a minute account of the beef, mutton, lamb, veal, hams, capons, geese, and other poultry, cheese, butter, eggs, candles, herrings, spices, and confectionary," confines his extracts to the provision of "wylde meats," among which the highland sportsmen will gladly enumerate "12 termaingais, at 5s. the peic," "black cokis," "ethe-henis," and muirfowl in abundance, "of capercailzeis, twa at 3l. 4s." Scots, and a goodly succession of "partridges, plovers, woodcocks, and wylde geese." The laird of Lawers bestows the quarter of a deer, and "ane grit hynde" is contributed by the ancestor of the Marquis of Breadalbane to the obsequies of the Earl of Montrose. When, after the lapse of seven weeks, the rites of sepulture are at length reluctantly fulfilled, the "hail friends" are still reported to have remained four days "sattling his lordship's affairs." Those plentiful solemnities, so revolting to the delicate gust of modern grief, have long given place to the frivolity of empty parade; but we shall beg our readers to compare the *menu* of the mortuary banquet with a singular statement of the imaginative historian of British manners,* who remarks, with his usual audacity in prosecuting a parallel or arranging an antithesis, that the dwelling and the food of Buchanan, the pensioner and pedagogue of the Scottish crown, and of the inventor of logarithms, an opulent cotemporary baron, were as wretched

as those of the Icelanders of the present century.

Montrose was fifteen years of age at the time of his father's death. He was immediately removed from Glasgow, where we find the first notices of his education, to the University of St. Andrews, at which he matriculated on the 26th of January, 1627. From this period to the month of November, 1629, when he contracted his early marriage with "Mistress Magdalen Carnegie," the minutest particulars of his daily existence are reflected in the accounts kept by his domestic tutor, Mr. John Lambye. With the help of this diligent guide, we can follow him to his devotions and pastimes, attend him in term, pursue him in vacation, watch his sickness, count his society, inspect his studies. The picture thus presented to us of the collegiate life of a young man of quality in the beginning of the seventeenth century, is in every respect humane and attractive. It conveys a very different impression from the coarse and repulsive portraiture of social manners sketched by a powerful hand for a later period in a richer country. The private library of the young Montrose was not very copious, but it was pregnant with all the future qualities of his aspiring mind. Worthy Mr. John Lambye may have striven by the acquisition of the *Meditations of Mr. William Struthers*, and the *Meditationes Gerardi*, to subdue his fancy to a contemplative frame; but how must the influence of those mortifying volumes have been disturbed by the chivalrous examples which the pupil had from his childhood sought in the *History of Godfrey de Bouloigne*, and the venerated folio of *Sir Walter Ralye*. The ancient languages are acquired in the works of Xenophon, Seneca, and Buchanan. Archery and golf were then, as now, the recreations of the Scottish gentleman. The apartments of the student and his preceptor are engaged in the house of the Rev. George Wishart, minister of St. Andrews, who lived to compose an immortal memorial of his guest. The rooms are frequently adorned with flowers; chess amuses the tedious hours of indisposition; the convalescent marks his gratitude for recovered health by contributing to the cure of a sick person. Almsgiving accompanies every action in life. The "morisier," the "violer," and the "rymer," have, as well as the poor, their share of bounty. "Ane Hungarian poet who made verses to my lord," obtains a gratuity of 58s. But 10l. are bestowed "at my lord's direction on a Frenchman at his laurination to help his charges." In repeated donations to the wandering Irish

* Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. i. p. 65.

"at the gate of Bracho" and the "gate of Glamis," we observe the early charities exercised by Montrose towards a people of valiant mendicants who made his after life so rich in glory. The vacations are spent in the country houses of guardians and kinsmen, with all the signs of affectionate welcome and mirthful entertainment. In fact, from these accounts we gain many glimpses of the prosperous and pleasant life that was dawning in peaceful Scotland. We perceive that the golden abundance of the reigns of James and Charles, so eloquently described by the exiled and regretful Clarendon, was not all confined to his more favored country; but that a fair promise of industry, civility, and learning in the northern kingdom, was sacrificed by the ensuing explosion of fanaticism and civil war.

When he had attained the age of seventeen, Montrose left the university, and was united to "Mistress Magdalen Carnegie." In the record of his benefactions to the minstrels, the household, and the poor, there occurs an entry which is not insignificant to the history of the arts, and which confers an ornament on Mr. Napier's volumes; 26*l.* 13*s.* Scots are disbursed for "my lord's portrait, drawn in Aberdeen." But the charge is afterwards cancelled; for the picture was a wedding gift of the Laird of Morprie to his chief. The painter was George Jamesone, a pupil of Rubens, whose genius may have been restricted to portrait by the confined taste or religious prejudices of his countrymen, but in whose portraits, as far as they have come under our notice, there is not much to recall the daring and versatile school from which he came. The works of Jamesone, which neglect or restoration has permitted to survive, have too long faded in the isolation of country seats. They deserve for once to be assembled in the Scottish capital for verification and comparison. They are distinguished by smoothness and neatness of handling; the colors have been warm, the impasto is delicate, the manner so gentle as to be almost timid; the attitudes are grave and monotonous. At Taymouth a collection may be seen, but not appreciated. At least, when we had the honor of being admitted to inspect these curious and evidently cherished portraits, they were impanelled at an elevation which eludes the criticism, while it provokes the curiosity of the connoisseur. One full length figure, more favorably placed, of an ancient Lord of Glenorchy, clad in "highland weed," and encompassed by a native landscape, might seem to claim a higher eulogy than our imperfect experience enables us

to bestow on the palette of the "Scottish Vandyke," whose reputation may possibly be wronged by his more labored productions being ascribed to the envied pencil of his Flemish contemporary. The price of Montrose's portrait, a kit-cat on panel, was 2*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* sterling. The sum appears slender to Mr. Napier, but the work was rapid. It was sketched at two sittings, and finished at the leisure of the painter. In Mr. John Lambye's accounts a leg of mutton costs 1*s.* sterling. Jamesone had, therefore, the value of forty four legs of mutton, equivalent to more than 14*l.* in our days. The remuneration was not so contemptible, if the circumstances of the art and the country be considered. The painter's charges were afterwards advanced in proportion to the increase of his celebrity. He died in 1644, and, if our memory serves us, in his will a full length portrait of the second Earl of Haddington, blown up in the Castle of Dunglas, is valued to his lordship's widow at 300 merks, equal to 100*l.* at the present time. Vandyke received twice as much from King Charles for portraits apparently of the same dimensions. But we cannot be surprised to find his remuneration double that of the provincial though meritorious Jamesone.

Mr. Napier, who mitigates the acrimony of polemics, and the aridity of antiquarian details, with an agreeable enthusiasm for the fine arts, seems to have been satisfied that the person of his hero was as much maligned by the engravers as his moral qualities were traduced by the Whigs. The well known head by Houbraken was executed in Holland from a drawing of the portrait in the possession of the Duke of Montrose, long ascribed to Vandyke, but now restored to Dobson. The plate, however ably executed, is but a remote and imperfect reproduction of the picture, and the picture is mutilated in its shape, and rather ungraceful in its treatment. A comparison of this with the more ancient and rare prints induced Mr. Napier to believe that a worthy and faithful portrait of Montrose was yet to be discovered, and committed to the burin. In prosecuting such researches in Scotland, the amateur is often distracted by the multiplicity of pretended originals. This opulence of imposture is the creation of several painters in the last century, who wandered with their vagrant and venal ensels from house to house. The younger Medina and John Alexander are remembered as the most fertile authors of such fabrications. Not contented with perverting the likeness of the living, it was their delight to

supply the hiatus of a careless or obliterated ancestor, and to adorn the wall with the effigy of some famous personage who represented the hereditary affections of the family. The same portfolio contained the traditional types of the rival deities of the Scottish Pantheon; the same flexible pencil produced, in obedience to the preference of its patron, the martial presence of "the great Montrose," the solemn features of "learned Merchistone," the seductive lineaments of Mary, or the morose and edifying visages of "godly Knoxe," and "Master George Buchanan." In the impartial multiplication of these pictorial Shibboleths, it is apparent that the accommodating artist looked not beyond the lucre of gain—unless, indeed, we may be permitted to trace the malicious strokes of a Jacobite brush in the lamentable countenances of the Covenant and the Kirk. The experience of Mr. Napier prevented his going astray after strange imitations. He has redeemed from oblivion or obscurity two unquestionable portraits of Montrose. The first is the picture executed by Jamesone on the occasion of his marriage. The penetration of Mr. Napier, rejecting a false pretender, detected it in the gallery of Kinnsaird Castle, where it had been long preserved under the name of Sir John Carnegie, of the Craig. A minute inspection of the panel recovered the autograph of the artist, the date of the work, and the age of the subject. These particulars tallied precisely with the entries in the diary of expenditure, to which we have adverted above. The authenticity of the portrait is proved beyond dispute; and an exact engraving, forming the frontispiece to the first volume of the *Memorials*, places the image of the young Montrose beyond the reach of forgetfulness or decay. The Maules of Panmure were the possessors of another painting of the "Great Marquis." It had passed into the care of Mrs. Young, of Lincluden, sister to the Right Hon. the Secretary at War, and the name of Vandyke was again conferred on the work of a very different, though scarcely inferior hand. A narrow perusal by a practised eye revealed the cypher of Honthorst; and Mr. Napier is convinced that he has identified the very portrait presented by Montrose to the Queen of Bohemia, which that friendly Princess hung in her cabinet, to "frighten the brethren." This interesting historical piece, now transported to the town residence of Mr. Fox Maule, is ably represented in the second volume of the *Memorials*. The figure appears clad in black armor, significant of the

profound, but menacing grief of the warlike mourner for his martyred king; the right hand grasps the baton of the empire, the left rests on a helmet overshadowed by funeral pumes; and a background of sombre scenery, illuminated by a single gleam, supports the dignity of the composition, and marks the genius of Gherardo.

The name of Montrose is consecrated by the greatness of his deeds, and by the dignity of his sufferings. His fame was diffused in his lifetime by an eloquent panegyric, and revived long after his death by a popular novel. But neither the glory of his arms, nor the elegant latinity of his chaplain, nor the genius of Scott itself, has shielded his character from the specious charge of tergiversation, and the deeper brand of cruelty. These accusations have been propagated in a credulous or hostile spirit by successive historians, on the suspicious testimony of contemporary enemies; and even the eager partisans of Montrose have been contented to defend his fickleness instead of denying it, and to extenuate his severities by alleging the revengeful spirit of the country and the age. Mr. Napier, who accepts no assertion without scrutiny, and who never condescends to palliations, boldly opposes to the detractors of Montrose a counter statement, in which the alleged barbarities shrink to an imperfect and occasional retaliation, reluctantly inflicted, and redeemed by many acts of clemency unknown in the covenanting camp; while his apparent inconsistency assumes the respectable color of a deliberate and disinterested separation from those who had abandoned the letter of their common engagement and the spirit in which he had contracted it.

At the outset of his public career, Montrose was employed, under the "Covenant," to reduce the prelate province of Aberdeen. His mercy was distasteful even to the moderate Baillie: "The discretion of that noble youth was but too great." "All was forgiven." Shortly before Montrose perished on the scaffold, Clarendon extorted a reluctant admission of his humanity from the mouth of Lauderdale. On being asked "whether Montrose had ever caused any man to die in cold blood, or after the battle was ended," Lauderdale was constrained to confess, "he did not know he was guilty of anything but what was done in the field." In the great clan battle of Inverlochy, 1500 of the name of Campbell fell—a slaughter which Montrose "would have hindered if possible." He adds in his despatch to the

king—"I have saved and taken prisoners several of them that have acknowledged their fault, and lay all the blame on their chief. Some gentlemen of the lowlands fled into the old castle, and, upon their surrender, I have treated them honorably, and taken their parole never to bear arms against your Majesty."

After the defeat of Philiphaugh, the infantry of the royal army surrendered on promise of quarter. They were massacred in cold blood, and the women and children drowned to gratify the eager solicitations of the Presbyterian clergy. The prisoners of higher rank were reserved for a more ceremonious death at Glasgow. On being informed of these atrocities, the followers of Montrose importuned him to bring his prisoners to instant execution; but he refused, in the following memorable terms:—

"Let them set a price upon our heads; let them employ assassins to murder us; let them break their faith, and practise the utmost pitch of wickedness; yet shall that never induce us to forsake the glorious paths of virtue and goodness, or strive to outdo them in the practice of villany and barbarity."

When Montrose set his hand to work the "National Covenant" of 1637, he joined a defensive engagement framed to protect his country against the encroachments of prelatic power. Having embraced the cause, as he believed, of religious freedom and national rights, he prosecuted it with that fiery impatience of opposition and control which formed the leading feature of his mind. After the pacification of Berwick, in 1639, the ostensible objects of the movement were secured. But the abolition of episcopacy and the high court of commission did not satisfy the selfish ambition of Argyle, or appease the tumultuous passions of the clergy and the mob. The abuses of arbitrary government were restrained; they next proceeded to call in question the just and undisputed prerogatives of the Crown. From this period, Montrose was gradually weaned from the policy of his colleagues. He began by raising his voice in parliament against their subversive propositions. He then entered upon a secret correspondence with Charles, and manoeuvred to collect a conservative party within the circle of the Covenant. His legitimate projects were prematurely disclosed, and the presence of the king in Scotland alone delivered him from prison, and perhaps from death. His connection with the revolutionary faction was now honorably served, without apostasy, and almost without conversion. He

retired for some months to the country, and after the Scots, by the "Solemn League and Covenant of 1643," had formed a treasonable alliance with the parliamentary forces in England, he carried his counsels and his sword to Oxford. When Montrose passed into the gallant company of the royal leaguer, his devotion to the person and the cause of his sovereign was refined into a romantic passion, but it never absorbed the native independence of his sentiments, nor his opposition to prelacy and arbitrary power. In circumstances not unsimilar, Strafford became the uncompromising instrument of despotism; but Montrose remained the devoted champion of limited monarchy. Mr. Napier has, by the politeness of a correspondent, been enabled to publish the draft of a "Remonstrance," drawn up during the transitory predominance of the royal forces after the battle of Kilsyth. The manuscript is in the handwriting of the first Lord Napier, and is, no doubt, of his composition. It contains a pointed and detailed apology for the course pursued by Montrose, from the beginning of the troubles, and was designed for publication before the meeting of a convention which he was empowered to call, had the schemes of the loyalists not been crushed on the field of Philiphaugh. In this document, the government of bishops and the imposition of the Liturgy are renounced with vehemence and even qualified in the language of theological acrimony. It may be suggested, that such terms were assumed to court the adherence of the people; but that they convey the substantial opinions of Montrose is rendered certain by his solemn declaration at a moment when all the motives of artifice and policy had passed away. The presbyterian ministers who were deputed to haunt the solitude and vex the meditations of his prison hours, reproached him with the violation of that "covenant" which they had wrested to such strange and calamitous purpose. To their railing recriminations, Montrose calmly replied—

The covenant which I took, I own it and adhere to it. Bishops, I care not for them. I never intended to advance their interest. But when the king had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his vine and his fig-tree,—that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a league and covenant with them against the king, was the thing I judged my duty to oppose to the yondmost.

The part which Scotland bore in the civil wars, so imposing and prosperous in the

outset, was blemished at the close with the foulest stains of treachery and defeat. Loudon, Balmerino, Argyle, Leven, and Lauderdale formed the "gloomy consistory," whose counsels issued in the sale of their king and the subjection of their country. Contrasted with those sinister names, the fame of Montrose glows with the unfading hues of chivalry and honor. Yet there were others who strove with inferior powers, but like courage and singleness of mind, on the better side. It is with justifiable pride that our author records the virtues and fidelity of his ancestors, the first and second Lords Napier. Of the former it may be asserted, that in an age of ingratitude and faction, he was a grateful courtier and a constitutional loyalist. The papers which he has left exhibit his ability and learning, though they are infected with the pedantic formality of the reign of James I. We recommend the diplomatic inheritor of his title to imitate his prudence and avoid his prolixity, for there was once a discrest and even a tedious Napier. The son of this nobleman was, on the mother's side, nephew to Montrose. Of him and his uncle it was said, "that, like the pope and the church, they would be inseparable." In vain was he forewarned by a covenanting relative against

the "preposterous love" which would bring his house to ruin. The prediction has remained fulfilled. He sought no higher reward than that his memory should be kindly linked with the memory of his kinsman and commander, as their lives were linked. The aspiration has been granted by the hand of a remote descendant.

We regret that we are not able to bestow on Mr. Napier's volumes an ampler measure of quotation, and a more detailed analysis. Every work which successfully illustrates the century of the Great Rebellion possesses a vital interest for the English people. That memorable period is more to us than the theme of learned curiosity or amusing fiction. It is not merely the region of ideal sympathies and fantastic regrets. There the factions of the present age may still recognise the great types of their political creeds, and the original of questions yet unsolved. Debates which armed our forefathers in mortal strife are, after the lapse of two hundred years, prolonged under the restraints of softer manners and respected laws. The waters flow in a bounded channel and with a gentler stream, but their color reveals the nature and the seat of their distant source.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE FRENCH COVENANTERS.—The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* has paid a visit to Nîmes, near which are the hills of the Cevennes, once the wild abode of the Covenanters of France. The Cevennes and the adjacent plains still form one of the most firmly-established Protestant strongholds in France. There is yet a gulf between the Protestants and the Catholics of Nîmes. They keep apart, and count heads, "as if they meditated some day a rush at each other." There is an apparently implacable animosity and mistrust betwixt the two bodies of religionists. On the hill they have their different districts for gardens; and, ludicrous as the thing may seem, in the city they have different places of public entertainment—no true Protestant drinking his beer in a Papist *café*, and no devout Roman

Catholic rattling his dominoes in a heretical *estaminet*. The correspondent had a long walk out of the town in company with an honest Nîmes weaver, who soon found an opportunity of hinting that his companion was possibly an Englishman. "I admitted the fact, and he straightway insinuated, '*Et, monsieur, est aussi probablement Protestant?*' I again acquiesced. The man's face brightened up like a sun-burst; he caught my hand in both of his, wrung it with the most enthusiastic fervor, and suddenly burst out—'*We're 14,000 here—14,000 strong. The others (strongly accented), the others say only between 12,000 and 13,000, but I say 14,000—I tell you 14,000—all understanding each other, all ready to stick by each other, all good fellows, all bons enfans!*'"

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GEORGE BORROW.*

WHEN Christophero Sly discovered that he was "indeed a lord, and not a tinker," his wonder could hardly have exceeded ours on learning that Mr. Borrow was no gypsy. His intimate acquaintance with the language, ways, means, recondite usages, and extra-mural manners of this mysterious tribe, and his cordial acceptance in their most exclusive of all circles, appeared to leave no room for other inference than that he was, if not a gypsy "by the four sides," at least a scion of the race. All our anticipations have been deceived, as it now appears that George Borrow was the son of an officer in a marching regiment, the descendant of a family long settled in Cornwall, and that his mother was of Huguenot extraction. Thus, it would seem, must the gypsies lose the only names which connected them with literature, those of Borrow and of Bunyan. The former is clearly gone. Their claim to the latter was recognized by so good an inquirer as Sir Walter Scott, but in an able article in this magazine,† on the life of Bunyan, a fellow contributor has shown what, we admit, are good grounds for doubting that this view can be maintained. Still we profess ourselves unconvinced, not liking, it may be, to deprive the outcasts of the only good name which they ever had. Without resting altogether on the mystery of the question which Bunyan asks his father, "Are we of Jewish race?" and on the assumption it implies that they were of foreign origin, which Scott, connecting with the laconism of the answer, "No, we are not," takes to mean gypsy origin; we would suggest a further and more popular ground for our impression. Bunyan was, as is well known, of a tinker tribe, and practised in that line himself. Now it is an admitted fact, and referred to by Mr. Borrow in his "Gypsies in Spain," that the tinker trade in England is, and has been from early times, from a date

long prior to the days of Bunyan, chiefly in the hands of gypsies. We then, on the whole, recur to the persuasion that the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was of a stranger-race, and no less a person than a Rommany chal.

"Lavengro," the title of the book before us, means, in the gypsy tongue, word-master, and was a mark of honor given to our author by a chief of that tribe on his distinguished proficiency in their language. The work was long announced as an autobiography, but is now published with the apocryphal assurance that it is an endeavor "to describe a dream, partly of study, partly of adventure, in which will be found notices of books, and many descriptions of life and manners, some in a very unusual form." This is a provoking mystification, adopted, we presume, because of some touches of the marvelous, which had been better left out, but which the author did not like to spare. As to "notices of books," we can hardly call to mind one, unless it be "Moll Flanders," which was long a hand-book of the thieves; but is now forgotten. Taking "Lavengro" as its author wishes, it would be the most unsatisfactory of all books, neither dream nor drama, fact or fiction, reality or romance. Making, however, allowance for one or two incredible facts, and a few over marvelous scenes, the work is obviously a pretty faithful narrative of certain passages in the writer's life, from his first to, as we calculate, his twenty-second year. Names and dates are given in blank, but the former are often easily recognized, and by comparing the latter with admissions made by the author in his other works, and with public events, they are easily made out. Thus, for example, in the "Bible in Spain," he states that, in 1836, he was thirty years of age. This gives the date of his birth; and again, at the close of the last volume of his present work, he refers to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill as being about to pass. Thus, it appears that the present narrative embraces a period commencing with the year 1806, and closing

* "Lavengro." By George Borrow. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1851.

† The DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for April, 1851, p. 444.

about 1828 or 1829. We may add, that although the volumes are entitled, "The Scholar," "The Gypsy," "The Priest," they form, in fact, a continuous narrative of fragmentary passages in the life of the author. The separate names appear to have been chosen because he thought that, while the story of his life was continued, these characters formed each the main feature of a volume. "The Scholar" refers to himself, and describes his boyhood, early youth, and strange self-education. "The Gypsy" and "The Priest" are each connected with his after adventures. The work is, in many respects, exceedingly unpleasing. Names, and language, which no right-minded person can look at without reverence, are most unsuitably introduced. The author, too, is a sort of moral Jonathan Wild, who never wronged anybody himself, but who has all his life exhibited a decided liking for the dangerous classes. Some of his early associates have been hanged, and he favors us with their funeral orations. There is, besides, too much of ale-house brawls, and of the vocabulary of the tents. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the work has been and will be eagerly read. There is throughout an under-current of good feeling which gains upon the reader, and the sketches—outlined with the vigor of Retch, or filled in with the master-hand of Fielding or Scott—exhibit a power which, be the subject fact or fiction, at once engages our deepest interest.

George Borrow was born in East Dereham, Norfolk,—where rest the mortal remains of our most loved poet, Cowper,—in the July of 1806. His father was a Cornish man, of a family of gentlemen, or, as some would call them, *gentillâtres*, who, without being wealthy, were entitled to a coat of arms, and lived upon their own small property. He was the youngest of seven sons; became a Guardsman, and was afterwards appointed an officer to superintend the drilling of a militia regiment. While in the Guards, he fought in Hyde Park with Ben Brain, known as "Big Ben," who was at that time the champion of England. We notice the circumstance, because it shows that at least one of our author's tastes was hereditary, and he himself, referring to it, after describing the many excellent qualities of his father, adds, "that to crown all, he was a proper man with his hands."

Mr. Borrow always speaks of his parents with affection; and their characters are the most interesting, and, indeed, we think the only exemplary ones in his books. His mother

was of a Norman family, who bore the name of Petrement, and who, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, came with their Bibles to England and settled in Norfolk. The following is her portrait by her son, and, from amongst the many in his three volumes, we cannot cull a better:—

"I have been told that, in her younger days, my mother was strikingly handsome; this I can easily believe; I never knew her in her youth, for though she was very young when she married my father (who was her senior by many years), she had attained the middle age before I was born, no children having been vouchsafed to my parents in the early stages of their union. Yet, even at the present day, now that years three score and ten have passed over her head, attended with sorrow, and troubles manifold, poorly chequered with scanty joys, can I look on that countenance and doubt that, at one time, beauty decked it with a glorious garment? Hail to thee, my parent! as thou sittest there in thy widow's weeds, in the dusky parlor, in the house overgrown with the lustrous ivy of the sister isle,—the solitary house at the end of the retired court, shaded by lofty poplars. Hail to thee, dame of the oval face, olive complexion, and Grecian forehead; by thy table seated with the mighty volume of the good Bishop Hopkins spread out before thee; there is peace in thy countenance, my mother; it is not worldly peace, however, not the deceitful peace which lulls to bewitching slumbers, and from which let us pray, humbly pray, that every sinner may be roused in time to implore mercy not in vain! Thine is the peace of the righteous, my mother, of those to whom no sin can be imputed, the score of whose misdeeds has been long since washed away by the blood of atonement, which imputeth righteousness to those who trust in it. It was not always thus, my mother; a time was, when the cares, pomps, and vanities of this world agitated thee too much; but that time is gone by, another and a better has succeeded; there is peace now on thy countenance, the true peace; peace around thee, too, in thy solitary dwelling; sounds of peace; the cheerful hum of the kettle, and the purring of the immense angola, which stares up at thee from its settle, with its almost superhuman eyes.

"No more earthly cares and affection now, my mother! Yes, one. Why dost thou suddenly raise thy dark and still brilliant eye from the volume with a somewhat startled glance? What noise is that in the distant street? Merely the noise of a hoof; a sound common enough: it draws nearer, nearer, and now it stops before thy gate. Singular! And, now, there is a pause, a long pause. Ha! thou hearest something—a footstep; a swift but heavy footstep! thou risest, thou tremblest, there is a hand on the pin of the outer door, there is some one in the vestibule, and now the door of thy apartment opens, there is a reflection on the mirror behind thee, a traveling hat, a gray head and sunburnt face.—My dearest son!—My darling mother!

"Yes, mother, thou didst recognize in the distant street the hoof-tramp of the wanderer's horse."—Vol. i. pp. 6-9.

Borrow was a slow child. Many years, he says, elapsed before he knew his letters or could connect them. In this instance the boy was not "father of the man," for never was any one so quick at learning languages. Taylor, of Norwich, who, as we shall see, taught him German, says he never had to tell him a thing a second time. He was a lover of lonely places, and it was early seen that he bore a charmed life. Before he was three years old, attracted by the yellow brightness of the object, he grasped a viper in his hand. He felt a strange sensation of numbing coldness creeping over his arm, but received no injury. On his mother running towards him, he dropped the reptile, which, after standing for a moment erect, and hissing furiously, made away. This incident resembles one in the life of Bunyan, when he struck an adder on the back, and having stunned it, plucked out the sting with his fingers. Both go far to support Mr. Borrow's theory, that some constitutions are serpent-proof.

Again, when sufficiently advanced to engage in a blackberry expedition, he fixed his longing eyes on what seemed delicious grape-like fruit, hanging in clusters on a hedge. He ate of it voraciously, and was carried home in the arms of a dragoon, in strong convulsions; but the deadly nightshade had no permanent effect on him, and after a few hours he recovered. The moving accidents of regimental life tended, no doubt, to confirm his roving tastes. His early years were passed either in a canvass tent, or in some comfortless, white-washed barrack-room, and he never remained long in any one place. Norfolk, however, was his fatherland, and East Dereham his early home. While wandering in the woods, and by the reedy meres in the neighborhood of that town, he made the acquaintance of a viper-hunter, who gathered the reptiles chiefly for their fat, of which he made unguents, which were "good for many sore troubles, especially for the rheumatis." He learned to assist this man in his trade, and, in recompense, received from him a serpent which he had rendered harmless by removing its fangs. We mention this circumstance because it had a remarkable influence on his after life, as it was this which first led to his connection with the gypsies. He was very fond of the serpent, fed it with milk, and often carried it with him in his walks.

One day, wandering in a tangled wood, he came upon an encampment of gypsies, who threatened to kill him for his intrusion, and might possibly have done so but for his bosom-friend, the viper.

"Yes," said the woman; "what was I about?"

"Myself.—How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps!"

"I'll strangle thee," said the belle dame, dashing at me. "Bad money, is it?"

"Leave him to me, wifelkin," said the man, interposing, "you shall now see how I'll baste him down the lane."

"Myself.—I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I'll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue."

"Man.—What do you mean, ye Bengin's bantling? I never heard such discourse in all my life; playman's speech or Frenchman's talk—which, I wonder? Your father! Tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire, I'll serve him out as I will you. Take that . . . What have we here? Oh!"

"I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes."

"The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with which he had aimed a blow at me now hung in the air like the hand which held it; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to rouse him from his stupor."—Vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

When the children of Pharaoh now change their tone, and partly from a superstitious feeling, partly from the hope of making something of so promising a boy, entreated him to stay and live with them. This he was not prepared to do, but he made them many a visit, became established amongst them as a sort of half-brother, under the name of "Sapengro," or snake-master, and made the friendship of a boy of his own age, which, to do the gypsy but justice, appears to have been genuine on his part, and was continued in after life. Fifteen years after this incident, Borrow found himself in a crowd before Newgate, and recognized in the notorious criminal on the scaffold one of this reputable family.

While in quarters with his father in Edinburgh, our author, then some twelve years old, was much in company with a boy a little older than himself, named David Haggart, who was afterwards a noted high-

wayman, and attained the distinction of being hanged. A little later, while in Ireland, he had, what he no doubt counted as the good fortune to fall in with Jim Grant, the Queen's County robber, whose name may be still remembered by such as care for those histories.

In 1815, our hero accompanied his father's regiment to Ireland. They arrived there 800 strong, and were marched into the town of Clonmel. The following faithful sample of the "blarney" of the day, a style which still lingers in the remote districts, will much amuse our readers. The speaker is the owner of the house in which the Borrowes have fixed themselves:—

"You never saw more elegant lodgings than these, captain," said the master of the house, a tall, handsome, and athletic man, who came up whilst our little family were seated at dinner, late in the afternoon of the day of our arrival; "they beat anything in the town of Clonmel. I do not let them for the sake of interest, and to none but gentlemen in the army, in order that myself and my wife, who is from Londonderry, may have the advantage of pleasant company, genteel company, ay, and Protestant company, captain. It did my heart good when I saw your honor ride in at the head of all these fine fellows, real Protestants, I'll engage, not a Papist among them, they are too good-looking and honest-looking for that. So Irmo sooner saw your honor at the head of your a my, with that handsome young gentleman holding by your stirrup, than I said to my wife, Mrs. Hyne, who is from Londonderry, 'God bless me,' said I, 'what a truly Protestant countenance, what a noble bearing, and what a sweet young gentleman. By the silver hairs of his honor, and sure, I never saw hairs more regally silver than your honor's by his honor's, silver hairs, and by my own soul, which is not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with one of them, it would be no more than decent and civil to run out and welcome such a father and son coming in at the head of such a Protestant military.' And then my wife, who is from Londonderry, Mrs. Hyne, looking me in the face like a fairy, as she is, 'You may say that,' says she, 'it would be but decent and civil, honey.' And your honor knows how I ran out of my own door, and welcomed your honor, riding in company with your son, who was walking; how I welcomed you both at the head of your royal regiment, and how I shook your honor by the hand, saying, I am glad to see your honor, and your honor's son, and your honor's royal military, Protestant regiment, and now I have you in the house, and right proud I am to have you, one and all; one, two, three, four, Protestants every one; no Papists here, and I have made bold to bring up a bottle of claret, which is now waiting behind the door; and when your honor, and your family, have dined, I will make bold, too, to bring up Mrs. Hyne, from Londonderry, to introduce to your honor's lady, and

then we'll drink to the health of King George, God bless him; to the 'glorious and immortal,' to Boyne Water, to your honor's speedy promotion to the Lord Lieutenant, and to the speedy downfall of the Pope, and of St. Anthony of Padua."—Vol. i. pp. 126-8.

While our author had the advantage of being at school in Clonmel, he bribed a Tipperary boy to teach him Irish, which acquirement, together with some initiation into the mystery of horse-whispering, were the great results of his stay in this country. The war was now over, and his father, who was placed on half-pay, retired, with his family, to Norwich. George was sent to the free-school there, over which Dr. Valpy then presided, and where many in an adventurous youth had received his education. Nelson was one; and amongst the contemporaries of Borrow there were some who have since shown much of our naval hero's spirit:—Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, the brave and good; and the gallant Stoddard, who was murdered in Bokhara. Another was Thomas King, one of Borrow's early friends, and the son of his father's landlord. Tom King worked with his father, who was a carpenter, until he was sixteen; he then went to Paris, entered as a medical student in one of the hospitals; and by energy, intellect, and application, became internal surgeon of l'Hotel Dieu, and private physician to Prince Talleyrand. During the four years that he was at this school, young Borrow developed his polyglot tastes, and indulged occasionally his liking for the gypsies. French and Italian were added to his acquisitions; but his parents could not guess, nor could he tell, the purpose for which he pursued these labors. Much was his father puzzled as to how his clever son should earn his bread, and he, at length, decided on binding him apprentice to a Mr. Simpson, an attorney in town. Just as our youthful clerk was commencing his noviciate, he made himself master of a dingy Welsh quarto, for which, perhaps, no other person in Norfolk would have given the few pence it cost him. The ruling passion was again on fire, law was neglected, and Welsh was, for some time, in the ascendant. To make matters worse, Ab Gwilym, his new love, was a bard, and verse-making was added to other stolen pleasures. His translation from an author four centuries old, and in a language but little known, was pursued with tenacious industry, while the profession by which he was to live was unattended to. He, indeed, sat at a desk for eight hours

a day, and spoiled the copies he was given to transcribe, but, secluded in that desk, lay his prized Ab Gwilym, and those increasing quires of verse transactions, which he fondly persuaded himself were to make his surer fortune. His recreations, at this time, were philology and fishing. One day, while angling near the Earl's Home, in the neighborhood of Norwich, he was accosted by one whom we easily recognize as the Quaker banker, Mr. Gurney, father of the admirable Mrs. Fry. We transcribe the dialogue:

"Canst thou answer to thy conscience for pulling all those fish out of the water, and leaving them to gasp in the sun?" said a voice, clear and sonorous as a bell.

"I started, and looked round. Close behind me stood the tall figure of a man, dressed in raiment of quaint and singular fashion, but of goodly materials. He was in the prime and vigor of manhood, his features handsome and noble, but full of calmness and benevolence; at least, I thought so, although they were somewhat shaded by a hat of the finest beaver, with broad, drooping eaves.

"Surely, that is a very cruel diversion in which thou indulgest, my young friend?" he continued.

"I am sorry for it, if it be, Sir," said I, rising; "but I do not think it cruel to fish."

"What are your reasons for not thinking so?"

"Fishing is mentioned frequently in Scripture. Simon Peter was a fisherman."

"True, and Andrew, and his brother. But thou forgettest; they did not follow fishing as a diversion, as I fear thou dost. Thou readest the Scriptures?"

"Sometimes."

"Sometimes—not daily?—that is to be regretted. What profession dost thou make? I mean, to what religious denomination dost thou belong, my young friend?"

"Church."

"It is a very good profession; there is much of Scripture contained in its liturgy. Dost thou read aught besides the Scriptures?"

"Sometimes."

"What dost thou read, besides?"

"Greek and Dante."

"Indeed! then thou hast the advantage over myself; I can only read the former. Well, I am rejoiced to find that thou hast other pursuits besides thy fishing. Dost thou know Hebrew?"

"No."

"Thou shouldst study it. Why dost thou not undertake the study?"

"I have no books."

"I will lend thee books, if thou wish to undertake the study. I live yonder, at the Hall, as, perhaps, thou knowest. I have a library there, in which are many curious books, both in Greek and Hebrew, which I will show to thee, whenever thou mayest find it convenient to come and see me. Farewell! I am glad to find that thou hast

pursuits more satisfactory than thy cruel fishing."—Vol. i. pp. 201-3.

The apprentice fished no more; but he did not accept the invitation to the Hall. After, however, long years had passed, and when, as he adds, he "had seen and suffered much," he visited the man of peace, and was shown his learned books about Tohar and Mishna, Toldoth Jesu, and Abarbenel.

"I am fond of these studies," said he, "which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, seeing that our people have been compared to the Jews. In one respect, I confess, we are similar to them; we are fond of getting money. I do not like this last author, this Abarbenel, the worse for having been a money-changer. I am a banker, myself, as thou knowest."

"And would there were many like him amidst the money-changers of princes! The hall of many an earl lacks the bounty; the palace of many a prelate, the piety and the learning which adorn the quiet Quaker's home!"—Vol. i. pp. 204-5.

No one who, like young Borrow, was fond of languages and of books, could live long in Norwich without making the acquaintance of William Taylor, who was at that time the lion of the town. We have, accordingly, his portrait, un-named, like all the others in "Lavengro," but given with more of actuality and life than in his own ponderous memoirs. Taylor became the Mentor, friend, and frequent host of Borrow, and in no one of the three capacities was he a safe example. His two delights were German and smoking; and his two defects, or, rather, his two more salient failings, infidelity and drinking. Borrow, happily for himself, never could love tobacco, and Taylor doubted that it was possible to become a good German without it.

"The Germans," said the unsober sage, "are the most philosophic people in the world, and the greatest smokers: now, I trace their philosophy to their smoking."

"I have heard say their philosophy is all smoke; is that your opinion?"

"Why, no; but," &c.

Taylor, as is well known, was the first who devoted himself to the introduction of German literature into our language. Translations and essays, with this object, formed the main subjects of his contributions to the Monthly Review, for a period of about thirty years. It is, then, no wonder that he indoctrinated his young friend into the knowledge and love of German. We hope he

did him no other harm; but his misty metaphysics, and his skeptical method of viewing every subject, were, we apprehend, no advantage to him, and no source of comfort in after life. "All is a lie—all a deceitful phantom," he remarks, in a tone which sounds like one of bitter experience, "are old cries; they come naturally from the mouths of those who, casting aside that choicest shield against madness—simplicity—would fain be wise as God, and can only know that they are naked."

Our student was now eighteen, and had, in addition to some acquaintance with the Latin and Greek, acquired a knowledge of the Irish, Welsh, French, Italian, German, Danish, Hebrew, Arabic, and Armenian languages. To these were subsequently added the Spanish and Russian. How many more he mastered we know not, but the revelations of his middle life, which are yet to come, will probably increase the catalogue. About this period his father died, and it became imperative on him to support himself. He could hope for nothing from the profession at which he had been such an idle apprentice; and he accordingly made up his mind to leave his mother on her own slender, but sufficient, means in Norwich, and go to London. It is to the credit of Taylor, that he made a genuine effort to serve him. He applied to Southey to procure for him an appointment in the Foreign Office; but an application from one who, however much regarded, was known to be an infidel, and intemperate, could hardly be influential; and it accordingly proved unavailing. Taylor then gave him a warm introduction to Sir Richard Phillips, who was at that time one of the most eminent publishers in London, and the proprietor of a periodical, the *Monthly Magazine*, to which the Norwich sage had been for many years the most important contributor. Armed with this, and freighted with his translations from the Welsh and Danish, he arrived in the great metropolis; and with the beating heart of one who knew that his bread depended upon his reception, approached the house of the awful bookseller. Phillips was a singular character; and the portrait of him in the second volume is one which, as Sir Joshua has said, a stranger would, from its individuality, know to be a likeness. He was one of those who wish to be regarded as an original thinker; and like the unfortunate juror in Joe Miller, who always met the eleven most obstinate men in the world, he soon found himself differing from all

around him. He was a skeptic in religion, a republican in politics, a Pythagorean in diet; and he published, or rather printed, for nobody, we suppose, either bought or read it, a work of his own, to show that the theories and discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton were all founded in mistake. He was, however, a keen, and, we may add, an unscrupulous man of business. This personage received our young author with some show of kindness; but when he talked of publishing, looked dark and stern. "The Ancient Songs of Denmark," with notes philological, critical, and historical, and to which poor Borrow looked for profit and for fame, were thus disposed of;—"Sir, I assure you that your time and labor have been entirely flung away; nobody would read your ballads, if you were to give them to the world to-morrow." The translations from Ab Gwilym, the Welsh bard, the sheet-anchor of his hopes, were treated with a "Pass on; what else?" The publisher quite understood that the stranger possessed some literary talents, which he desired to draw out, and at the same time engage them on his own terms. He proposed an evangelical novel, but this young Borrow declined. He then intimated that he could afford as much as ten pounds for a well-written tale, in the style of the "Dairyman's Daughter."

"That is the kind of literature, sir, that sells at the present. It is not the 'Miller of the Black Valley;' no, sir; nor Herder either, that will suit the present taste. The evangelical body is becoming very strong, sir; the canting scoundrela. . ."

Mr. Borrow found himself but little qualified for a tale of this description; and, folding up the rejected translations, returned to his lodgings, disappointed, sorrowful, and anxious. It was manifest that employment of some sort must be had; and he therefore sought another interview with Phillips, when they came to terms. On this occasion the publisher showed his knowledge of business and of men. He talked no more of evangelical novels or religious tales, but at once proposed to employ our author in compiling Newgate lives and trials. The terms of the contract were somewhat hard.

"I expect you, sir," said he, "to compile six volumes of Newgate lives and trials, each volume to contain, by no manner of means, less than one thousand pages. The remuneration which you will receive when the work is completed will be fifty pounds, which is likewise intended to cover any expenses you may incur in procuring books

paper, and manuscripts necessary for the compilation."

The agreement was accepted; and Borrow was besides enlisted as an attaché to a new Review, which, however, never reached a second number. In addition to these labors, another, with more of the badge of Egyptian bondage, was enjoined him; that was, to translate into German a work on philosophy, by the skeptical, republican, Pythagorean publisher himself. To this was added the pleasant condition, that if the speculation was profitable, he was to have "some remuneration." How long these occupations engaged him we are not enabled to say. They, at all events, left him, after days and nights of toil, as poor as when he began. The denouement of his connection with Phillips was brought about by the work on philosophy. This was the hardest of all his tasks. Borrow could easily render English into German; but how to make intelligible in any language what was inconceivable in his own, was, as he found, a serious difficulty. He took what appears to have been the only practicable course, that of dashingly translating on, on chance. When the first chapter was submitted to some Germans, and pronounced by them to be unintelligible, the wrath of the city knight waxed so sublime, that no one who was not like Mr. Borrow, six feet three, * and a good pugilist,

* For the following lines, as well as for some information relating to the schooldays of *Lavengro*, we are indebted to that ably conducted Journal, the *Britannia* newspaper, for April 26th, 1851. Mr. Borrow, when about four-and-twenty, published "Romantic ballads, translated from the Danish, and Miscellaneous Poems;" among which were the stanzas to "Six Foot Three." These his friends, at the time, thought original, and descriptive of himself. The portrait had some points or resemblance, and six foot three was just his height:—

LINES TO SIX FOOT THREE.

"A lad who twenty tongues can talk,
And sixty miles a day can walk,
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,
And then be neither sick nor dumb;
Can tune a song, and make a verse,
And deeds of northern kings rehearse;
Who never will forsake his friend,
While he his bony fist can bend;
And, though averse to brawl and strife,
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife;—
O, that is just the lad for me—
And such is honest Six Foot Three.

"A braver being ne'er had birth,
Since God first kneaded man from earth,
O, I have cause to know him well,
As Ferroe's blacken'd rocks can tell.
Who was it did at Suderöe
The deed no other dar'd do!

could abide his presence. Our young author was now as poor, as friendless, but not near so strong, as when he first went up to town. No parts of these volumes have interested us so much as those which describe his struggles in London, the determination with which he toiled for bread, and the integrity which made him instantly reject what, to a person of such peculiar tastes, must have been very pressing temptations; these were offers of immediate provision, in strange modes of life, and on easy though somewhat questionable terms. These traits are incidentally, and certainly unostentatiously, given. There can hardly, we think, be a doubt of their truth; but even if fictitious, they deserve our praise. One evening, soon after his rupture with Phillips, as he was returning to his lonely lodging and spare meal of bread and water, he observed, fixed to a window at a respectable bookseller's, a paper, on which was written,

Who was it when the Boff had burst,
And whelm'd me in its womb accurst—
Who was it dash'd amid the wave,
With frantic zeal my life to save?
Who was it flung the rope to me?
O, who but honest Six Foot Three!

"Who was it taught my willing tongue
The songs that Braga framed and sung?
Who was it op'd to me the store
Of dark unearthly Runic lore,
And taught me to beguile my time
With Denmark's aged and witching rhyme,
To rest in thought in Elvir shades,
And hear the song of fairy maids,
Or climb the top of Dovrefeld,
Where magic knights their muster held,
Who was it did all this for me?
O, who but honest Six Foot Three!

"Whenever fate shall bid me roam,
Far, far from social joy and home,
'Mid burning Afric's desert sands,
Or wild Kamschatka's frozen lands;
Bit by the poison loaded breeze,
Or blasts which clog with ice the seas;
In lonely cot or lordly hall,
In beggars' rags or robes of pall;
'Mong robber bands or honest men,
In crowded town or forest den,
I never will unmindful be
Of what I owe to Six Foot Three.

"That form which moves with giant grace—
That wild, though not unhandsome face;
That voice which sometimes in its tone
Is softer than the wood-dove's moan;
At others, louder than the storm
Which beats the side of old Cairn Gorm;
That hand, as white as falling snow,
Which yet can fell the stoutest foe;
And, last of all, that noble heart,
Which ne'er from honor's path would start,
Shall never be forgot by me—
So farewell, honest Six Foot Three."

"A Novel or Tale is much wanted." At that time he had but eighteen pence in the world; and he doubted whether he could maintain himself on this, while he tried to write the tale.

"It was true, there was my lodging to pay for; but up to the present time I owed nothing, and, perhaps, by the time that the people in the house asked me for money, I should have written a tale or a novel, which would bring me in money; I had paper, pens, and ink, and, let me not forget them. I had candles in my closet, all paid for, to light me during my night-work. Enough, I would go doggedly to work upon my tale or novel."—Vol. ii. p. 246.

The next observation which he had occasion to make was, that it is much easier to resolve upon a thing, than to achieve, or even to commence it. After much meditation, and many failures, his views assumed enough of form to enable him to work them out into a narrative, which he entitled, "The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveler." It is often stated, that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in a single night, for the purpose of gaining money enough to cover the expenses of his mother's funeral. No one who knows anything of even the mechanical part of the labor of writing, will think this possible. Borrow's *brochure* was, probably, not even so long, and it took him five whole days of incessant and feverish toil. Having left the manuscript with the bookseller for perusal, he was directed to call next day, when he was physiognomist enough to see that the impression was in his favor. Five pounds, however, was the sum offered; Borrow, with desperate firmness, asked five-and-twenty, and the negotiation terminated with his receiving twenty. This was, probably, but a fraction of its value, yet the bookseller, whoever he was, seems entitled to the praise of having perceived the talent which the tale, no doubt, possessed.

Ill in health, and worn with toil, young Borrow yearned for the country, and, with bundle in hand, walked out of London. He had no fixed object, so placing himself and his fortunes on the top of the first mail-coach which overtook him, he was let down in the neighborhood of Salisbury plain. There an incident occurred, which, as it led him into an altogether novel course, we think it right to notice. He came to a road-side inn, with a huge oak before it, "under the shade of which stood a little pony and a cart:"—

"I entered a well-sanded kitchen, and seated

myself on a bench, on one side of a long white table; the other side, which was nearest to the wall, was occupied by a party, or rather family, consisting of a grimy-looking man, somewhat under the middle size, dressed in faded velveteens, and wearing a leather apron; a rather pretty-looking woman, but sun-burnt, and meanly dressed, and two ragged children, a boy and girl about four or five years old. The man sat with his eyes fixed upon the table, supporting his chin with both his hands; the woman, who was next him, sat quite still, save that occasionally she turned a glance upon her husband with eyes that appeared to have been lately crying. The children had none of the vivacity so general at their age. A more disconsolate family I had never seen; a mug which, when filled, might contain half-a-pint, stood empty before them; a very disconsolate party indeed."

He orders these poor people to be supplied with ale, which leads to their better acquaintance:—

"Tinker.—"It's a fine thing to be a scholar?"

"Myself.—"Not half so fine as to be a tinker."

"Tinker.—"How you talk!"

"Myself.—"Nothing but the truth; what can be better than to be one's own master; now, a tinker is his own master, a scholar is not. Let us suppose the best of scholars, a schoolmaster for example; for I suppose you will admit, that no one can be higher in scholarship than a schoolmaster; do you call his a pleasant life? I don't; we should call him a school-slave, rather than a schoolmaster. Only conceive him, in blessed weather like this, in his close school, teaching children to write in copy-books, 'Evil communication corrupts good manners,' or 'You cannot touch pitch without defilement,' or to spell out of 'Abecedariums,' or to read out of 'Jack Smith,' or 'Sandford and Merton.' Only conceive him, I say, drudging in such guise from morning till night, without any rational employment but to beat the children. Would you compare such a dog's life as that with your own, the happiest under heaven, true Eden-life, as the Germans would say, pitching your tent under the pleasant hedge-rows, listening to the song of the feathered tribes, collecting all the leaky kettles in the neighborhood, soldering and joining, earning your honest bread by the wholesome sweat of your brow, making ten holes; hey, what's this? what's the man crying for?"

"Suddenly the tinker had covered his face with his hands, and began to sob and moan like a man in the deepest distress; the breast of his wife was heaved with emotion; even the children were agitated, the youngest began to roar.

"Myself.—"What's the matter with you? What are you all crying about?"

"Tinker.—(uncovering his face).—"Lord, why to hear you talk; isn't that enough to make anybody cry—even the poor babes? Yes, you said right, 'tis life in the garden of Eden—the tinker's; I see so now, that I am about to give it up."

"Myself.—"Give it up! you must not think of such a thing."

"Tinker.—No, I can't bear to think of it; and yet I must. What is to be done? How hard to be frightened to death; to be driven off the roads."

"Myself.—Who has driven you off the roads?"

"Tinker.—Who! the Flaming Tinman."

"Myself.—Who is he?"

"Tinker.—The biggest rogue in England, and the cruelest, or he would not have served me as he has done. I'll tell you all about it," &c.

This introduces the tinker's tale, which is full of character and interest, but too long to be given here. It appears that no "beat" will support two tinkers, and that the Flaming Tinman—a "Hercules," and a first-rate pugilist—compelled our poor friend to fight him for the "beat," and, on beating him, made him take an oath on his wife's Bible that he would never again practise in these parts. Hence the sympathy evinced in our author's eulogy on the trade; hence the flowing tears. The issue of the conference is, that Borrow, partly from a desire to improve himself in the mending of kettles, partly from a liking for a life not greatly at variance with some of his antecedents, and very much, we are sure, from a wish to assist this troubled family, purchases their pony, cart, and stock in trade, and, providing himself with a waggoner's frock, takes to the roads himself. He subsequently meets with

the dreadful tinman, who recognizing the cart, at once assails him; but after a hard-fought contest, is obliged to yield, and leaves our hero master of the beat. Whoever has seen our author's athletic form, or heard of his skill in pugilism, will regard this as a very credible achievement; and it is highly probable that a longing for the encounter had its influence in inducing him to adopt his new pursuit.

The adventures connected with this *al fresco* life form the subjects of the third volume, which closes about the year 1828-9, leaving Lavengro still a tinker, and in the twenty-third year of his age. The decade which followed between that period and the tour in Spain, was passed in distant travel, hinted at in other works, but never yet described. In that brief interval he paced the snow-clad steppes of Russia and the burning deserts of Morocco, lived in Tatar tents, wandered by the banks of the Danube, and over the hills and through the woods of Hungary; where else, we know not. Let him but give us the incidents of his experience in these journeys, without mixture of the marvelous, or alloy of fiction, and we may well promise one who can make so much of the nothings in these volumes, a celebrity as extensive as that which his "Zincali" and his book on Spain won for him before.

TO A CHILD SLEEPING.

Nestle, thou little one,
Fashion'd so fair,
Fondled so tenderly,
Watch'd with such care;
Sleeping so rosily,
Clasp'd to that breast,
Breathing sweet lullabies
Soothing thy rest.

How does that gentle face
Bend over-thine!
Not the sweet rose that droops
Hangs more divine.
Oh! for that holy light,
Oh! for that tear!
Why art thy weeping now,
Sweet mother dear!

Oh, what a sight of love!
Oh, what a joy!
Still may that gushing heart
Watch o'er that boy!
Sleep on, thou rosy one;
Nothing is there
In that sweet soul of thine
Checker'd with care.

What art thou thinking of,
Dreaming of now,
While that soft hand of hers
Smoothes thy young brow!
Why do those rays of light
Over thee play!—
If angels speak to thee,
What do they say!

Surely, no thoughts of earth
Bring that sweet smile
Over that cherub mouth,
Free from all guile:
We that have known its strife,
Shar'd in its pain,
Ne'er can partake of that
Joyaunce again:

Nestle thee, nestle thee,
Cherub of light,
Making one holy heart
Throb with delight.
Still let me look on thee—
How'er they cloy
This shall not pass away,
Joy of all joy!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE amount of our self-imposed taxation for charitable objects is unknown. It is impossible to get at the statistics of our voluntary benevolence, it flows through such innumerable unseen channels, to say nothing of the public ways by which contributions are collected—the Dinners, the Charity Sermons, Local Associations, Ladies' Committees, Societies, Subscription Lists. There is no country in the world so heavily taxed; yet there is no country in the world that taxes itself so heavily for the comfort and support of the sick and poor, independently of the compulsory provision which the state enforces for the same purposes. Our public is undoubtedly the most tender-hearted public on earth. Every isolated misfortune brought to light at a police office, produces a shower of donations in the letter-box, like manna in the desert. Infinite are the capabilities of our sympathy, which, like the proboscis of an elephant, can lift a man or pick up a pin. No section of the panorama of life contains half so wide a range of character and action as might be exhibited in a comprehensive view of our voluntary charities, beginning at the top of the scale with Hospitals and Alms Houses, Baths and Soup Kitchens, and running down through inexhaustible Cases of Distress to the minor details of Broken Legs; Widows and Orphans, whose natural protectors have been smashed in railways, or blown up in mines, or precipitated from tops of houses, or otherwise cut off by accident or design; wandering people, who have "known better days," and are found sleeping in dry arches and entries; suicidally disposed females; heroic fishermen; deserted wives; and the tens of thousands of debatable shapes of eccentricity, bordering on crime. The money expended in England in private contributions to such objects, exceeds in amount the voluntary charities of the whole of Europe added together.

In the distribution of this universal benevolence, all classes and conditions are more or less helped and aided. Nor is this all.

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It diffuses amongst the people a desire to help themselves. A saving principle enters into our social charity, and co-operates with it. Individuals gradually form combinations, not merely for the purpose of giving assistance to others in distress, but of placing themselves beyond the want of it. The effect of our voluntary aid is, happily, not to make its recipients depend less upon their own exertions, but to make them exert themselves the more, that they may attain the proud position of extending similar aid to those who are struggling below them. It is not all a cry to Jupiter: the sturdy English people love independence, and know its value too well not to put their own shoulders lustily to the wheel.

Out of these noble and energetic agencies come Funds and Endowments for all manner of decayed hands and brains. The haberdasher, the victualler, the carpenter—every trade, calling, and profession, has its *refugium* in one way or another, its resource in sickness, its little annuity in old age, or its house of retreat to end its days in. These arrangements arise partly from the general care and benevolence of society, and partly from the provident efforts of the industrial classes to provide against calamities which the most watchful prudence cannot always avert. Almost every occupation—or order—dependent on its own exertions for sustentation and success, has some recognized and established refuge—*except Literature and Art*. The reason is, perhaps, to be traced, on the one hand, to the reluctance which men who confer benefits upon the world feel at receiving as an obligation that which, strictly regarded, is but a trifling installment of the debt which the world owes them; and, on the other hand, to the want of that union and forethought amongst themselves, which is common to the meanest handicrafts, but rarely found in association with intellectual pursuits.

We do not join in the cry that society is to blame exclusively for this extraordinary blank in the catalogue of our provident institutions.

Much responsibility, no doubt, rests upon society in this country for its treatment of its Prophets and Teachers; but the whole blame is not with the public; it lies in no inconsiderable measure at the doors of the authors and artists themselves, who have not hitherto made sufficiently strenuous and persevering efforts to achieve their own independence.

The chief claim which the new proposal for founding a "Guild of Literature and Art" appears to possess on the support and confidence of the public at large, is this,—that it is based upon a principle which makes provident habits a condition of admission to its advantages, and that the means by which it proposes to work out its results, are such as to insure internal coherence and co-operation, to the utmost practicable extent. These are important elements in a scheme that has for its object the union of men whom, by the very nature of their studies, and the peculiarity of their way of life, it has always been found difficult to bring to act effectively together. The discovery of a common interest on the neutral ground of a life insurance office, is the one admirable feature of this project upon which we rely for its ultimate accomplishment.

The details of the plan have been already so extensively published, that we shall here allude only to its leading features. The Guild is to be an Institute for the reception of literary men and artists—to consist of a certain number of free residences, of members with a salary of two hundred pounds a year each, without a house, or one hundred and seventy pounds with a house, a Warden with a salary of two hundred pounds, and Associates with a salary of one hundred pounds. To these emoluments certain duties are attached, which, though apparently slight, are quite enough to elevate the character of the Institution and its members. These duties are to consist of lectures, which each member will be required to deliver; so that, while he receives a permanent benefit from the Guild, he will be permitted to feel that he renders some help, and discharges some responsibility, in return for it. But no man can be a candidate for admission to the Institution, who does not come with an insurance of some sort in his hand. As a good deal of misconception has gone abroad upon this point, it is right to observe, that the required insurance may be entered into at any office, or in any form required by the convenience, or adapted to the circumstances, of the insurer. Arrangements have been made with one particular office, which offers the temptation of a deduction of

five per cent. to the members of the Guild—an advantage which individuals could not obtain, and which would be conceded only to a body. But no candidate for admission to the Guild is required to insure in that office. It is at his own option to pay five per cent. more, at any other office, if he prefer it.

Such are the broad features of the plan. New considerations may arise in the working out of the design, and some modifications may be adopted in the details. We presume it is open to any alterations in the machinery, which closer and more matured observation may suggest; but we trust that the principle on which it is founded will be preserved in its integrity. It was not to be hoped that a project of this kind, dealing with elements which are said, proverbially, to be incapable of fusion, should have been launched without being assailed with doubts and objections, or that the first outline of it should have been perfect.

The adverse criticisms, however, which have appeared on the Guild are highly encouraging, and exhibit in the fullest light the absolute want of such an institution. The doubt is whether it can be carried into execution. To confine its advantages only to such literary men and artists as insure their lives, is considered in one quarter to be destructive to the very object at which it aims, seeing that of all classes these are the last amongst whom insurances are cultivated. The objection is a curious one, and is worth noticing, as it really involves the strongest imaginable argument in favor of the design. The classes by whom insurances are least cultivated, are exactly the classes most in want—not of that sort of eleemosynary help which merely checks the ravages of waste and imprudence, and bequeathes no permanent good—but of a self-protecting institute, which shall introduce amongst them those habits of economy and foresight in which they are confessedly deficient, and by which they may be lifted above the necessity of seeking for occasional assistance. The fact that artists and literary men—as a body—do not insure, is the very reason why insurance is adopted as a qualification of admission to the Guild. The first object of the Guild is to make them insure—to induce them to be provident—to tempt or allure them into the adoption of those domestic safeguards by which more worldly men fence round their hearths during their own lives, and amass something to leave behind them to their children. It is, in short, this feature which distinguishes the project from all others that have gone before it, and

which, we think, entitles it to the most earnest support of all classes of the people.

All classes are indebted to Art and Letters. The subscription to this Guild is not an offering of alms—it is an acknowledgment, very short of what we all owe, to the civilizers who, from our youth upwards, have nurtured in us whatever we have of good, have directed our intelligence, elevated, refined, and purified our tastes, and bestowed upon us those possessions which adversity cannot diminish, and which alone of all our acquisitions can be said to be absolutely our own and inalienable. They may strip me of my worldly goods, said Tasso, deprive me of my friends, and deny me air and light, but they cannot rob me of my knowledge! In a country like England, that has so much reason to be proud of her superiority in every department of intellectual labor, it is an anomaly and a stigma, that no institution exists which offers permanent and effective succor to writers and artists. An effort is now being made in the right direction, and from the brilliant auspices under which it has been inaugurated, and the success by which it has been attended, we hope that the reproach which we have suffered to cling to us so long is about to be removed at last.

The first step taken towards the accomplishment of the desiderated object was a grant of land for the erection of the buildings, given by Sir Bulwer Lytton, on his estate at Knebworth, and a comedy written by him expressly for the purpose, and presented to the distinguished amateurs whose performances are already known to the public. With this double act of munificence, as a hopeful beginning, the promoters of the Guild put out their prospectus.

If the history of this project should ever come to be written, it will present some memorabilia of more than ordinary interest. Not the least curious incident among the preliminary arrangements for bringing out the comedy, and putting the machinery for further operations in motion, was that of building a portable theatre, which could be set up anywhere, like a house of cards, taken down in a few hours, and packed up again to be sent off to its next destination. The advantage of this portable theatre is obvious. It can be set up anywhere, and it saves the expense—a serious item—of hiring a playhouse to act the comedy in. But these are not the only considerations that invest the little movable stage with an amount of interest which, probably, never before clustered about an undertaking of this kind. The

scenes are voluntary offerings from some of our most distinguished artists, and as the scale is small, and the audience necessarily closer to the stage than at the large houses, these paintings approach almost to the finish of cabinet pictures, in the delicacy and carefulness of their details. The act drop, by Roberts; a scene in Old London on the Thames, by Stanfield; a street, by Grieve; interior, by Pitt; a "Murillo," by Absolon, and a tapestry chamber by Haghe, present an ensemble of the highest attraction. It would be difficult, within the same compass, to imagine a more complete or exquisite structure than this theatre, as it appears in the Picture Gallery of Devonshire House, its rich proscenium being made to blend and harmonize most skillfully with the gorgeous embellishments of that magnificent apartment, while all the accessories in the way of light and color contribute in various ways to enhance the beauty and splendor of the *coup d'œil*.

In this theatre, on the 16th of last month, the new comedy was acted before the highest audience that could be collected in this country. A box had been raised on one side, communicating with one of the drawing-rooms, for the Queen and Prince Albert, and the seats to the back of the gallery were filled by an assemblage, the character of which was happily anticipated in a passage of the play, which Mr. Dickens delivered with significant point and emphasis. It is in a scene where a fashionable lord, touched by the integrity of a poor author, apostrophizes the sufferings of Genius, and predicts the coming of a happier time and a juster age—of which that memorable night might be fairly regarded as the threshold.

"Ah, trust me, the day shall come, when men will feel that it is not charity we owe to the ennoblers of life—it is tribute. When your order shall rise with the civilization it called into being, and, amidst some assemblage of all that is lofty and fair in the chivalry of birth, it shall refer its claim to just rank amongst freemen, to some Queen whom even a Milton might have sung, or a Hampden have died for."

The comedy, written with a view to the illustration of the objects it was intended to serve, contains other passages and allusions equally calculated to awaken attention to the position and the rights of men of genius, and which must be always sure to take effect in the acting. The character of a rising member of parliament, who begins as a writer, and works his own way to political influence, appears to have been designed to exhibit the

rewards that wait upon self-reliance and honorable perseverance, although the force of the moral is slightly diminished by the discovery that he owes much of his successes to the secret helps by which (unknown to himself) his career has been sustained. Ruminating upon the condition of a starving author, he, too, prophesies a happier destiny for letters.

"I've been a writer myself. But the remedy? A state may but humble by alms; a minister corrupt by a bribe; what patron then for letters? The public?—yes, for the prosperous. And for those who with toils as severe, but with genius less shaped to the taste of the many, can win not the ear of the day, why perhaps in some far distant age, when end of the strong have dropped to death broken-hearted, and end of the weak (bowed down by the tyrant necessity), have veiled in shame and despair the eyes that once looked to the stars; then rival children of light may learn at last, that the tie they now rend should be the bond to unite them, and help one another."

It is in expressions like these that the motive and spirit of the comedy come out; and, although the story only incidentally bears upon the fortunes of Literature, there is enough of occasional reference in it to the toils and disappointments of genius, to link it with a telling effect to the interest of the occasion.

The plot is not striking. It is in characterization the comedy excels. There is a great variety of individuals, all strongly contrasted, from the city popinjay to the best bruiser of the day. Every character has its own costume, and every member of the company is accordingly fitted with a part which, whether it be large or small, whether it develop an original nature or merely carries a label, is distinguished by some attribute which enables him to stand upon his speciality. This method of composing a dramatic work is excellently adapted to the end for which this comedy was written. It diffuses the individual interest over a large surface, and enables the cast to embrace a list of names that may be fairly said to reflect almost every form of art and authorship.

The picture which the comedy gives us of the forlorn condition of *David Fallen*, an author of the days when Sir Robert Walpole was minister, belongs to a past age, and a state of manners and social relations totally different from our own. It was the time when a Duke desired an author to stay and feed with his lacqueys, and when Dr. Johnson was treated like a menial by an Earl. We have already outlived that degradation.

Literature and art are no longer neglected and despised; and, as this very occasion shows, may proudly lift up their heads amongst the noblest and the highest in the land. The salutary change that has taken place in this respect, could not be more remarkably evinced than in the princely hospitalities of the Duke of Devonshire to this Company of Amateurs, and the earnest interest he took in their proceedings, from the commencement of the rehearsals to their last performance. The debt which the Guild owes to his Grace cannot be overrated. In throwing open his mansion to their representations, he surrendered nearly the whole of the grand suite of rooms to the uses of the actors. The risk and trouble which the necessary alterations occasioned, and the unavoidable occupation of the library, and several other costly apartments, during a period of several weeks, involved an amount of inconvenience which even the most zealous patron of letters might be excused for declining to incur. But the Duke of Devonshire showed by the spirit of kindness and urbanity with which he made these sacrifices, how lightly he estimated them in comparison with the amount of service which, by his hospitable and courteous example, he hoped to render to the cause.

If he had rendered no greater service than in showing us that the days of the *David Fallens* are over, he would have done enough to entitle him to the highest distinction that can be conferred upon him, in the records of the Institution which his munificence has mainly helped to endow. Here is *David Fallen's* autobiography; where shall we now look for the Grub-street it depicts?

"I entered the world, devoted heart and soul to two causes—the throne of the Stuart, and the glory of letters. I saw them both as a poet. My father left me no heritage but loyalty and learning when he fell at Marston Moor. Charles the Second praised my verse, and I starved; James the Second praised my prose, and I starved; the reign of King William—I passed that in prison. The Ministers of Anne offered me a pension to belie my past life, and write odes on a Queen who had dethroned her own father. I was not then disenchanted—I refused. That's years ago. If I starved, I had fame. Now came my worst foes, my own fellow writers. What is fame but a fashion? A jest upon Grub-street, a rhyme from young Pope, could jeer a score of grey laborers like me out of this last consolation. Time and hunger tame all. I could still starve myself: I have six children at home—they must live."

"We have made an unquestionable advance

since that day. There is want enough, and calamity and struggle enough amongst all classes of writers,—but they hold a higher status than they did. The distance between them and the upper ranks of society is abridged. The two aristocracies have come nearer, and know each other better, and the intercourse has improved both. They have discovered in each other qualities for which they never gave each other credit before; they have found out their common humanity, and have learned to appreciate more truly than they did that moral and intellectual superiority, which lifts up the humblest man, and to which the loftiest must bow. This is much, but it is not all; much more yet remains to be done. Literary and artistical people have been too much scattered. They have had no common centre, no bond of union, no concentration of any kind from which they could acquire internal strength to fortify their position. This is what is wanted, and what the "Guild of Literature and Art" proposes to attempt. The time is auspicious for it; and the result of the opening experiment abundantly justifies the expectation that the attempt will be crowned with success.

The first performance at Devonshire House produced a sum of 1250*l.*, which, with the amount secured by the sale of the reversionary interest in the comedy to the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, amounted to nearly 1800*l.* This sum included a donation from the Queen of 150*l.*, and the rest was made up of single tickets at 5*l.* each. The receipts on this occasion are, we believe, without precedent, and must have exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the originators of the project; and the more especially, as only two days before upwards of 700*l.* had been subscribed at the annual dinner of the Literary Fund Society, for purposes of nearly an analogous character. That noble institution, which administers with such delicacy and discretion to the urgent wants of literary men, averting by a little timely aid the most fatal consequences, occupies ground wholly distinct from the Guild. The operation of the Guild—if it operate effectively—will be to decrease the number of claims upon the Literary Fund, and to enable that Society to bestow larger grants upon the applicants it relieves. And as the object which the Guild finally proposes, of supplying a refuge to its members in old age and the decline of the powers, cannot, we believe, be embraced by the Literary Fund, whose responsibility is already heavy enough, the two institutions

may be regarded as exercising a beneficial action on each other, in sustaining at different periods and under different circumstances the class to whose interests they are both dedicated.

After the splendid hospitalities of the Duke of Devonshire, it ought not to be forgotten that the largest contributions which have been, or are likely to be, made to the new institution are those which are made by the amateurs themselves. Nothing could be done without them. They embody and enforce the principle. They give it shape and utterance, and have rallied round it the beauty and the chivalry of the kingdom. Nor is this all. To them the sacrifice of time is a serious consideration. The rehearsals and other contingencies that wait upon the production of the play, and the contemplated performances of it in the principal towns of the kingdom, involve an outlay of time which, upon the whole, will be equivalent to a very magnificent donation from each individual. Nor can the design be carried out without much private expenditure and personal inconvenience, in addition to the time taken from profitable pursuits and devoted to this noble purpose. It is right that this should be known, and that higher motives than the pleasure of indulging a fancy for acting should be recognized in the exertions of the authors and artists who have taken the lead in this project, and upon whose combined efforts its ultimate fate depends.

A second performance took place at Devonshire House, on Tuesday, the 27th ult., and on that occasion the attractions were enhanced by a new farce, called "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," and a ball and supper. The appearance of the theatre at this reception presented little difference from that which it exhibited on the former; except, perhaps, that the excitement of a ball in prospect diffused a livelier feeling amongst the audience.

On the second representation, the comedy appeared to greater advantage than on the first. It went more glibly, to use a theatrical phrase, the actors were more easy in their parts, and the striking points and situations were thrown out into stronger relief. It is one of those plays that rest solely on the strength and weight of character and dialogue, and which cannot fail to improve upon its audiences with each repetition.

But we must say a word about "Mr. Nightingale's Diary." The plot and treatment of this piece have been evidently assigned with a view to the capabilities of Mr.

Dickens and Mr. Lemon, for a variety of highly contrasted impersonations; and a more successful effort, both in design and execution, has seldom been made. The action turns on the plans of an impostor to deceive a hypochondriacal gentleman and their frustration by the lover of the gentleman's niece, who hopes by this means to reconcile the uncle to his marriage. All this goes for nothing. The niece and the lover are shadows in their affectionate relations to each other, and the tender passion out of which the embroglio is supposed to issue, may be dismissed as a myth. The real interest consists in a series of assumptions not only excellently conceived in the dialogue, but inimitably rendered in the acting. The vivacity of this smart farce told with remarkable effect after the stately and comparatively sombre tone of the comedy.

We cannot convey any correct notion of the eccentricities embodied in "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," but the flavor of its rich humor may be inferred from the following sample which, delivered by Mr. Dickens, in the living manner of *Mrs. Gamp*, drew down bursts of applause. The speaker is supposed to be claiming the mothership of a son who is claimed by her antagonist. "Who," exclaims the pretender on the other side, "who saw your first tooth drawn, gave you medicine when you were sick, and made you so when you was n't?" To which her irritated opponent replies,—

"Me, ma'am, as is well bekown to all the country round, which the name of this sweetest of babbies as was giv' to his own joyful self when blest in best Whitchapel mixed upon a pincushion, and mother saved likewise, was Absalom. Arter his own parental father, as never (otherwise than through being bad in liquor) lost a day's work in the wheelwright business, while it was but limited, Mr. Nightingale, being wheels of donkey shays and goats, and one was even drawn by geese for a wager, and went right into the centre aisle of the parish church on a Sunday morning, on account of the obstinacy of the animals, as can be certified by Mr. Wigs the beadle afore he died of drawing on his Wellington boots, to which he was not accustomed, arter a hearty meal of beef and walnuts, to which he was too parshal, and in the marble fountain of that church, this precious-est of infants was made Absalom, which never can be unmade no more, I am proud to say, to please or give offence to no one nowhere and no-how."

Isolated from the context, this passage loses much of its effect; but even thus isolated, the richness of the humor is unmistakable. It is *Mrs. Gamp* returned in the flesh,

with her long involved sentences, and her perpetual recurrence to self and personal experiences, and her odd jumble of things, all tending, however, to an end of some sort, but hopelessly entangled and incoherent in form and sequence.

With the Comedy and Farce, the broad mirth of the latter coming with its welcome sunshine after the graver and more sententious dialogue of the former, the success of the amateurs in their labors to raise funds for the Guild, may be looked forward to with hopefulness. A large sum has been already collected—altogether, perhaps, something close upon 2500*l.*; and there are expectations of another kind beyond this, from which equally beneficial results may be anticipated. Mr. Martin is understood to have promised to paint a picture which shall embrace portraits of every person engaged in the comedy, including also the author's portrait, each in the costume of his part. The profits of this picture, and the engraving which will be made from it, will form a considerable accession to the Fund.

Authors and artists are doing their part, it only remains for the public to imitate their example. In the catalogue of names engaged in these amateur theatricals, we find that the company is composed of twelve authors and three artists, that seven artists have painted the scenes, and that further help has been placed at the command of the company in any way in which it can be made available, by the most distinguished members of the Royal Academy. Under auspices such as these, the design ought to prosper. But nothing of this kind can prosper in England, unless the public take a direct and immediate interest in its success. To them, therefore, we look for the means by which the plan is to be practically accomplished. It is not merely by attending amateur plays the requisite funds are to be collected, but by donations and annual subscriptions. In no country on the face of the globe is this necessity of descending into the pocket and opening the purse-strings better understood than in England; and, therefore, we say with confidence to the universal public, "See what literary men and artists are endeavoring to do, at a great sacrifice to themselves, for the purpose of establishing the new Guild. Sustain them in their exertions by losing no time in coming forward and subscribing. First, satisfy yourselves that the project is sound, and that it is entrusted to safe hands, and then—send in your subscriptions."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal

MARY KINGSFORD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1836, I was hurriedly despatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly-congealing snow, greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately the rate at which we were traveling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We traveled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had traveled in the same

compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their apparent condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of "swells," they might, perhaps, have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a "parliamentary;" but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waistcoats; while the luxuriant moustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pièces d'occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attractive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous convic-

tion that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when, I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described, placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow, and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

"Mr. Waters!" she impulsively ejaculated. "Oh I am so glad!"

"Yes," I answered, "that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember—Stand back, fellow!" I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drank, pressed, with a jeering grin upon his face, towards her, still tendering the brandy and water. "Stand back!" He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare, but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

"Are Mrs. Waters and Emily quite well?" said the young woman, coloring and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

"Quite—entirely so," I almost stammered. "You know us then?"

"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my manner. "But you, it seems," she presently added, with a winning smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed, almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!"

"Do you think so? Not *pretty* Mary Kingsford now then, I suppose?" she added with a light, pleasant laugh.

"You know what I mean, you vain puss you!" I rejoined quite gleefully; for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite, not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognized the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in color, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; whilst her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of color vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningfully at her mourning dress.

"Yes," she murmured in a sad quivering voice—"yes, father is gone! It will be six months come next Thursday that he died! Mother is well," she continued more cheerfully after a pause, "in health, but poorly off; and I—and I," she added with a faint effort at a smile, "am going to London to seek my fortune!"

"To seek your fortune!"

"Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke? In one of her letters, she said she often saw you."

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a highly respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

"I am to be Sophy's fellow shop assistant," continued Mary Kingsford; "not of course at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy to interest herself for me!"

"Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and

Richard Westlake were engaged?—Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one."

"Richard's father," she replied with some spirit, "has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now," she added; "and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so."

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and preoccupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no farther opportunity for private converse.

"Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?" I inquired.

"About thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the carriage in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them."

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clarke received her cousin at the Eastern station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot, when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognized, called out: "Quick, conchee, or you'll lose sight of them!" As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour Street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his body half out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver "to mind and make no mistake." The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horses into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be apprehended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homewards.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were exceedingly kind to

her; so was Sophia. "Her cousin," she added, in reply to a look which I could not repress, "was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world." The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed towards Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behavior, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the good will of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the care and care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him, and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

"Hartley and Simpson you say?" he remarked, after we had walked away to some distance: "those are only two of their numerous aliases. I cannot, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long.

Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers, I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them."

"They appear to be in high feather just now," I remarked.

"Yes: they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garslade last week in Jermyn Street. I'd lay a trifle," added my friend, as I turned to leave him, "that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past. Good-bye."

About a fortnight after this conversation, I and my wife paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels exhibited at the celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out of the theatre, we found the weather had changed to dark and sleety, with a sharp nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland-Yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me: and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure: it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning and sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath the gas-lamp opposite Astley's, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran full butt against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement,

down we both reeled; and by the time we had regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively towards the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognizing me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down towards the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly calling to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber-raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her, in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river, and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty; and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavored, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off; and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate: she fought wildly with the engulfing tide, and shrieked piteously for help. Before one could count ten, I had grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded,

did I endeavor to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay; for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain cable. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came: a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening, with others, to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored: guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress, with which the land lord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigor to my chilled and partially benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered towards me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, addressing one of the police officers.

"Merely," said he, "that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery"—

"No—no—no!" broke in the terrified girl.

"Oh! of course you'll say so," continued the officer. "All I know is, that the diamond brooch was snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once."

"Save me!—save me!" sobbed poor Mary, as she tightened her grasp upon my arm and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

"Be comforted," I whispered; "you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford," I added in a louder tone; "I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have."

"Bless you!—bless you!" she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

"There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure," I continued; "but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least."

"Bail her! That is hardly regular."

"No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow."

The men hesitated, but I stood too well at head-quarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quietly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into a flood of tears, and continued till we reached home sobbing on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's, had started off to find me there.

Mary still slept, or at least she had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavor to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all that I had done, and entrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman of the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard necessitated a visit to other officers of police, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr. Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homewards, both to obtain a little rest, and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of play-going, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a

theatre in her life before. When there, they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together, when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer door, when two police officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at my house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practised would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly "if she did not mean that he should go shares in the prize she had lately found?" Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed: "Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you." So violent did he become, that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length, approaching quite close, said: "You were at Covent Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week?" Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

"Oh no, no! you mistake," she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

"Nay, but you were though," rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe anything of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person, should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr. Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs. Morris, had fled the house, and hurried in a state of distraction to find me with what result the reader already knows.

"It is a wretched business," I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. "Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow street the day after to-morrow."

"Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?"

"His uncle," he says, "gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little; for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is, you know, out of the question."

"I did not mean that. Can you show it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels."

"Yes, you can see it." I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said—"I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth twenty shillings intrinsically."

"Do you say so?" I exclaimed as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave color and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. "Then this Saville is a manifest liar; and perhaps confederate with —. But give me my hat; I will ascertain this point at once.

I hurried to a jeweller's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct: apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop-house, and decided, over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the "Times" an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

"This brooch is yours?" said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

"It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means?"

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

"The rascals!" he broke in almost before I had finished: "I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave, robbed me, I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found on him, he was discharged."

"Not entirely, Mr. Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would."

"True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the Overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station-house, I had leisure to reflect that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I must out with it—obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge."

"This will, sir," I replied, "prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?"

"Not in the least: only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it."

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr. Saville lodged, and I walked into the front room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

"I did not expect to see you to-day," he said at last.

"No, perhaps not: but I have news for you. Mr. Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred-and-twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did *not* sail for India, and"—

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

"Come, sir!" I cried, "let us have no snivelling or humbug: mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and cannot find them: you must aid us."

"Oh yes; to be sure I will!" eagerly rejoined the rascal. "I will go for them at once," he added with a kind of hesitating assurance.

"Nonsense! Send for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival."

His note was despatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momentarily expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, whilst Mr. Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate

its merits. Mr. Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. "Do not try that on, Mr. Augustus Saville," I quietly remarked: "we are but two here certainly, but there are half-a-dozen in waiting below."

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously-jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all three.

"And yet now I look at you, Saville, closely," said Hartley, "you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?"

"No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me."

"Nonsense!—humbug!—it's all right: we are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three-handed game. I priggid it; Simmy here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and you claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, aint it, eh? Ha! ha! ha!—Ha!"

"Quite so, Mr. Hartley," said I, suddenly

facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; "as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive, I added, as the officers crowded into the room, "are more gentlemen to join in it."

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterwards; and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bridesmaid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace, and competence. It was some time, however, before Mary recovered from the shock of her London adventure; and I am pretty sure that the disagreeable reminiscences inseparably connected in her mind with the metropolis will prevent at least one person from being present at the World's Great Fair.

THE ARGOSY OF LIFE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORFF.)

Stately ship, with silken sails,
Bearing down my humble boat,
Sound of song and lute ne'er fails
Thy gay crew, as on they float!
I must sing my song alone,
While stormy winds around me moan.

Stately ship! when night's dark realm
Closes round thee, gray and pale,
Stands a stranger at the helm,
While the loud blasts rend thy sail.
Angry waves are rolling high,
But they daunt not his fix'd eye.

Equal wind and equal wave,
Stately ship and humble boat,
On the same sea round ye rave,
Rich and poor alike afloat.
On the same dark reef ye bread,
For DEATH the pilotage doth take!

From the Athenæum.

MRS. BROWNING'S NEW POEM.*

From the windows of her abode—the Casa Guidi, in Florence—Mrs. Browning witnessed several of those demonstrations, both popular and despotic, which commenced in Italy, as in Europe generally, during the eventful "48." The theme of her poem—as its title, thus explained, suggests—is, the late struggle for Italian freedom, with especial reference to its development in Tuscany.

It is not only as regards its local and historical interest that Italy is presented in the pages before us. Though fraught with the spirit of English strength and insight, they are Italian in their style. Fervid, unrestrained, and imaginative, they might have been delivered by an *improvisatore* in a Florentine thoroughfare to an audience of his countrymen. Nor are they, it must be said, free from those defects which belong to such *impromptu* inspirations. Diffuseness, ruggedness, *concelli*, and at times colloquialisms, impair and disfigure much that is noble in this poem, both as regards its conception and its forms. We are aware that this loose mode of poetic utterance has its disciples,—and that Mrs. Browning's errors are likely to be commended by those who can emulate them more easily than they can her genius. For ourselves, we are of those who believe that the patience which knows how to reject, to shape and to perfect, is not, as sneerers suppose, a *substitute* for true creative impulse, but a *proof* of it:—and it is precisely because Mrs. Browning so often exhibits what Hazlitt termed the "fortitude" of genius, that we regret she should ever lose sight of it. Completeness and severity are not artifice—as witness the great Florentine to whom this very poem makes such eloquent appeal.

Premising that there are many beauties in the work, which by reason of their diffuse and fantastic context we are precluded from quoting, we have almost done with censure. Of the generous impulse, the fine imagination, the social and political wisdom, to be found

in it, we shall offer such examples as will suggest their own comment.

Italy's ancient glory, Mrs. Browning thinks, has been, like that of many an ancestral house, corrupted from a stimulant into an opiate. The heirs of such great renown, she implies, are more willing to dream over their bequest than to put it to use. On this point she finely and truly exclaims:—

We do not serve the dead—the past is past!
God lives, and lifts his glorious mornings up
Before the eyes of men, who wake at last,
And put away the meats they used to sup,
And on the dry dust of the ground outcast
The dregs remaining of the ancient cup,
And turn to wakeful prayer and worthy act.
The dead, upon their awful 'vantage ground—
The sun not in their faces—shall abstract
No more our strength: we will not be discrown'd
Through treasuring their crowns, nor deign
transact
A barter of the present, in a sound,
For what was counted good in foregone days.
O, Dead, ye shall no longer cling to us
With your stiff hands of desiccating praise,
And hold us backward by the garment thus,
To stay and laud you in long virelays!
Still, no! we will not be oblivious
Of our own lives, because ye lived before,
Nor of our acts, because ye acted well,—
We thank you that we first unlatched the door,
We will not make it inaccessible
By thankings in the doorway any more,
But we will go onward to extinguish hell
With our fresh souls, our younger hope, and
God's
Maturity of purpose. Soon shall we
Be the dead too! and, that our periods
Of life may round themselves to memory,
As smoothly as on our graves the funeral sods,
We must look to it to excel as ye,
And bear our age as far, unlimited
By the last sea-mark! so, to be invoked
By future generations, as the Dead.

She were no poetess, however, who did not revere the Past in its legitimate influence. The present writer has her tribute to that also:—

It shall be testified
That living men who throb in heart and brain,

* *Casa Guidi Windows: a Poem.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Chapman & Hall.

Without the dead, were colder If we tried
 To sink the past beneath our feet, be sure
 The future would not stand. Precipitate
 This old roof from the shrine—and, insecure,
 The nesting swallows fly off, mate from mate.
 Scant were the gardens, if the graves were fewer!
 And the green poplars grew no longer straight
 Whose tops not looked to Troy. Why, who would
 fight
 For Athens, and not swear by Marathon?
 Who would build temples, without tombs in sight?
 Who live, without some dead man's benison?
 Who seek truth, hope for good, or strive for right,
 If, looking up, he saw not in the sun
 Some angel of the martyrs, all day long
 Standing and waiting! your last rhythms will
 need
 The earliest key-note. Could I sing this song,
 If my dead masters had not taken heed
 To help the heavens and earth to make me strong,
 As the wind will ever find out some reed,
 And touch it to such issues as belong
 To such a frail thing? Who denies the dead,
 Libations from full cups? Unless we choose
 To look back to the hills behind us spread,
 The plains before us sadden and confuse;
 If orphaned, we are disinherited.

The poem is divided into two parts:—and
 in the first is described a procession of the
 Florentines in honor of the right conceded
 to them by the Duke to form a civic guard.
 This description itself is a singular instance
 of the diffuse, over-fanciful, and unmusical
 style which we have objected to:—but the
 following lines towards the close have dramatic
 character:—

Ever in the crowd,
 Rude men, unconscious of the tears that kept
 Their beards moist, shouted; and some laughed
 aloud,
 And none asked any why they laughed and wept;
 Friends kissed each other's cheeks, and foes long
 vowed
 Did it more warmly; two-months' babies leapt
 Right upward in their mothers' arms, whose
 black,
 Wide, glittering eyes looked elsewhere; lovers
 pressed
 Each before either, neither glancing back;
 And peasant maidens, smoothly 'tired and tressed,
 Forgot to finger on their throats the slack
 Great pearl-strings; while old blind men would
 not rest,
 But pattered with their staves and with their
 shoes
 Still on the stones, and smiled as if they saw.
 O Heaven! I think that day had noble use
 Among God's days.

We should say, that the first division of
 the poem was written in 1848, when the augu-
 ries that Pius the Ninth would prove a
 friend to Italian liberty were yet welcomed

and trusted. Mrs. Browning, however, has,
 even at this period, motives for withholding
 unlimited participation in the popular confi-
 dence. With a "learned spirit in human
 dealings," she sees that the future of a man
 must in a great measure be determined by
 his past; and not without charity, yet with
 rational doubt, she takes leave concerning the
 Pope—

To ponder what he *must* be, ere we are bold
 For what he *may* be, with our heavy hope
 To trust upon his soul. So, fold by fold,
 Explore this mummy in the priestly cope
 Transmitted through the darks of time, to catch
 The man within the wrappage, and discern
 How he, an honest man, upon the watch
 Full fifty years, for what a man may learn,
 Contrived to get just there; with what a snatch
 Of old world oboli he had to earn
 The passage through; with what a drowsy sop
 To drench the busy barkings of his brain;
 What ghosts of pale tradition, wreathed with
 hop
 'Gainst wakeful thought, he had to entertain
 For heavenly visions; and consent to stop
 The clock at noon, and let the hour remain
 (Without vain windings up) inviolate,
 Against all chimings from the belfry. Lo!
 From every given Pope, you must abate,
 Albeit you love him, some things—good, you
 know—

Which every given heretic you hate
 Claims for his own, as being plainly so.
 A Pope must hold by Popes a little,—yes,
 By councils,—from Nicæa up to Trent,—
 By hierocratic empire, more or less
 Irresponsible to men,—he must resent
 Each man's particular conscience, and repress
 Inquiry, meditation, argument,
 As tyrants faction. Also, he must not
 Love truth too dangerously, but prefer
 "The interests of the Church," because a blot
 Is better than a rent in miniver,—
 Submit to see the people swallow hot
 Husk-porridge which his chartered churchmen
 stir

Quoting the only true God's epigraph,
 "Feed my lambs, Peter!"—must consent to sit
 Attesting with his pastoral ring and staff,
 'Tis such a picture of our Lady, hit
 Off well by artist angels, though not half
 As fair as Giotto would have painted it;
 To such a vial, where a dead man's blood
 Runs yearly warm beneath a churchman's finger;
 To such a holy house of stone and wood,
 Whereof a cloud of angels was the bringer
 From Bethlehem to Loreto!—Were it good
 For any Pope on earth to be a finger
 Of stones against these high-niched counter-
 feits?

Apostates only are iconoclasts.
 He dares not say, while this false thing abets
 The true thing, "This is false!" he keepeth fasts
 And prayers, as prayers and fasts were silver
 frets

To change a note upon a string that lasts,
And make a lie a virtue. Now, if he
Did more than this,—higher hoped and braver
dared—

I think he were a Pope in jeopardy,
Or no Pope rather! for his soul had barred
The vaulting of his life. And certainly,
If he do only this, mankind's regard
Moves on from him at once, to seek some new
Teacher and leader! He is good and great
According to the deeds a Pope can do;
Most liberal, save those bonds; affectionate,
As princes may be; and, as priests are, true—
But only the ninth Pius after eight,
When all's praised most.

Our readers will agree with us that poetry like this is somewhat too loose and colloquial in its manner:—and we think they will see also in it, that Mrs. Browning has, consciously or unconsciously, caught the tone of her husband. Ere this grows on her, we desire to warn her that her own poetical mantle was of too good stuff and pattern for her not to be a loser by borrowing any other.

The second part of the poem resumes the tale of Florence, after the Duke has broken his pledge and fled from his subjects. The mad enthusiasm of the people revolting rather from impulse than from principle—substituting sound for action and the hollow pageants of nominal freedom for the calm purpose and self-sacrificing energy by which only freedom can be insured—are vividly brought before us. Admirable is the graphic detail and smiting is the sad irony which illustrate this portion of the story. Nor less excellent is this comment on the follies which had such disastrous results.—

Men who might

Do greatly in a universe that breaks
And burns, must ever *know* before they do.
Courage and patience are but sacrifice;
And sacrifice is offered for and to
Something conceived of. Each man pays a price
For what himself counts precious, whether
true

Or false the appreciation it implies.

Here, was no knowledge, no conception, nought!
Desire was absent, that provides great deeds
From out the greatness of provenient thought;
And action, action, like a flame that needs
A steady breath and fuel, being caught
Up, like a burning reed from other reeds,
Flashed in the empty and uncertain air,
Then wavered, then went out.

The Duke is brought back to subjugated Florence by the aid of Austria. His return is told in words which are as defined and glowing as the forms and colors by which painting appeals to the eye. In dealing with

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these "modern instances," Mrs. Browning has invested them with a tone of ideal grandeur which gives them in point of poetic effect all the remoteness of antiquity. We could cite no better example of the truth that the distance between the common and the ideal is not that between the past and the present, but that between objects as perceived by the senses and objects as interpreted by the mind.

Deeply as Mrs. Browning venerates peace, she is no party to that one-sided tranquillity which is built on the sacrifice of the weak. True peace she holds to be the recognition of mutual rights by the component classes of a State. The apathy of a nation prostrate beneath tyranny she thinks to be a worse evil than the horrors of popular insurrection. We know few things in modern poetry more passionate, vigorous, or true, than her protest against that hushing of human claims which means not the silence of a people contented, but that of a people stifled. Her protest, it is almost needless to say, is not directed against those noble teachers who, abhorring recourse to the sword, would base national peace upon national justice,—but against the despotic, who in the lust of power would crush the soul, and the sordid who would postpone its demands to the convenience of traffic.

I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole
Of immemorial, undecadous trees,
Would write, as lovers use, upon a scroll
The holy name of Peace, and set it high
Where none should pluck it down. On trees, I
say,—

Not upon gibbets!—With the greenery
Of dewy branches and the flowery May,
Sweet mediation 'twixt the earth and sky
Providing for the shepherd's holiday!
Not upon gibbets!—though the vulture leaves
Some quiet to the bones he first picked bare.

Not upon dungeons!—though the wretch who
grieves

And groans within, stirs not the outer air
As much as little field-mice stir the sheaves.
Not upon chain-bolts!—though the slave's despair
Has dulled his helpless, miserable brain,
And left him blank beneath the freeman's whip,
To sing and laugh out idiocies of pain.
Nor yet on starving homes!—where many a lip
Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain!

I love no peace which is not fellowship,
And which includes not mercy. I would have
Rather, the raking of the guns across
The world, and shrieks against Heaven's ar-
bitrator.

Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse,
Of dying man, and horses, and the wave
Blood-bubbling. . . Enough said!—By Christ's
own cross,

And by the faint heart of my womanhood,
Such things are better than a Peace which sits
Beside the heart in self-commended mood,
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
Are howling out of doors against the good
Of the poor wanderer. What! your peace ad-
mits

Of outside anguish while it sits at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—
It is no peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom,—
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
The life from these Italian souls, in brief.

Notwithstanding the ostensible failure of
the Italian struggle, Mrs. Browning believes
that it has already subverted the interests of
freedom. It has shattered the last link that
knit the affections of the people to Papal do-
mination. It has prepared the mind of Italy
for the reception of religious freedom. It
has emancipated human hearts from those
superstitions which make intolerance easy.
In expressing these hopes, the poetess ren-
ders a worthy and judicious tribute to Maz-
zini,—and makes touching reference to the
patriotic impulse of Charles Albert, to his
interval of weakness, and to its final expia-
tion. For one fine passage of prophecy,
speaking by the mouth of Mrs. Browning's
Muse out of the graves of the patriots, we
must, despite its length, make room.—

In the name of Italy,
Meantime, her patriot dead have benison!
They only have done well; and what they did
Being perfect, it shall triumph. Let them slum-
ber.

No king of Egypt in a pyramid
Is safer from oblivion, though he number
Full seventy ceremonies for a coverlid.
These Dead be seeds of life, and shall encumber
The sad heart of the land until it loose
The clammy clods and let out the spring-growth
In beatific green through every bruise.
The tyrant should take heed to what he doth,
Since every victim-carrion turns to use,
And drives a chariot, like a god made wroth,
Against each piled injustice. Ay, the least
Dead for Italia, not in vain has died,
However vainly, ere life's struggle ceased,
To mad dissimilar ends they swerved aside.
Each grave her nationality has pieced
By its own noble breath, and fortified,
And pinned it deeper to the soil. Forlorn
Of thanks be, therefore, no one of these graves!
Not hers,—who, at her husband's side, in
scorn,
Outfaced the whistling shot and hissing waves,
Until she felt her little babe unborn
Recoil, within her, from the violent staves

And bloodhounds of the world; at which, her
life

Dropt inwards from her eyes, and followed it
Beyond the hunter. Garibaldi's wife
And child died so. And now, the sea-weeds fit
Her body like a proper shroud and coil,
And murmurously the ebbing waters grit
The little pebbles, while she lies interred
In the sea-sand. Perhaps, ere dying thus,
She looked up in his face which never stirred
From its clenched anguish, as to make excuse
For leaving him for his, if so she erred.
Well he remembers that she could not choose.

A memorable grave! Another is
At Genoa, where a king may fitly lie,—
Who bursting that heroic heart of his
At lost Novara, that he could not die,
Though thrice into the cannon's eyes for this
He plunged his shuddering steed, and felt the sky
Reel back between the fire-shocks:—stripped
away

The ancestral ermine ere the smoke had cleared,
And naked to the soul, that none might say
His kingship covered what was base and bleared
With treason, he went out an exile, yea,
An exiled patriot! Let him be revered.

Yea, verily, Charles Albert has died well;
And if he lived not all so, as one spoke,
The sin pass softly with the passing bell.
For he was shriven, I think, in cannon smoke,
And taking off his crown, made visible
A hero's forehead. Shaking Austria's yoke
He shattered his own hand and heart. "So
best,"
His last words were upon his lonely bed,—
"I do not end like popes and dukes at least—
Thank God for it."

* * * *

The sun strikes, through the window up the
floor:
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,
Not two years old, and let me see thee more!
It grows along thy amber curls, to shine
Brighter than elsewhere. Now, look straight
before,
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,
And from thy soul, which fronts the future so,
With unabashed and unabated gaze,
Teach me to hope for, what the Angels know,
When they smile clear as thou dost. Down God's
ways,
With just alighted feet between the snow
And snowdrops, where a little lamb may graze,
Thou hast no fear, my lamb, about the road,
Albeit in our vain-glory we assume
That, less than we have, thou hast learnt of
God.

Stand out, my blue-eyed prophet!—thou, to whom
The earliest world-day light that ever flowed
Through Casa Guidi windows chanced to come!
Now shake the glittering nimbus of thy hair,
And be God's witness:—that the elemental
New springs of life are gushing everywhere,
To cleanse the water courses, and prevent all
Concrete obstructions which infest the air!

—That earth's alive, and gentle or ungentle
 Motions within her, signify but growth:
 The ground swells greenest o'er the laboring
 moles.

Howe'er the uneasy world is vexed and wroth,
 Young children, lifted high on parent souls,
 Look round them with a smile upon the mouth,
 And hake for music every bell that tolls.

Who said we should be better if like these?
 And we . . . despond we for the future, though.

Posterity is smiling at our knees,
 Convicting us of folly? Let us go—

We will trust God. The blank interstices
 Men take for ruins, He will build into

With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
 With generous arches, till the fane's complete.
 This world has no perdition, if some loss.

From such brief analysis of this poem as we have been able to give, and from the foregoing extracts, our readers will see that we have been dealing with no ordinary work. Such exceptions as we have taken gain their chief emphasis from the genius to which they act as a foil. In whatever degree they may detract from the completeness of what is here written, they nothing abate our high estimate of the writer. Not the least interesting feature of these pages is, the development which they supply of the author's mental history. Mrs. Browning's poetical course, tinged at its commencement with something

of sentimental melancholy, has gradually acquired the brighter influences of faith and sympathy,—and the present volume shows their application to practical uses. Her record of personal feelings has given way to the morals which they suggest,—and the interests of the single heart have expanded into those of mankind. This, we take it, is the progress of every nature in which the poetic element is deeply rooted. The mind which at first sadly contrasts the actual with its ideal, learns in time to find the ideal in the actual. Such is the highest office of the poet,—and one which, to our thinking, Mrs. Browning has here fulfilled. Her generous sympathies with a wronged nation have not blinded her to the errors which wrecked its struggles,—nor have the familiarities of the present hid from her the spiritual truth which underlies them. Her book is at once courageous and wise. Amidst the many who hold failure as disgrace, she has apprehended the right that *should* have triumphed. Through the obloquy of defeats she has recognized as heroes *now*, men who will be so chronicled in the future. She has perceived by foresight what Posterity discovers through retrospect,—that greatness unreveiled lacks its credentials—that martyrdom is the path to canonization.

LINES ON A DEAD BUTTERFLY IN SUMMER.

BY HELEN ELLIS.

What hath crush'd thee, thou bright and beauteous
 thing!

Thou "child of the sun," with the rainbow wing!
 Wert thou tired of winging thy joyous way
 On the glorious beam of a summer day!
 Or weary of kissing the thousand flowers
 That woo'd thee to squander thy sportive hours,
 Sate with pleasure, each flower-cup thy home,
 While from each to each thou wert free to roam!
 It may be, I've look'd on thy bright career,
 Till slow to mine eye has gather'd the tear,
 To think how delicious thy life must be,
 Untrammell'd by earth, rejoicing and free.
 But, faded and cold as thou liest now—
 Oh! radiant insect! can it be thou!
 I see thou art dead, and cannot tell why
 It seems strange that a thing so bright could die.
 Must not all pay the debt, from great to small!
 The answer comes solemnly—*All, & on all.*

Thou hast paid it, poor insect! the spark has fled,
 And thy bright wings are folded—thou art dead!

From the People's Journal.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BY PARSON FRANK.

———Miss BAILLIE succeeded;
No queen could have come with such pages as she did;
For who, do you think, held her train up!—The Passions;
They did indeed; all too in elegant fashions.
The god in his arms with gay reverence lock'd her,
For two sakes,—her own, and her brother's, the doctor.

LEIGH HUNT: *Blue Stocking Revels*.

FOREMOST chronologically, if not in other senses also, among the ranks of our modern female genius, stands the poetess of the Passions. Since Joanna Baillie, in the prime of life, appeared before the public as a dramatist, and made good her ambitious yet modest claims, our literature has been enriched by not a few fair writers whose celebrity lives not only in the *Feast of the Violets*, but on the bookshelves and in the hearts of thousands of grateful readers. In 1798, having then well-nigh accomplished the first half of life's ordinary three-score-and-ten, Miss Baillie published the first instalment of her genius. Since then the ever progressive cyclopædia of native literature has been honored with the entry of many a gentle name, greeted by criticism itself with an *Esto perpetua*!—the names of Barrett and Bowles (both merged in married titles of equal significance), of Howitt and Shelley, of Hemans and Landon, of Austen and Edgeworth. The masculine style of Miss Baillie's dramatic works distinguishes her from her bright sisterhood. Not that she is ever coarse or unfeminine; few excel her, in fact, in passages of tender emotion, or the delineation of those subtle feelings which live and move and have their being only in woman's heart of hearts. There are lyrics among her plays and "Fugitive Verses," the subduing charms of which consist in the melting tenderness that inspires them—delicate sensibility of thought expressed in diction of smoothest melody. But certainly a singular exercise of "power" was at her command—power of a kind attributed only to the lords of creation by popular tradition—power of invention, sustained har-

mony, comprehensive unity, searching of dark bosoms, tragical breadth as well as intensity, power of keeping on the wing as well as soaring, and of writing not merely a fine fifth act, but, what is more difficult, a first and a third act in keeping with the fifth. She could trace a passion in its course from small beginnings, as well as paint its tumultuous cataract-descent when that course was run. She could treat chronic as well as acute diseases of the mind—retaining her self-possession and energy of will at every stage of the treatment, foreseeing results and controlling their necessary development. With this unstrained vigor she combines a befitting clearness and directness of expression; her verse flows pellucid, "with a soft inland murmur;" unobscured by the fogs of mysticism, unruffled by the breaks and locks of interjectional melo-drama. Add to this, her freedom from mannerism. She does not make all her creatures talk in one dialect, breathe one philosophy, sing one song, never-ending, still-beginning. You cannot say of them individually, as you can of Mrs. Browning's graceful creations, or Mrs. Hemans' languid embodiments, this or that *must* be one of Joanna Baillie's characters. She occupies an honorable interspace between the insipidities of the Minerva press and the affectations of a school now basking in popular favor.* There is "no nonsense" about this clear-headed Scotchwoman. If she has to treat of a mystery, she goes at once to the heart of it, according to established rules

*We refer rather to imitating poetasters than to the gifted founders of their schools.

of art, and not after the manner of empirics of the Dulcamara and "Poughkeepsie Seer" order—not after the manner of those who can only see in a mist, and hear mid confusion worse confounded. In this respect she belongs to a class of authors that are getting sadly out of fashion—the simple in manner, the direct in utterance, the easy, the unaffected, the natural.

The first volume of the series entitled *Plays on the Passions*, appeared in 1793—a series the design of which was to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. This design was certainly extensive enough—and one which, said Miss Baillie, "as far as my information goes, has nothing exactly similar to it in any language; and which a whole life's time will be limited enough to accomplish." Her Introductory Discourse enunciated the principles by which she proposed to construct her elaborate system; and it is especially worthy of note, that the theory of poetry afterwards propounded and enforced by Wordsworth, and identified almost exclusively with him and his works, was broached and illustrated in this Discourse with clear and graceful eloquence. The poetess stood forth in the cause of simplicity against tawdry decoration. She saw that human sympathy is deeper and better than artificial taste—one touch of nature more potent than all the dogmas of the schools. She saw and said that the highest pleasures that we receive from poetry, as well as from the real objects which surround us in the world, are derived from the sympathetic interest we all take in beings like ourselves; and that amidst all the decoration and ornament, all the loftiness and refinement which contemporary authors were in the habit of expending on their theme, "let one simple trait of the human heart, one expression of passion, genuine and true to nature, be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, whilst the false and unnatural around it fade away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning. Neither the descriptions of war, the sound of the trumpet, the clanging of arms, the combat of heroes, nor the death of the mighty, will interest our minds like the fall of the feeble stranger, who simply expresses the anguish of his soul at the thoughts of that far distant home which he must never return to again, and closes his eyes among the ignoble and forgotten."*

* Introductory Discourse to *Plays on the Passions*.

This doctrine was practically opposed by the current literature of that day. A mawkish sentimentalism was allowed to strut and fret its hour upon the stage—dealing wholesale in affectations and tinsel moralities and passions that smelt of the foot-lights and were colored by the rouge-pot. Joanna Baillie—so let us call her, for who, as Scott asked, would speak of "Miss Sappho?"—arose like a mother in Israel, to wage war with the Philistine rabble, and to head the reaction which tended to rout them out of the land.

Whether her plan of confining a five-act drama to the development of one individual passion, and following out this system on a large scale, was judicious, is open doubt. Thomas Campbell contends, that if she had known the stage practically, she would never have attached the importance which she does to the representation of single passions in single tragedies; and that she would have invented more stirring incidents to justify the passion of her characters, and to give them that air of fatality which, though peculiarly prominent in the Greek drama, will also be found, to a certain extent, in all successful tragedies.*

The philosophical objection—"This will never do!" as applied to the idea of "Plays on the Passions," is met, however, by Professor Wilson with the rejoinder, But it has done perfectly. "All that Joanna intended—and it was a great intention greatly effected—was in her series of dramas to steady her purposes by ever keeping one mighty end in view, of which the perpetual perception could not fail to make all the means harmonious, and therefore majestic. One passion was, therefore, constituted sovereign of the soul in each glorious tragedy—sovereign sometimes by divine right—sometimes an usurper—generally a tyrant."† The first of the dynasty, *Basil*, represents the master-passion, Love. Hate is developed in the tragedy of *De Montfort*; Ambition in *Ethwald*; Fear in *Orra*, and in *The Dream*; Hope in *The Beacon*; Jealousy in *Romero*; and Remorse in *Henriquez*. The comedies by means of which our authoress exhibits these passions in another phase—but which are comparatively unknown and slightly re-

* "Instead of this," says Mr. Campbell, "she contrives to make all the passions of her main characters proceed from the willful natures of the beings themselves. Their feelings are not precipitated by circumstances, like a stream down a declivity, that leaps from rock to rock; but for want of incident, they seem often like water on a level, without a propelling impulse."—*Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

† *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxx. p. 486.

garded—are *The Trial*, *The Election*, *The Second Marriage*, *The Siege*, and *The Alienated Manor*. Such are the "Plays on the Passions," as distinguished from the "Miscellaneous Plays"—The former being fourteen, the latter thirteen in number. *Count Basil* is a noble embodiment of love—though in the form of tragedy. His devotion to Victoria, sudden in its origin, all-absorbing in its power, all disastrous in its end, is admirably realized; painfully relieved as it is by the subtle, serpentine machinations of Victoria's father, the Duke of Mantua, who presses into his service this bright, generous passion as though it were a mercenary tool for intrigue and state-craft. Basil, the triumphant general, the stern military disciplinarian, the magnanimous, self-possessed, open-hearted hero, bends to the sway of love, and in bending is crushed. His new passion supplants his old honors; it implicates him in shame and agony, and the horrors of self-destruction.

Ah, what an end is this! thus lost! thus fall'n!
To be thus taken in his middle course,
Where he so nobly strove; till cursed passion
Came like a sun-stroke on his mid-day toil,
And cut the strong man down.

The opposite passion is perhaps still more finely depicted in *De Montfort*—the best-known tragedy of the series, from its having been brought into prominent notice on the stage by the acting of John Kemble, and subsequently of Edmund Kean, in the principal character. To interest the mind and its sympathies in the impersonation of such a passion as hatred—to create a being in whom it should have plenary authority, without at the same time making us revolt from and entirely abhor him—this was delicate ground, and delicately yet firmly has the poetess trodden it. De Montfort is proud, suspicious, and envious to a miserable degree; he hates with a fierce intolerance and insane rancor a man of lofty and amiable character; yet we are sufficiently interested in the peculiar temperament of the murderer to love his exquisitely drawn sister for loving him, and to require (as Miss Baillie foresaw), a warning in sober prose, that it is sisterly prejudice which declares that "but for one dark passion, one dire deed," this midnight assassin—for such he literally is—had claimed for his tombstone a record of as noble worth as e'er enriched the sculptured pedestal. It is assuredly a masterly portrait—conceived and finished in a style compounded of minute detailed accuracy and masculine breadth.

What a fascinating creature is Jane De Montfort!—so queenly, so commanding, and so noble; on whom Time himself has laid his hand so gently, as though he too had been awed*—the earnestly devoted sister, who never has upbraided, never will upbraid, her doomed and desperate brother. The ten acts allowed to Ethwald are less attractive—though abounding with passages of refined and vigorous poetry; this tragedy in two parts, belonging to the days of the heptarchy, and tracing the destinies of ambition, bears on the grave face of it a forbidding expression to all but adventurous readers; nor is the difficulty overcome by Miss Baillie's explanation,† to give a full view of ambition, it was necessary to show the subject of it in many different situations, and passing through a considerable course of events—which had she attempted to accomplish within the ordinary limits of one play, that play must have been so entirely devoted to this single object, as to have been left bare of every other interest or attraction. The next on the list, *Orra*, is a truly beautiful composition. The heroine is the victim of superstitious fear, "and that particular species of it which is so universal and inherent in our nature, that it can never be eradicated from the mind, let the progress of reason or philosophy be what it may; a passion, moreover, by which persons of strong imagination, quick fancy, and keen feeling, are most easily affected; on which account *Orra* is represented as a "lively, cheerful, buoyant character, when not immediately under its influence; and even extracting from her superstitious propensity a kind of wild enjoyment, which tempts her to nourish and to cultivate the enemy that destroys her."‡ A romantic hue suffuses this very striking drama. We are transported to the middle ages, and find ourselves overshadowed by the glooms of the Black-forest in Swabia. We see the ruined castle through the trees by moonlight, and hear the wassail song of the outlaws:

The chough and crow to roost are gone, the owl
sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan, like infant charity;

* The striking description of Jane's *physique* in the first scene of the second act, is said to apply perfectly to the late Mrs. Siddons; to whose incomparable talent exhibited in the part itself on the boards of Drury Lane, Miss Baillie pays grateful acknowledgments.

† See her Preface to vol. ii. of "Plays of the Passions."

‡ Preface to vol. iii.

The wildfire dances on the fen, the red-star sheds
its ray,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men! it is our open-
ing day.*

We wander with Orra among the dark
arches and gothic passages of the haunted
castle, and listen with her to the midnight
blast of horns, and bellowing of hounds, and
all

The fiend-like din of their infernal chase,

until we cease to marvel when her bewildered reason topples from its throne, and the noble maiden becomes a raving maniac, whose sole speech is of the newly dead swathed in grave-clothes, and wickered ribs through which the darkness scowls, and the void of hollow unballied sockets staring grimly, and lifeless jaws that move and clatter in mockery of language, and the trooping of unearthly steps, and the yelling of the hounds in the centre gulf below. "The whole character of Orra," said Sir Walter, "is exquisitely supported as well as imagined, and the language distinguished by a rich variety of fancy, which I know no instance of except in Shakespeare. After I had read Orra twice to myself, Terry§ read it over to us a third time aloud, and I have seldom seen a little circle so much affected as during the whole fifth act. I doubt if we have now an actress that could carry through the mad scene, which is certainly one of the most sublime that ever were written." The same kindly partial critic—who so early as 1801 confessed to Ellis that the "Plays on the Passions" had put him entirely out of conceit with his "Germanized brat," *The House of Aspen*—considered

* Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Miss Baillie (1811), observes;—"I have a great quarrel with this beautiful drama [*Orra*], for you must know you have utterly destroyed a song of mine, precisely in the turn of your outlaw's ditty, and sung by persons in somewhat the same situation. I took out my unfortunate MS. to look at it, but alas! it was the encounter of the iron and earthen pitchers in the fable. I was clearly sunk, and the potsherds not worth gathering up. But only conceive that the chorus should have run thus *verbatim*—

'Tis mirk midnight with peaceful men; with us 'tis dawn of day;

See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. xxiii. As a writer in the *Athenaeum* says, it is something to have anticipated Scott in the "Chough and Crow."

§ Daniel Terry, the well-known actor and personal friend of Scott, the Ballantynes, Theodore Hook (in company with whom he started *The Arcadian*, a short-lived precursor of the more prosperous *John Bull*), &c.—P. F.

fear the most dramatic passion hitherto touched by Miss Baillie, because capable of being drawn to the most extreme paroxysm on the stage, all gradations of which are developed in Orra, from a timidity excited by an irritable imagination, to the extremity which altogether unhinges the understanding. If it were possible to provide efficient performers for this tragedy, there are parts of it which must needs tell with harrowing effect on the stage. In the closet, however, it is tolerably secure of an enduring reputation; and such appears to be the limit attached to all Joanna Baillie's plays,* written though they were with a view to the playhouse. If the day ever arrive when "legitimacy" shall pace the boards unfettered and undepressed, it is possible that some of these productions of genius may be brought forward under benignant managerial auspices, and receive the cordial plaudits of renovated public taste; but that day is hitherto undelightfully distant. Ethiopian serenaders and ballet nymphs can command British theatres with the spell, *vos plaudite!* but Orra and Jane de Montfort can not. Let us wish for posterity the ability to say, *sed dis* (of the galleries) *aliter visum!*

Not unworthy of their predecessors are the two tragedies which conclude the series—namely, *Romero* and *Henriquez*. Of these the former illustrates "jealousy," the cause of a deed of blood; the latter, "remorse," the effect of a similar act.† The character of Henriquez, the noble Castilian general, is grandly delineated, under circumstances the most affecting:

The brave with tears of admiration grace
His hapless end, and rescue him from shame.

From first to last he is invested with surpassing dignity, and commands our mournful admiration. We know no finer male portrait in Miss Baillie's richly furnished gallery—hardly a finer out of it, except in the studio of Shakspeare himself.

Of her miscellaneous plays, the most mark-worthy is *The Family Legend*, "her highland play," as she called it, which met with

* *De Montfort*, perhaps the best acting drama of the series, was revived for Kean in 1821; but that tragedian remarked that though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play.—Campbell's *Life of Siddons*.

† Miss Baillie's habit of murdering some one for the sake of interest, is perhaps a little open to objection. Thus in *Henriquez*, *Rayner*, *The Homicide*, *De Montfort*, &c., we find ourselves—thanks to her potent spell—fascinated more or less by blood-stained heroes.

a warm reception when performed at Edinburgh in 1810, Mrs. Siddons acting the beautiful part of Helen, and Terry the Earl of Agyle. The character of Maclean—who sacrifices his darling wife in the fear of being deserted by his clan, or of bringing some terrible calamity upon them—is a failure; at least he does not personally realize the author's ideal. But there are admirably defined subordinates, and many situations and groupings of the most effective kind. Whoever reads this tragedy will find his memory haunted by visions of those stern chieftains conferring by torchlight in the cavern, and of Helen exposed on the sea-girt rock* awaiting death with the advancing tide, and of the banquet in Argyle's castle, when the guilty husband beholds a vacant chair filled by her whom he supposed safely entombed in ocean sands. The legend is familiar to all who have "raised the sail by Mull's dark coast"—

The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves †—

and tells the tradition developed by Joanna Baillie with such sterling pathos.

Others of her serious dramas we can but allude to. *The Beacon* (classed with the "Plays on the Passions," its theme being Hope), a two act musical piece, is almost unique of its kind—a lovely gem, exquisitely set. *The Stripling*—written with an eye to Master Betty—is a "domestic" tragedy, of the Lillo and Kotzebue school, containing some impassioned scenes, but repulsive and unequal as a whole. *Rayner* represents with great skill a well-principled mind tempted to join bad men in crime; a Germanized melodramatic tone by no means elevates this play. *The Martyr* is a story of the persecutions under Nero—Cordenius impersonates an imperial officer in whose character the iron of ancient Rome and the gold of Christianity in its virgin freshness are blended with refined art. *The Phantom* is a lively though touching tale, from the "night-side of nature," containing several Scottish lyrics of the true setting. With a distressing plot, *The Separation* excites by passages and situations of singular power, that must have taxed even the inventive faculty of Joanna Baillie. *Witchcraft* is a prose tragedy, suggested by

* "The scene on the rock," writes Sir Walter, referring to the Edinburgh performance, "struck the utmost possible effect into the audience, and you heard nothing but sobs on all sides.—*Letter to Miss Baillie*, 1810.

† Sir Walter Scott.

the famous funeral scene in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, its design being to represent the accused as themselves acknowledging the crime of commerce with dark powers, induced to this curious psychological condition by their own peculiar temperament and the force of actual circumstances combined. But we must terminate this lengthened dramatic catalogue, refusing to be witness at *The Trial*, or to be concerned in *The Match*, or vanquished by *The Siege*, or to put up at *The Country Inn*, or be otherwise implicated in the lady's comedies. We willingly allow her a respectable fund of wit and humor; the man who cannot extract risible matter out of her copious array of stage dandies, hoyden misses, pert grisettes, and quack adventurers, must be desperately billious, or otherwise suffering from severe functional or even organic derangement. Yet comedy was not quite the forte of the dramatist of the Passions; and if a future age reads her efforts in this department, it will be more than her own age does or has done. Thousands of persons to whom the comedies of Knowles and Douglas Jerrold, of Sullivan and Bourcicault, are well known, live and die in ignorance of the mere fact that Joanna Baillie invoked a comic as well as tragic muse. Considering the number of her essays, and the genius she undoubtedly possessed, this fate furnishes one more illustration of the "vanity," though not the "glory," of literature.

Of the *Metrical Legends* our ignorance will prove its wisdom by saying—nothing. The *Fugitive Verses* are known to all who read verses, known to include many a graceful song and simple ballad. There are fine lines too of a more serious cast, among which we especially honor those on the death of Sir Walter Scott, that

Pleasant noble bard of fame far-spread;

and the sweet address to her sister Agnes, beginning:—

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears,

O'er us have glided almost sixty years
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen,
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been,

Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender barebell on the purple heather.

Then there are her capital Scottish songs, *Woo'd and married and a', O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly, Saw ye Jonnny comin? quo' she, Poverty parts good company, &c.* Though for so many years a denizen of England—and that suburb of the metropolis which the Edinburgh wits ridiculed

as the nucleus of cockneyism, Hampstead—she retained her national predilections and characteristics, and held her "Highland tragedy" dearer than the rest. As to her personal character, it has been justly said that "never has woman more honorably adorned womanhood by the unobtrusive privacy of her life. The household virtues and unobtrusive benevolence which endeared Joanna Baillie to all who knew her—the absence of all desire to add to her high poetical reputation the false brilliancy of drawing-room success,"* distinguished her from the

* Athenæum.

many who affect to play *die berühmte frau*. She alone ought almost to have redeemed Hampstead in the eyes of the "Clan North," and secured for its "heathy height" some approximation to respect. In fact, Hampstead should stand well in the literature of topography or the topography of literature—boasting, as it can, of the home it has given to such classics as Steele, Arbuthnot, and Akenside—to say nothing of its vituperated connection with Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Leigh Hunt. But with none of the company had it ties so exclusive and lasting as with Joanna Baillie.

AGES OF NEWSPAPERS.—The oldest existing paper in Great Britain is the Edinburgh Gazette, which was established in the year 1600. The oldest existing paper in England is the Stamford Mercury, which was established in 1695. The first paper now in existence, in the United Kingdom, which appeared in the last century, was Burrows' Worcester Journal, first published in 1709. Two years afterwards, in 1711, the Newcastle Courant was first issued, and in the same year appeared the first number of the Dublin Gazette. In 1717, the Kentish Gazette, and 1718 the Leeds Mercury first commenced their career of information. Between 1720 and 1730 inclusive, the following papers were first ushered into existence:—The Northampton Mercury and Salisbury Journal in 1720; the Gloucester Journal in 1722; the Reading Mercury in 1723; the Norwich Mercury and the Dublin Evening Post in 1725; and the Chelmsford Chronicle in 1730. Between 1730 and 1740 the following papers appeared—St. James's Chronicle and the Chester Courant in 1731; the Derby Mercury in 1731; the Sherborne Mercury in 1736; the Belfast News Letter in 1737; and the Hereford Journal in 1739. Between 1740 and 1750, the journals added to the stock were the following:—The Birmingham Gazette and Nottingham Journal in 1741; the Bath Journal in 1742; the Edinburgh Weekly Journal in 1744; the Bristol Journal (Felix Farley's), the Sussex Advertiser and the Sligo Journal, in 1745; Saunders' News Letter in 1746; the Aberdeen Journal, in 1747; and the Cambridge Chronicle, in 1748.

Between 1750 and 1760, only 4 of the papers now published made their appearance. These were, the Oxford Journal 1753; the Leeds Intelligencer 1757; the Liverpool

Times 1756; and the Bath Chronicle 1756. Between 1760 and 1770, the following appeared:—The Norfolk Chronicle 1761; the Exeter Flying Post and the Dublin Freeman's Journal 1763; Lloyd's List, the Sherburne Journal, the Newcastle Chronicle, and Edinburgh Advertiser in 1764; Gore's Liverpool Advertiser in 1765; the Limerick Chronicle in 1766; and the Bristol Gazette, and Kilkenny Journal in 1767. Between 1770 and 1780, the following new candidates came into the field:—The Morning Chronicle in 1770; the Morning Post, and Shrewsbury Chronicle, the Hampshire Chronicle, and the Londonderry in 1772; the Racing Calendar, the Chester Chronicle, and the Bristol Mirror 1773; the Cumberland Packet and the Kerry Evening Post in 1774; and Prince's London Price Current, and the Clare Journal in 1779. Between 1780 and 1790 the following journals were born:—The Morning Herald 1781; the Bury and Norwich Post 1782; the Maidstone Journal 1786; the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette, the Evening Mail (London), and the Gazette de Guernsey 1789; and the Kent Herald, the York Herald, and the Bristol Mercury 1790. The following appeared between 1790 and 1800:—The Glasgow Courier 1791; The Sun, the County Herald (London), the County Chronicle (London); and the Bath Herald 1792; the Morning Advertiser, the Commercial Daily List, the Hull Advertiser, the Worcester Herald, and the Doncaster Gazette 1794; the Kelso Mail 1797; the Times, the Observer, the Daily Packet List, and the Carlisle Journal 1798; the Hampshire Telegraph, and the Greenock Advertiser 1799; and the Essex Herald and Oxford Herald in 1800. We have only brought our statement down to the close of the last century. *Lon. Pa.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE LATE DR ABERCOMBIE.

Nothing is more forcibly calculated to exhibit the progress of Scotland in science than a glance at the medical profession during one hundred years. In 1682 the town council of Edinburgh passed an act recommending the incorporation of surgeons and apothecaries to supply and maintain the city with a sufficient number of persons "qualified to shave and cut hair." In 1782, and till this day, the city of Edinburgh stands proudly pre-eminent amongst university cities for her schools of medicine and surgery. History is not altogether composed of tragedy and melodrama; comedy takes her place, too, amongst the *dramatis personæ* of society; and certainly there are few more comical associations, according to the common idealism of the present times, than that of surgeon and barber. The ludicrousness does not, we apprehend, arise from any disparity in the dignity of the professions—for all labor is dignified—but from the superficial character of the one, and the intricate and studential nature of the other. There seems to be something so facile and slight-of-hand in the denuding of a hirsute face of its covering, compared with the science, skill, and nerve requisite for amputating a limb or counteracting an unseen disease, that an idea of the two operations being performed by one hand and regulated by one mind surprises and amazes us. We may form some idea, however, of the height to which physiology had attained in Scotland one hundred and fifty years ago, by this unity of two professions now so dissimilar in every respect. To trim chins and repair or counteract the effects of bodily fractures and contusions—to curl a moustache and expurgate a fever, occupied then a like importance in the public mind. Human life, during the warlike ages of our ancestors, was one of the least regarded of human affairs. Human comfort or social health claimed no notice from science while Scot and Southron fought with each other. The speculative and reflective intellect were then devoted to the construction of arquebuses and culverins, and the physical force of

the two nations led in destructive array against the constructive or conservative powers of each other. Surgical, medical, architectural, sanitary, and social science, all languished in neglect, and suffered a common disparagement with all that was truly respectable and useful, during those centuries of active antagonism existent between Scotland and England. Union and peace, however, gave a new and nobler tendency and position to the conservative sciences; and so the physicians and surgeons of Edinburgh assumed their true status as savants, and soon separated in their curriculum from her barbers and peruke-makers.

If the medical schools of Edinburgh are justly famed throughout the world for all those high attributes of skill and practice which are dependent upon devotion to study and great intellectual capacity, there attaches to them the still nobler and more admirable character of benevolent and charitable heroism. Their attachment to physiological science has rendered it and themselves illustrious in every nation where mind can truly appreciate and is appreciated. But their gratuitous and spontaneous labors in the cause of the poor, who are sick and ready to perish, few have known beyond the sphere of their labors, and few can estimate. Edinburgh, like all old cities, is composed of a city of the past and the present—of a new town and an old. The old was built in times when economy in the area of building was demanded, in order that the dwellings of men might be circumscribed by embattled walls. Homes were erected, not with regard to health and comfort, but with regard to space; and so grim old lofty fabrics were piled up and huddled together in dense disorder. Times of security, however, at last saw the rich migrating to open airs and healthful squares, and leaving the poor to darken in the fever-breeding alleys which were built in days of feudal ascendancy; and thus has the war-spirit of centuries past reacted upon the present generation. Disease in its most malignant forms is always crawling up the dark closes of old Edinburgh,

and sapping the life from hundreds of its denizens annually; and in these pestiferous abodes of wretchedness and crime are to be seen, at all hours and in all seasons, the most eminent and celebrated physicians of the world, moving to and fro, like ministering angels. It is in the homes and haunts of the poor that the most skillful physicians of Edinburgh have made their practical probation, and it is with the richest and most wretched that they have divided the health-restoring blessings of their experience.

One of the most celebrated, in every respect, of Scottish physicians was the late Dr. John Abercrombie. In his professional capacity, and in his various relations of a man and a citizen, he sustained a most exalted and consistent position. To the physician was conjoined the philanthropist, and to the philanthropist was added the Christian; and all these aspects of his character were blended in a beautiful harmony. Dr. Abercrombie was born in Aberdeen, on the 11th of October, 1781. His father was a pious and indefatigable minister, in connection with the Established Church of Scotland: and the son did not dishonor his father's house nor suffer his monitions to be forgotten. Under the inspection of his parent, he grew in wisdom and knowledge, evincing rare amiability and talents of a high order. After having completed a course of literary studies, he was sent to prosecute his professional education at Edinburgh. Every great man has been constant and diligent in the prosecution of the purpose on which he has founded his greatness. Greatness is something real and intrinsic—something that a man has acquired by his own unaided and individual power. It is won by originality and singularity of capacity, and diligence; all other greatness is merely nominal and factitious. Assiduity, and a rare combination of mental excellencies, rapidly conduced to render Dr. Abercrombie a distinguished student. He passed through the university with considerable *éclat*, and at twenty-two years of age he began to practise. The prestige of his probation was not destroyed in the subsequent career. He soon became known to his professional brethren through the medium of the "Medical and Surgical Journal," and was regarded as a practitioner of high standing and of higher promise. On the death of the celebrated Dr. Gregory, Dr. Abercrombie was at once conceded that high position as Consulting Physician which his success and abilities entitled him to occupy. He was also named Physician to the King for Scotland—a mere-

ly honorary and nominal appointment, but one which was indicative, nevertheless, of the high estimation in which his talents were universally held.

Subsequent to these marks of honorable distinction appeared the two works which establish and maintain Dr. Abercrombie's fame as a profound and careful physiologist, and which rank high in the bibliotheque department of *materiu medica*. The treatise on diseases of the "Brain and Nervous System" is remarkable for its precise and careful analyses of the causes and symptoms of affections of those delicate organs; and his essay on the "Diseases of the Abdominal Region" does equal honor to his sagacity, and his powers of observation and analogy. In 1830 and 1833, this eminent physician appeared in the arena of literature, upon a subject more speculative and consequently less practical than that which had ostensibly occupied his genius. He demonstrated by his works on the "Intellectual Powers," and on the "Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," that the paths of metaphysical speculation were familiar to him, and that subjects less tangible than those presented in the catalogue of the physical sciences had occupied his acute and searching mind. Shortly after the publication of the last of these works, appeared his "Treatise on the Moral Condition of the Lower Classes in Edinburgh," and at various irregular periods subsequently he issued a series of essays on the "Elements of Sacred Truth," together with many essays and tracts, which have since been combined into a single small volume. His writings on moral and religious subjects are characterized by a simple and earnest eloquence, eminently calculated to reach the heart and instruct the understanding, while, in his allusions to the poor and destitute, there glow all the tender emotions of one who has seen much wo and want in his vocation, and who has felt and can still abundantly feel. In 1834, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of M. D.—a title which he had long previously obtained, however, from our Scottish metropolitan *alma mater*; and in the year immediately succeeding, he was chosen Lord-Rector of the Marischal College of Aberdeen, an honorary office conferred by the students upon men distinguished in science, politics, or literature.

If a splendid reputation, and ample success in his profession, had been the twofold purpose of his life, Dr. Abercrombie had attained these distinctions at a comparatively

early period, and had ample cause for satisfaction. Fame is not sufficient to satisfy a soul, however; it is a gratification, not a principle; when and while you remember that you possess it, you may wear it with some pride; but it is transitive as sunlight, and can be forgotten with honor. Dr. Abercrombie's high position and extensive celebrity did not make him forget his feelings as a man, nor relax his obligations as a Christian. He never rose above his sympathies for the poor, nor relaxed his charitable ministrations in their behalf. The inborn piety and benevolence, which had been touched with finer tones, during the experiences of his early days among the suffering poor, became principles of action when his influence and examples were sufficient to effect for them much good. In every scheme that conduced to elevate the moral and physical condition of the suffering and the needy, he led the van. He was as indefatigable in urging others to deeds of well-doing as he was practical. He sought the charities of his friends for the objects that crowded his daily path; but he taught them also, by personal and bounteous liberality, how to bestow. He partook, in this respect, very much of the character of his distinguished friend Dr. Chalmers. He rarely allowed his voice to suggest what his hand was not ready to execute. In his general bearing Dr. Abercrombie might appear distant and reserved to strangers; but this was less the result of his natural dispositions than an appearance produced by the habits of his mind. (Years of study and reflection invariably produce an individuality of manners, which appear to be less frank and spontaneous than those of the spacious conventionalist. In the family circle, or that of private friendship, however, all the generous emotions of nature, and all the freedom of his fine conversational powers, were exhibited.) He beautified and dignified home with

generous affection and manly simplicity; and endeared men to him more by the candor and constancy of his own heart, than by the plausibility of his tongue. Dr. Abercrombie was of too active and too earnest a nature not to be affected by the great questions which lately agitated Scotland in relation to Church Government; but his antipathy to controversy, and the spirit of controversy, made him shrink from all participation in the activities of the discussion. His sentiments in religion were strong and decided, and his opinion, in regard to its visible position, were also distinct and firm; but he did not believe that the heat of controversial wrath conduced to God's glory nor advanced his kingdom on earth, and for these reasons he preferred to act like a philosopher rather than a zealot or dogmatist, and to maintain the character of a Christian rather than purchase that of a partisan. Like all thoughtful men, Dr. Abercrombie had experienced those difficulties and mental questionings which have assailed all inquiring minds, and he had realized the value and beauty of truth. He was not a religious devotee, but a child of God from conversion and conviction. He felt religion to be a necessity of his nature; he knew that Christianity was the true religion; necessity and an assured faith were the bases of his religious character; and upon these he established the most comprehensive and simple charity.

After a life fruitful of good works and good thoughts, Dr. Abercrombie died suddenly on the 14th of December, 1844, from the rupture of a small blood-vessel in the region of the heart. We shall never forget the consternation and sorrow which affected all who heard for the first time of his loss to his relatives and to society. The rich mourned for a monitor and friend, and the poor for a benefactor and father.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

There is an epoch in the life of man,
Compelling thought, if power he has to think.
It is not in the palsied hours which bring
Eternity, that he performs must scan
His bygone ways. As one light tinge of gold
On grain foretells a reaping-time to be,
So doth the first grey hair, which mortals see,
The coming of their day of doom unfold.

That sign announces, that a novel thread
Hath been inwoven with their web of life,
And that yet more, so long as they have breath,
And more, must follow. Then with thoughts of
dread,
Doubtings and questionings, the mind grows rife.
'Who casts that shuttle?' The reply is, 'Death!'

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

English Books on America.—Two or three important works on this country, by British travelers, have lately made their appearance. "A Glimpse at the Great Western Republic," is the title of, it would seem, a very candid, and even laudatory work, by Col. Arthur Cunynghame, of the British Army. The *Spectator* speaks of it as follows:

"He is well fitted to travel with advantage, through the training of varied military service, the experience which it gives, and his own native qualities. A good deal of experience enables him to look upon mere modes with indifference, and to take things as he finds them. He displays a turn for economical matters; the wonderfully rapid growth of the towns along the Western line of civilization being broadly and distinctly impressed upon the reader, while detailed information is at the same time furnished that will be useful to emigrants. The social peculiarities of the country also attracted his attention, whether small, as manners, or large, as the probable prospects of the great Republic. And none of these things are done by dry generalization, but illustrated by the incidents or circumstances that induce the conclusion. Like Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, and some other travelers, Colonel Cunynghame has formed a better opinion of the Americans than common visitors have promulgated: unlike Lady Emmeline, Mr. Abdy, and others, his conclusions have not been drawn from select society, but such company as he fell in with in steamers, railways, coaches, and hotels, or wayside houses in the far West."

"An Excursion to California over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains, &c., by William Kelly," is the title of another work of the kind. The *Literary Gazette* characterizes it as—

"Rattling, picturesque and self-sustained;—the narrative bounds along at a regular and rapid pace; the incidents of the tale seem to fall into their proper places in the most natural manner; and the hero and author undergoes adventures and overcomes difficulties, just as the hero and author of a book intended to amuse as well as instruct—to while away a few hours in an agreeable state of excitement, and to fill the mind with a series of permanent pictures—ought to do. In these pages the wild beauty of the prairie, the terrific loneliness of the rocky mountains, the gulches and gorges of the gold country, the curious and painful aspects of the gold cities, are brought before the eye with the minute truth of the daguerreotype. With equal power and effect are the gold-worshippers produced and portrayed. Mr. Kelly had, for us, the immense advantage of studying the new fever from a certain height. Unlike former narrators of the wonders of California, he appears to have been comparatively, if not entirely, free from the contagion:—to his eye, therefore, the resulting moral phenomena presented an aspect more revolting, and in all probability

more accurate, than to the eyes of those who have hitherto been our guides. Yet he is by no means a jaundiced observer. He fairly paints the better side of the picture when a better side is to be found. The impression left on the reader's mind is, that Mr. Kelly has had to tell a story always picturesque and often painful—and that he has told it in a candid and agreeable way."

Dr. Andrew's erudite and invaluable Latin Lexicon, founded on the Lexicon of Dr. Freund, has been republished by Low. The following notice of the *Literary Gazette* is a specimen of the general remarks concerning it:

We have examined this book with considerable attention, and have no hesitation in saying, that it is the best dictionary of the Latin language that has yet appeared. It is a closely-printed royal 8vo. volume, in three columns, and contains upwards of 1600 pages. Although it bears on the title-page the name of a London publisher, it is printed in New York, and is edited by Dr. Andrews of New Britain. Dr. Freund's Latin-German Lexicon, upon which the present work is founded, bears a high character in Germany.

Caleb Field, a Tale of the Puritans, by the author of *Margaret Maitland*, neatly reprinted by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, is thus spoken of by the *Athenæum*:—

"The manifestations of power in this tale are unmistakable, and that power of a more truly tragic character than we are wont to meet with in these days. The depth of feeling displayed accords singularly well with the holy enthusiasm of the two spirits—'finely touched' and to 'fine issues'—of Caleb Field and his lovely daughter Edith, who are the subjects of the story. By some the work will be said to be sombre, and they who delight in love passages, or who are only charmed by romantic situations, will cast it from them in disappointment, for neither one nor the other will be found within its pages. Instead of these, the work is over-spread by an exalted tone of morality, like that bright cloud so beautifully described by the author as hanging over pestilence-stricken London, which was mistaken by the fanatics for an angel."

Discovery of the Ruins of Memphis.—At last, not only the precise situation, but some of the ruins of this renowned city of ancient Egypt have been discovered. At the last sitting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris, a paper was read from M. Mariette, a gentleman charged with a literary and scientific mission of the French government in Egypt, in which he stated that having caused excavations to be made in the spot on which Memphis stood, he found, at a depth of from two to twelve yards, several monuments of Egyptian and Grecian architecture, and amongst them the

Serapeum mentioned by Strabo. Having had the avenue leading to the latter cleared, M. Mariette discovered a considerable number of statues ranged in a semicircle, and representing the sphynx, and all sorts of Grecian and Egyptian figures. Accompanying the communication of M. Mariette were drawings of his discoveries. The statues are described as of great beauty; and will, it is expected, throw great light, not only on Egyptian art, but on Egyptian history also.

It is needless to say that the important announcement of M. Mariette caused the liveliest interest; and the Academy, at once resolved that M. Guizot, as its president, and M. Walekner, the perpetual secretary, should in its name be deputed to request the Minister of Public Instruction and Foreign Affairs to award to M. Mariette pecuniary means for continuing his excavations. The Ministers unhesitatingly made the promise that the French Government would find all needful funds, and afford the enterprising and intelligent discoverer every assistance in its power.—*Literary Gazette*.

Death of the Sculptor Tieck.—From Berlin, we learn the death of the well-known sculptor, Christian Frederick Tieck—aged 74. Herr Tieck was a pupil of the illustrious Schadow, and Germany owes to him some of the best of her modern works. Among these are mentioned, the monument of the late Queen Louisa of Prussia, the statues of Marshal Saxe, of Lessing, of Erasmus, of Grotius, of Herder, of Burger, of Walstein, and of William and Maurice of Orange—all at Munich; the sculptures of the pediment and friezes of the Theatre Royal at Berlin; the full-length statues of Necker, of the Duke de Broglie, of Augustus William Schlegel, and of M. de Rocca, made for Madame de Staël: the front gate of the Cathedral of Berlin; and the bronze equestrian statue of Frederick William, at Ruppin. The deceased sculptor was brother to the celebrated poet of the same name.

Death of a Danish Scholar.—From Stockholm we hear of the death of Dr. André Carlsson, Bishop of Calmar, and author of numerous and important works on philology, theology and jurisprudence. He occupied at one time the chair of Greek language and literature at the University of Lund, and was, say the Swedish papers, in his place in the Diet, a champion of religious liberty and parliamentary reform. He has died at the age of 94.

The French Press.—At no time since the Revolution have our publishers displayed so much enterprising activity as at present. Not only do they bring out week after week a fair collection of works, but they have embarked in publications which will require months or even years to complete, and necessitate the outlay of a considerable capital; such, for example, are reprints of the "Encyclopedie Moderne," and the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation," both in fifty volumes; a new "Universal Biographical Dictionary," in thirty volumes; a "Theological Encyclopedie," in fifty-two volumes, and so on.—*Correspondent Literary Gazette*.

Grandson of Condorcet.—M. Daniel O'Connor, the last surviving son of General Arthur O'Connor, and grandson of the celebrated Condorcet, died on the 26th ult., at his estate in the Loiret.

Monument to Frederick the Great.—The monu-

ment so long in preparation to illustrate the memory of the Prussian monarch whom history has been pleased to call the Great Frederick, has been, at length, on the anniversary of his accession to the throne, inaugurated with royal ceremonials at Berlin. This monument is the work of the famous sculptor, Rauch, and forms a real historical work, which, independently of its artistic merit, may be consulted as an authentic record of the warriors and statesmen who helped to found a great kingdom. On a granite pedestal 25 feet in height, presenting on each face bronze groups of the great military commanders of the Seven Years' War, on foot and on horseback, all the size of life, and all portraits, in high relief—rises the statue of the monarch himself, "in his habit as he lived," and 17 feet 3 inches in height. Other sculptures also adorn the monument; and two tablets are inscribed with the names of eighty distinguished soldiers of the age of Frederick, for whose portraits there was not room. A third bears the names of sixteen statesmen, artists, and men of science of the epoch. The number of portrait-figures the size of life on the four faces of the pedestal, is thirty-one. In fact, here is the "great" king once more surrounded by the chiefs of the sword and of the intellect who helped to build up what is called his greatness.

Reveries of a Bachelor, the popular work published by Mr. SCRIBNER, of New York, from the pen of "Ik Marvel," reprinted in London by John Chapman, is thus lauded by the *Literary Gazette*:—

This is an American book, and a good one. It is marked by the characteristics of the opening literature of the New World, images and reflections derived from scenes and people very different from those we see around us in Europe, mingled with recollections and sympathies that may be traced to the Old World and its authors. There is an abruptness in the style, and, at times, a harshness—we had almost said a nasal twang—in the sentiments, that grate occasionally, though for a moment only, on our antiquated tastes. Here and there "affectations" are obtrusive and unwelcome. But these defects are small and few compared with the merits, the freshness, heartiness, and earnestness that are manifest in every page—qualities that have sold 10,000 copies of these "Reveries" within a year, and attracted ten times as many readers. When Americans pause in the midst of their dollar-hunting to think and dream over fanciful essays such as these, there must be much good in them, capable of charming the head and interesting the heart.

Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables, published in Boston by TICKNOR, REED & FIELD, and reprinted in London, by JOHN CHAPMAN, meets with distinguished favor. *The Athenæum*, in the course of a long and laudatory review, speaks of it as follows:

"The invention of 'The Scarlet Letter' involved so much crime and remorse, that—though never was tragedy on a similar theme more clear of morbid incitements,—we felt that in a journal like ours, the tale could be characterized only, not illustrated by extracts. So powerful, however, was the effect of that novel—even on those who, like ourselves, were prepared to receive good things from Mr. Hawthorne's hands—as to justify no ordinary solicitude concerning his next effort in fiction. This is before us—in 'The House of the Seven Gables': a story

widely differing from its predecessor,—exceeding it, perhaps, in artistic ingenuity—if less powerful, less painful also—rich in humors and characters—and from first to last individual. It is thus made evident that Mr. Hawthorne possesses the fertility as well as the ambition of Genius: and in right of these two tales, few will dispute his claim to rank amongst the most original and complete novelists that have appeared in modern times. * * * The romancer is in it, as he should always be, a neoromancer; and his spirits, quietly as they are invoked, are spirits of no ordinary power. We rarely find so much strength of grasp and so much self-restraint united as in the entire tale—to which the reader is referred for the solution of the mystery so powerfully indicated in the above."

Yeast, a Problem, by Mr. KINGSLEY, author of *Alton Locke*, republished by the HARPERS, is thus noticed by the *Athenæum*—

"*'Yeast'* though written in a narrative form, scarcely pretends to be a novel:—and notwithstanding some strongly-drawn scenes and fine passages of description, they who take it up for amusement are likely to be disappointed. It is a book of social pathology; and the characters introduced are vigorously sketched and vividly colored diagrams illustrating the different phases of the disease and disorganization that are going on in the inner condition of England. They who are in earnest themselves about such matters, will readily see that earnestness is at the root of the author's fault. In *'Yeast'*, as in *'Alton Locke'*, he is honestly engrossed with his subject. There are throughout a singleness of purpose and an absence of self-seeking, which we take to be the first things needful in those who do any kind of work, and without which genius itself carries no weight and inspires small reverence."

Death of Richard Lalor Sheil.—One of the most brilliant rhetoricians of the age in which he lived has prematurely closed his remarkable career in a foreign land, and in a manner so sudden that the surprise which the event must occasion will be only exceeded by the deep affliction of his friends and the regret of the public. The Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil was a native of Dublin, born in the year 1799. His father, imitating the example of many Irish Roman Catholics of good family, sought in other countries that independence and those means of advancement which the penal laws, then in force, denied them in the land of their nativity. He resided for many years at Cadix, and engaged in mercantile pursuits with more than ordinary success. Having amassed a competence, he returned to the county of Waterford, purchased an estate, and built a mansion. Unfortunately he was again led into commercial speculation, which proved of a disastrous character, and he eventually died, unable to bequeath to his son more than the means of acquiring a liberal education. That education commenced at Stonyhurst, was continued at Trinity College, Dublin, where the young Mr. Sheil, then remarkable for the precocity of his talents, graduated with much distinction, and at the age of 21. In the year 1814, he was called to the Irish bar. In the profession of the law, though he attained the rank of Queen's counsel, he never enjoyed a lucrative practice. On remarkable occasions he held briefs and made showy speeches, but the attorneys

had no confidence in his legal acquirements, and though the judges regarded affectionately his personal character, and greatly admired his genius, yet his arguments were listened to with comparatively little attention. It was said, however, that he determined if possible to get on in the more arduous walks of the profession, and hoped for especial favor in the Rolls Court, having married at an early age Miss O'Halloran, niece to Sir William MacMahon; (who then presided in that court), and niece also to Sir John MacMahon, who at that time was private secretary to the Prince Regent. But all this gossip of the "Four Courts" ended in nothing. Mr. Sheil, instead of an eminent lawyer, became a political agitator, and in the Roman Catholic Association reached a position second only to that of Mr. O'Connell. His speeches at public meetings in Dublin, the first of which was delivered by him at the early age of 18, attracted the admiration of all classes; his passionate tone delighted the vulgar, his wit and exquisite fancy charmed the most cultivated minds, while his perfect amiability of character, his high and generous nature, secured the friendship of every one who enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance. With all this celebrity, however, he was not making a fortune, and when literature offered to him some of its rewards, he gladly contributed to the monthly periodicals of that day, producing at the same time the tragedy of "Evadne," and many other dramatic works. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill of 1829, when it became law, opened to Mr. Sheil a new and more extended sphere of action; he was returned to Parliament for Lord Anglesey's borough of Milbourne Port, and soon became one of the favorite orators of the House. At first there was some disposition to laugh at his shrill tones and vehement gesticulation, but Parliament soon recognized him as one of its ornaments. His great earnestness and apparent sincerity, his unrivalled felicity of illustration, his extraordinary power of pushing the meaning of words to the utmost extent, and wringing from them a force beyond the range of ordinary expression, much more than the force of his reasoning or the range of his political knowledge, obtained for him in Parliament marked attention and, for the most, unqualified applause. When he rose to speak, members took their places, and the hum of private conversation was hushed, in order that the House might enjoy the performances of an accomplished artist—not that they should receive the lessons of a statesmanlike adviser, or follow the lead of a commanding politician. Still, for twenty years, he held a prominent place in the House of Commons, though throughout a great portion of that period he represented very insignificant constituencies. Mr. Sheil was returned for Milbourne Port in 1830, having been an unsuccessful candidate for the county of Louth. In 1831, however, he got in for Louth; in 1832 was returned for Tipperary, without contest, and again in 1835; but in 1837 there was an opposition, against which he prevailed. His principal influence in that county, exclusive of the weight of his public character, is understood to have been derived from his second marriage with the widow of Mr. Edmund Power, of Gurteen, which took place in 1820. It will be remembered that the eldest son of that gentleman fell very recently by his own hand; and during his minority whatever influence he might possess as a landlord was in a great degree at the command of Mr. Sheil, who continued to sit for Tipperary till 1841, though he encountered some

opposition on accepting office in 1838. From the general election in 1841 till the time of his departure for Florence in 1850, he represented, through the influence of the Duke of Devonshire, the small borough of Dungarvon, always of course supporting the most liberal section of the Whigs. Amongst his first appointments was that of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in the last Melbourne Ministry, and then he became Judge-Advocate General, which office he held only from June to September, 1841. On the return of the present Ministers to office, in 1846, he was appointed to the office of Master of the Mint, and in November, 1850, went out as British Minister to Florence. For many years past his health had been declining, his fits of gout grew more frequent and severe, his speeches in Parliament, never very numerous, came at length to be few and far between: though his political friends regarded him with infinite favor, they began to think he might be just as useful to them at Florence as in London, especially as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was soon to be brought in; and although that appointment amounted to shelving for life a man not yet 60 years of age, though it was nothing less than an expatriation of the individual and an extinction of what might have been a growing fame, yet he submitted

not merely with a philosophical indifference, but almost in a joyous spirit, feeling or seeming to feel, that it was great promotion and a dignified retirement. He was old in constitution, if not in years, with powers better suited to the development of general principles, than to that successful administration of details which a practical age demands. With Grattan, Flood, and Curran he would have well co-operated from 1783 to 1800, but amongst the public men of England, in the middle of this century, he appeared grievously out of place, and he therefore was perhaps quite sincere in the expressions of delight with which he escaped from Downing street to enjoy the fine vintages and bright sunshine of the south. He is stated to have expired at Florence on the 25th ult., owing to an attack of gout in the stomach.—'Times.' We find in the 'Daily News,' the following paragraph, descriptive of the last moments of Mr. Sheil:—Mr. Sheil was in his bedroom, and had just finished dressing for church, when he told Mrs. Sheil he felt a spasm in his stomach, fainted, and lay upon the bed. He recovered and took some calchicum, which he had generally at hand, fainted again, recovered, and took a little brandy and opium. He fainted a third time, and expired in the arms of Mrs. Sheil.—*Examiner.*





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